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By F. MAX MÜLLER, K.M.

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BY

F. MAX MÜLLER, K.M.

FOREIGN MEMBER OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE

VOL. IV

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PREFACE.

THE articles contained in this volume are mostly concerned with Mythology and Folk-lore in the widest sense. Though many of them were published a long time ago, it will be seen that the alterations which I have made consist mostly in corrections of mistakes and misprints, such as happen to all of us in the course of a long literary career. I should often have liked to alter more, but as I had to deal with stereotype plates, this was not always easy.

The general principles, however, which many years ago I laid down for myself in the treatment of mythology have remained unaltered, and making allowance for the over-confidence of youth, I can in my old age, and after carefully considering all that has been said by other writers on the subject, accept nearly all the theories on mythology which I threw out in the earliest days of my literary career. I am quite aware that views of mythology different

from my own, some of which, as I formerly thought, had long been given up, have been revived and defended again with considerable learning and most persuasive eloquence. I myself have felt the persuasive charm of their advocates, and I am far less inclined now to say that the views of those who differ from me are altogether erroneous. This is perhaps the most valuable lesson which advancing years impress upon our minds, that there are few errors which do not contain some grains of truth. It may seem at first sight very strange that scholars working on the same materials, and all equally anxious, it may fairly be supposed, for the discovery of truth, should have arrived at such divergent, not to say contradictory conclusions as to the origin and the true purport of mythology. But after watching the conflict of opinions for many years, I am at present rather inclined to say, How could it be otherwise?

Mythology is like an enormous avalanche of ancient thought that has carried down with it not only snow and ice, but rocks, trees, plants, and animals, nay, even many fragments of human handiwork. It is but seldom that we are able to examine the deposits of such an avalanche in their entirety and, as it were, *in situ*. In almost all countries we find that these glacial deposits have been carefully col-

lected and arranged for us, so as to be ready for our inspection, in the cabinets of a museum. Nothing is more natural therefore than that each explorer should have his attention attracted by one class of objects, made ready for his inspection, and closely connected with his own special studies. And thus it happens that while one student sees in the avalanche nothing but water, snow, or ice, another has eyes for stones and sand only, while another again cares chiefly for the remains of trees and animals deposited in the morain at the foot of a glacier. Different observers may therefore be led to fix upon different ingredients as in their eyes the most important, and students may assign different causes to the origin of an avalanche, nay, many explanations may very plausibly be put forward as to the first impetus that carried it downward. In the end, however, a more comprehensive examination will lead to the conviction that the principal elements of an avalanche are snow and ice.

It is the same with mythology. We seldom find mythology as it were *in situ*, as it lived in the minds and in the unrestrained utterances of the people. We generally have to study it in the works of mythographers or in the poems of later generations, when it had long ceased to be something living and intelligible.

The systematic classification to which most myths have been submitted before they reached us, though it may be helpful in some respects, is nevertheless as likely to be misleading as a *Hortus siccus* would be to a botanist, if debarred from his rambles through meadows and hedges. Nothing seems more natural therefore than that in examining the various specimens of mythology, carefully collected and arranged for their inspection, different students should have felt absorbed each in his own special department, losing sight of the general character of mythology and of the surroundings in which it was formed.

If we keep our eyes open to survey not only a portion, but the whole of mythology, we shall find that whatever detritus it may carry along, its original constituent elements were *words and phrases about the most striking phenomena of nature, such as day and night, dawn and evening, sun and moon, sky, earth, and sea*, in their various relations to each other and to man.

These snowflakes of early thought soon became hardened and changed into ice by inevitable misunderstandings, inevitable,[1] I say, because, as we are now able to understand, they sprang from the very nature of language,

[1] *Chips*, vol. iv. p. 168.

when once in the course of tradition words had been deprived of that intellectual heat which from the first gave them life and meaning. It was the study of the Science of Language that led to the discovery of the inevitable character of mythology, as a natural phase in the development of thought, when once incarnate in words. If I may claim anything as my own, it is this discovery that mythology is an old and strange affection, not only of our thought, but of our language also, an infantine disease, as I called it and call it still, inevitable, and therefore, though in various degrees of intensity, almost universal.[1]

Mythology should in consequence be treated, as I have tried to treat it, however imperfectly, as a chapter of the Science of Language, and as a chapter of the Science of Thought. It belongs to the Science of Language, because that science alone can account to us for the process which deprives roots and words of their original transparency and animation, making them hard and solid, till by constant friction they become mere pebbles, opaque and colourless, but for that very reason perhaps better adapted for the issue and the exchange of the more abstract thoughts of later ages.

That the germs of decay are inherent in

[1] See *Chips*, vol. iv. pp. 597–8.

language and affect not only the phonetic body, but at the same time the significant soul also of words, is a fact that has been fully established by the Science of Language, while it fell to the Science of Thought to show how our words constantly react on our thoughts, and mould them, nay, restrain and fetter them, till the sense of truth within us protests against being kept captive any longer, and casting off the old fetters creates for itself new wings, strong enough for higher flights. The ravages produced by misunderstood metaphors and by the unrestrained sway of *Polyonymy* and *Synonymy*[1] have been shown to extend far beyond the limits of what is usually meant by mythology. It is most important to observe that the same influences which we see at work in ancient times in producing the stories about gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, pervade nearly every domain of ancient and of modern thought, nay, that even our own religion and even our most modern philosophy are not quite beyond their reach.

Some of the words which we use most frequently date from the earliest period of language and thought, and though they have often been defined and refined, they have seldom been altogether freed from the spell that be-

[1] *Chips*, vol. iv. p. 78.

longed to them from the first. Take such a word as *deus*, or French *dieu*, with its Teutonic equivalent of *God*. True, it means no longer what was meant by the Skt. deva, or the Latin *deus*, the bright agents of the sky, but it still seems to retain something of its original meaning of a power residing in or above the bright sky. Without thinking or knowing why, we still lift up our eyes towards the sky when looking for God, nay, till very lately churches might have been seen crowded with people who implored the Deity, as the Vedic *Ri*shis implored Indra, to rend the clouds and to send down rain on the parched earth. Though Christianity has given us a purer and truer idea of the Godhead, of the majesty of His power, and the holiness of His will, there remains with many of us the conception of a merely objective Deity. God is still with many of us in the clouds, so far removed from the earth and so high above anything human, that in trying to realise fully the meaning of Christ's teaching we often shrink from approaching too near to the blinding effulgence of Jehovah. The idea that we should stand to Him in the relation of children to their father seems to some people almost irreverent, and the thought that God is near us everywhere, the belief that we are also His offspring,

nay, that there has never been an absolute barrier between divinity and humanity, has often been branded as Pantheism. Yet Christianity would not be Christianity without this so-called Pantheism, and it is only some lingering belief in something like a Jove-like *Deus Optimus Maximus* that keeps the eyes of our mind fixed with awe on the God of Nature without, rather than on the much more awful God of the soul within.

The influence of language on thought, or, to put it more clearly, the influence of old and petrified on new and living thought, was no doubt more powerful in ancient than in modern times. I believe that its silent but irresistible power had been recognised by Hindu philosophers under the name of Âpta-vakana, i. e. traditional speech, for which they actually claimed the same authority (pramâna) as for sensuous perception (pratyaksha) and reasoning (anumâna), thus recognising the fact that, like the oyster, the mind has to live on in the shell which it has built for itself. It is curious how few among our modern philosophers have paid proper attention to this determining influence of language on thought, and how apt they are to pass by questions connected with it as mere questions of words;—they might as well say, mere questions of thought!

We know, for instance, how important an element in ancient thought or mythology is that of *Animism*, in German *Beseelung*. Why was a soul ascribed to the moon or to a river? The ordinary explanation amounts to no more than that it was so, and that it was very natural. But we know now that it was not only natural, but inevitable, inevitable in the historical growth of language, which was in reality the historical growth of our thought. The moon could only be called or conceived by means of one of the predicative roots. And when the moon had been called, for instance, Mâ-s, the measurer, from the root mâ, to measure, it could only be a masculine or a feminine, for neuters were a much later invention. Roots were all or nearly all expressive of actions,—as a matter of fact, as I said, as a matter of necessity, as my friend Noiré added. Hence a river could only be called and conceived as a runner, or a roarer, or a defender, and in all these capacities always as something active and animated, nay, as something masculine or feminine. Hence we have *river*, from Latin *rivus*, and this from the root sru, Greek ῥέω, to run; we have Skt. nadî, river, from nad, to roar; we have Skt. sindhu, river, from sidh, to ward off, to protect, rivers being natural barriers and frontiers, at least in ancient times.

It has sometimes been supposed that the ancient thinkers and name-givers supposed that every river must have a soul, because every other runner had a soul. But such a roundabout process would involve a real Hysteron-proteron. The very idea of soul as a predicate belongs to a much later stage of thought, and had to be elaborated by a long and difficult process. To ascribe a ready-made soul to a piece of water may be called very natural, but it may with the same right be called also most unnatural and violent. I fully admit that Animism is the true key to many secrets of mythology, but the true key to Animism is language.

But although the ancient words and phrases about the great phenomena of nature form the fundamental stratum of mythology, although *Zeus* and *Jupiter* no less than Dyaus (masc.) were originally no more than names of the sky conceived as active and therefore as animated, yet when the stream of mythology had once been started, there was hardly anything that appealed to the curiosity of primitive man that could not be carried along by its waves. It is by ignoring the immense capacity of mythology that students have been led to such different conclusions, derived from one or other of its numerous ingredients. Some students have thought that all mythology is solar. Who

that reads the *Daily News* or *Longman's Magazine* has not heard of Solar Myths? They have served to fill page after page of newspapers and journals from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, till at last people have grown wellnigh tired of solar witticism. That there is hardly a mythology without Solar Myths, who would deny? That there is hardly anything else in mythology, who would affirm? Yet, because some of my earliest contributions to Comparative Mythology were devoted exclusively to the special subject of Solar Myths,[1] I have been represented again and again, even by Mr. Gladstone, as a Solarist, as teaching that the whole of mythology is solar. Suppose an astronomer were to write a book on the sun, would he be supposed to have denied the existence of the moon and the stars? Would other astronomers accuse him of ignorance, and claim for themselves the credit of having made the brilliant discovery of the moon and the stars in the sky? While I am writing these lines, I read again in a daily paper, that the theory of Solar Myths has become unfashionable. I hope it never was fashionable, for nothing is so apt to ruin any scientific theory as its being fashionable. We know

[1] See *Chips*, vol. iv. p. 151.

how Darwin's theory has suffered from nothing so much as from its having been, for a time at least, extremely fashionable. Scientific truth has nothing to do with fashion, nor with anything that is purely personal. Mannhardt's mythological researches, both in his first and in his second period, have never been fashionable, but they contained for all that some very valuable truths. Because I did not say much either for or against Mannhardt's mythological theories, I have been accused of wilfully ignoring them or disapproving of them. This was not the case. I confess that they seemed to me and still seem to me too exclusive, too much confined to one portion of mythology only, and as this was a portion which I had never cultivated myself, I naturally abstained from rushing into the fray. *Non omnia possumus omnes.* I saw it was hopeless for me to try to gain a knowledge at first hand of innumerable local legends and customs, still more to acquire a scholar-like knowledge of Hottentot and Maori; and who would venture to deal with Hottentot or Maori mythology without first acquiring such knowledge, or without securing at least the co-operation of those who had acquired it?

There is room for all of us in the immense gold-fields of mythology, both ancient and modern, both savage and civilised, both solar

and lunar. We have read of zoological and botanical mythology, and we might have equally useful works on astronomical, on religious, nay, even on philosophical mythology. To me every new contribution is welcome, as long as it is worked out in an honest and scholar-like spirit, whether it comes from Mannhardt, from M. Gaidoz, Mr. Frazer, or from Mr. Andrew Lang. The last writer has for many years devoted his great powers and his able pen to the popularising of the often difficult and complicated labours of Mannhardt and others. I know that he has also employed his gift of wit and facetiousness in criticising opinions which do not please him. But why not? He knows best how far a scholar may go, and he knows better than anybody else that ridicule is never used as an argument till every other argument has failed. He certainly possesses far too keen a sense of the humorous to imagine that all opinions which do not please him or which he has possibly misunderstood are *ipso facto* wrong. He has worked hard and he has succeeded in rousing a widespread interest in folk-lore, nay, I am afraid he has even made it fashionable; but for all that we must not forget *Diversos diversa juvant.*

That there are historical ingredients also in mythology who could deny after studying the

Legend of Buddha, the exploits of Herakles, or the Saga embodied in the Nibelungenlied ?[1]

That the worship of ancestors was drawn into the vortex of mythology is shown clearly enough by the fact that the spirits of the departed were supposed to migrate to the West or to the East, to the moon or to the sun, there to join the company of the Devas, nay, to assume themselves a Deva-like or divine nature. Only it stands to reason that the Devas must have been elaborated first, before the Pitris could join them and share in their divine attributes.

That philosophical ideas also found entrance into the most ancient mythological pantheon who can doubt after reading of *Themis* (Law) as the wife of *Zeus*, the daughter of *Uranos* and *Gæa*, and the companion of the *Moirai* (shares, fates) and the *Three Sisters* spinning the threads of human life ?

Nor must we forget that here as elsewhere demand created supply. As in our own time a taste for Zola's style has created an abundant crop of Zolaesque novels, not only in France, but even in England, a taste for Homeric poetry would naturally call forth ever so many Homeric

[1] See *Das Nibelungenlied, Siegfried der Schlangentödter, und Hagen von Tronje, eine mythologische und historische Untersuchung von Fredrik Sander*, Stockholm, 1895.

bards reciting new Aristeias and describing new sieges and destructions of towns after the pattern of the *Iliad*.

If, then, we are asked how it is possible to distinguish these secondary myths, whether they are connected with the religious worship of a nation, or arise from philosophical speculations or, finally, are the result of mere poetical imitation, from the original stratum of physical mythology, it must be confessed that in many cases this is extremely difficult. There are in fact many questions in the Science of Mythology which cannot be answered at present, and which possibly may never be answered; but that is no reason why we should give up the attempt of answering some of them at least.

The most valuable aids which we possess for deciphering the ancient monuments of mythology are etymology, analogy, and psychology. Every one of these levers has been used with great effect, and we have had in consequence three methods or schools of comparative mythological research, the *Etymological* or *Genealogical*, the *Analogical* or *Comparative*, and the *Psychological*. The third is sometimes called the *Anthropological* or *Ethnopsychological* (*Völkerpsychologie*).[1]

If we can analyse the name of any god or

[1] See *Gifford Lectures*, ii. p. 484.

hero etymologically, a great step is made towards discovering his original character. If, after we have perceived a general similarity between gods or heroes as described in the Veda and as known to Homer, we discover that they shared their names in common, making allowance only for phonetic changes, a new light seems suddenly to burst over the dark picture of the distant past which we are trying to understand. No one who has not worked himself in this field can imagine the joy of the discoverer, can understand the difference it makes to him when he thus feels the ground safe under his feet. I can only describe it as something like the relief which one experiences when meeting an acquaintance after many years, and feeling convinced that one has seen the face before, though trying in vain to recollect his name. As soon as he tells us his name, we know the man and all about him, and neither strange wrinkles nor white hair can prevent our recognising our old friend.

That Varuna reminds us of Ouranos or Ouranos of Varuna is quite true. Still, this is very different from saying that the birthplace or the original concept or naming of the two was the same. But when we find that the name of Varuna can be traced back to the root var, which means to cover, to surround, and which

as a name of the sky must in Sanskrit have meant the covering sky, just as the Skt. name of a cloak, var-utra, meant a covering garment; and if we find that this name can in Greek be represented by *Ouranos*, we feel that we are standing on firm ground. Both Varuṇa and Ouranos must have been names of the same mythological concept, names of the covering sky, whatever changes happened in later times and in different countries.

No evidence is older, or can be older, than the evidence of language. I believe it has been said that etymology is often uncertain, and that comparison has sometimes proved misleading. Does not the same apply in an even higher degree to the deciphering of Babylonian and Egyptian inscriptions, of Vedic hymns and Avestic Gâthas? nay, to every branch of science that is not absolutely stagnant? Does it not apply even to Physical Sciences which like to call themselves exact? Does not Weismann differ from Darwin? Were Lord Kelvin and Huxley always agreed, even on facts and figures? Etymologies allow at all events of argument: we can produce our reasons for or against an etymology, we are not obliged to submit to mere authority. Those who cannot form an opinion for themselves would naturally keep aloof. Nor would any mythologist trust

to etymology and comparison by themselves, without looking for further help and confirmation. It would not be enough, for instance, to prove that Varu*n*a means the coverer, and that his name comes very near to *Ouranos*, unless it could be shown at the same time that what is told of these two deities contains real traces of a common origin and of the same original conception. No one doubts that the Greek *Ouranos* means the wide over-arching (οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὕπερθεν) sky, the husband of the Earth. Hesiod says that the starry *Ouranos* was meant to cover everything (*Theog.* v. 127), and that he was the ἕδος ἀσφαλές, the firm seat of the gods. Almost the same expression is used in the Rig-veda, where (VIII. 41, 9) we read of the dhruvám sádas Várunasya, the firm seat of Varu*n*a. As to Varu*n*a, his character in the Veda has been far more developed in an ethical sense than that of Ouranos, who holds a very insignificant position in Greek mythology.

Varu*n*a contained the germs which in the Avesta developed into the purely spiritual and ethical deity Ahuramazda. Nor would it be right to say that evidence of this spiritual character, at least in its beginnings, was altogether absent from the Veda. In the Rig-veda Varu*n*a more than any other god influences

the conscience and rules the hearts of his worshippers. Even in later times, when he had become the deity of the West and of the waters, he is sometimes called simply Praketas, the wise (Vishnu Pur., ed. Hall, V. 88), while the Buddhists call him Manasvin, spiritual. In the Rig-veda, V. 85, we read that Varuna spread out the air in the forests, that he placed strength in the horses, milk in the cows, *wisdom in the hearts*, Agni in the waters, Sûrya (sun) in the sky, and Soma (moon) on the rock.

If every deity must have a physical substratum, what other substratum can be found for Varuna except the over-arching sky? If the sun is called the eye of Varuna, what can Varuna be but the sky? If sun and moon are called the far-seeing bright eyes of Varuna, what can Varuna be but the sky? True the sun is also called the eye of Mitra and Varuna, but this is due to the dualism which, according to the Vedic poets, pervades the whole of nature, and which finds expression, as I have shown elsewhere, in several of the divine pairs of Vedic gods, in what I called Correlative Deities.[1] In these divine couples one of the two often stands for the other, nay the two are often expressed by the name of one of them put in the dual. We may

[1] *Science of Language*, ii. 607 seq.

still perceive, however, that when Mitra and Varuṇa are invoked together—and they are most frequently invoked together—Mitra is the bright half or the day, Varuṇa the dark half or the night.

That Varuṇa was conceived as the god who covers the earth as a roof covers a house, may still be perceived in some verses (Atharva-veda, IX. 3, 18) which were used in consecrating a house. Here the roof made of grass and covered with straw is likened to the night as covering the world, while the opening of the house in the morning is described in the following words—'What Varuṇa has firmly closed, Mitra shall open at early morn.'[1]

Though Varuṇa may sometimes share in the bright character of Mitra, yet it is he who 'makes black the things that were bright' (VIII. 41, 10); and even when he is said to have given birth to the sun, this might well be said of the dark night from which the rising sun emerges.

In some of the creation-stories of the Polynesians and Melanesians[2] we are told that in the beginning the sky and the earth were torn asunder violently by one of the gods who generally represents the sun. During the night

[1] *Atharva veda*, translated by Griffith, vol. i. p. 437.

[2] *Chips*, vol. iv. p. 311 seq.; Senart. *Lég. du Buddha*. p. 314.

the sky was supposed to be lying on the earth, so that earth and sky could not be distinguished. It was the rising sun which seemed to separate the two and to bring everything into sight. In the darkness of the night what is not seen is as if it were not, and thus the daily recurring event of the world becoming manifest by the sun was changed into the myth of the earth being created by the light of the sun (Rv. V. 85, 5).

We read in the Rig-veda, VI. 70, 1, that Heaven and Earth had been separated (víṣkabhite) by Varuṇa, and in I. 96, 2, the poet says: 'Agni with his brilliant light has created (aganayat) heaven and the waters.' This Agni, the light, is sometimes called the son of Dyaus, but the same Agni is also said (I. 96, 2) to have by his brilliant light created, that is revealed, Dyaus, his own father. If then mythologically the Varuṇa of the Vedic poets and the *Ouranos* of Hesiod are clearly akin, we have now to approach the question whether their names also can be shown to be to all intents and purposes identical.

The equation Váruṇa = Οὐρανός is one of the oldest discoveries in Comparative Mythology, and has had the support of the most eminent scholars, both from a phonetic and from a mythological point of view. It ought not therefore to have been set aside with a *cœur leger*.

Everybody would admit that what we expect in Sanskrit is Varana, not Varuna. But even thus, it is well known that in the Unâdi-sûtras Varaṇá is actually given as a parallel form with exactly the same meaning as Váruna in III. 53.[1] We know too little as yet of Sanskrit literature, and more particularly of local dialectic forms, to feel justified in setting aside such evidence as of no consequence. The disregard of the authority of native grammarians has been severely punished of late, and it will hardly be suggested that the old Sûtrakṛit wished to lend his support by anticipation to our mythological equation.

But even if this dialectic form had altogether vanished, it has been shown[2] by Dr. Julius von Fierbinger that Váruna as well as Οὐρανός may be traced back to a fundamental form *varvna, in Greek Ϝορϝανός, Doric ὡρανός, in Sanskrit váruna. That var may appear in Greek as οὐρ is proved by οὖρος = Ϝορος, a watcher, by οὖρον, water, Zend *vâra*, Skt. vâri; by οὔδωρ (Boeotic), Old High G. *wazzar*; and in Greek itself by such forms as οὐλαί, Att. ὀλαί (ὀλϝαι).

It is useless to ask whether in Sanskrit Varana was weakened to Varuna, as Darme-

[1] Unâdi-sûtras, II. 74, Varano Varuno vṛikshabhedas ka; Varuno dikpatau tarau.

[2] Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, xxvii. p. 475.

steter supposes, but the accents seem to show that the two words were formed independently. I hope these few facts may induce our sceptical friends to be more sceptical and circumspect in future. We see in such words as dharana and dharuna that both ana and una were used side by side for derivative purposes.

There are cases where we have mythological names identical in sound or nearly so, and where nevertheless we cannot admit that the gods who bear these names were identical in origin. This applies particularly to names occurring in languages which are not cognate. *Ra* is a name of the sun in Polynesian dialects and likewise in Egyptian,[1] but no one would think that the two are genealogically or historically connected. The same applies to the Polynesian *Maru*, wind, and the Vedic Maruts, the storm-gods. But even in cognate languages similarity, nay identity of name, does not always prove the identity of the objects named. The Avestic Varena *k*athrugaosha has been compared with the Vedic Varuna *k*aturasri or *k*aturanîka. The phonetic similarity is complete between Varuna and *Varena*. But *Varena* is simply the name of one of the good countries, the fourteenth, created by Ahuramazda. It has been identified with a moun-

[1] *Chips*, vol. iv. p. 595.

tainous country south of the Caspian Sea or *Dailam*. There is nothing mythological about it, except that *Thraêtaona* was born there who defeated the evil spirit *Azhi Dahâka*. Darmesteter therefore calls this Varena very happily *un Varuna encore matériel*, and he translates the *Daevas Varenya* by δαίμονες οὐράνιοι, *les démons qui s'emparent du ciel*.

There are on the other side gods with different names that can nevertheless be proved to have been in their origin identical. I have heard at least no valid objections to the identification of the Vedic Varuna with the Avestic *Ahura*, as proposed long ago by Roth and Darmesteter.[1] The equation of the Vedic *Mitra-Varunau* and the Avestic *Mithra-Ahura* seems sufficient to silence all criticism.

The Asura Varuna, as Darmesteter points out (p. 68), has the sun for his eyes, so has Ahuramazda; Varuna's son is Athar-van, the son of Ahuramazda is *Atar*; the wives of Varuna are the waters, the same is the case with Ahura; Varuna forms a Dvandva or couple with Mitra, so does Ahura with Mithra. Still the case is a peculiar one. *Ahura*, Skt. Asura, is an epithet rather than a name of Varuna in the Veda. In the Avesta *Ahura* in *Ahuramazda* has become a name, and is no longer

[1] Darmesteter, *Ormazd et Ahriman*, p. 65.

a mere epithet. But there seems to have been no break, the concept of the deity preserving its continuity in the Veda and in the Avesta. In that sense therefore we may say that the Vedic Varuna is the Avestic *Ahura*.

Lastly, we have to admit that, in spite of the greater accuracy of phonetic laws, it is sometimes impossible to say from which of two or even more roots a mythological name has been derived. As it would be difficult on purely phonetic grounds to determine whether πεφήσομαι is derived from φαίνω or φένω, it would be impossible to decide whether such a noun as Ἑστία or Ἰστίη was derived from the root vas, to dwell, as a kind of Vâstoshpati,[1] or from vas, to shine, from which vástu, dawn, morning, vasu, bright, &c.

Hera, again, as the wife of *Zeus*, may be traced back either to svar, sky, svârâ = Hêra, or to vasrâ, from vas, to shine.

A still stronger case is that of *Fors* and *Fortuna*, which, as I have tried to show, may be derived equally well from the root bhar, to carry, and from the root ghar, to shine. In cases like these the mythological evidence alone can enable us to decide between the two possibilities, and in our case that evidence

[1] Cf. Vastya, a dwelling, and *vesti-bulum*, which has nothing to do with *vestiarium*, &c.

is so strong that the more plausible derivation of *Fors* from *ferre* will have to be given up. Nothing would be a greater mistake than to imagine that because there are phonetic difficulties, whether real or apparent, in identifying mythological names in different Aryan languages, therefore the deities bearing such names have nothing in common. Considering the phonetic ravages to which proper names have been exposed in all languages, it is extraordinary that the names of gods and heroes should on the whole have resisted phonetic corruption so well.

That V*r*itra, the demon destroyed by Indra, and *Órthros*, the demon destroyed by Herakles, were originally the same, ought never to have been doubted. To say that the o of *Órthros* is wrong, is to ignore Schmidt's sixth rule of assimilation, viz. that instead of αρ, αλ, ρα, and λα, there appears in ordinary Greek ορ or ολ, as representing a Sk. ri or low-toned form of original ér or él. The provision that υ or ϝο should follow directly or separated by consonants, is hardly justified, for the evidence is very limited, and we find not only ὄρνυμι but also ὄρωρα, ὀρσινεφής; we find not only ὀρθός, which is no longer to be derived from ûrdhva or Zend *eredhwa*, *arduus*, but likewise Ὀρθία. But even if there were a slight vocalic anomaly, the material evidence for the common

origin of V*ri*tra and *Órthros* would be strong enough to counterbalance it.

That *Athênê* was originally a goddess of light, particularly of the morning light or the dawn, would remain true, even if it could be proved that the h in Ahanâ is what is called palatal or assibilating, and admits as its Greek representative χ only, and not θ. But it is well known, or it ought to be, that there was a period when the final h of roots like ah was as yet undetermined, and varied in consequence between gh, dh, and bh. Thus we find nah, nabh, and nadh; grah, grabh, and gradh; gâh, gabh, and gadh.[1] If it can be shown, therefore, that the root ah has actually developed in one or other of the principal Aryan dialects a dental final, the question is settled. The root ah, as we see in âha compared with ahan, expressed originally, like the root bhâ, the cognate concepts of shining forth and speaking forth.[2] In the second sense it appears in the old perfect âha, and it there discloses its final dental in âttha, so that Pâ*n*ini, VIII. 2, 35, actually teaches the substitution of âth for âh. Darmesteter went still further, and tracing the same root in ath-ar, fire, Zend *at-ar*, he derived the name of *Ath-ene* from it, though in a different sense.

[1] *Science of Thought*, p. 365.

[2] See Brugmann, *Griech. Etymologien*, p. 49.

I allude here to those cases in passing only, because some of my friends have expressed their dissent. I have discussed them, however, far more fully in a work not yet ready for publication, but which I hope I may live to finish. For the present what I have said must suffice to show that I was not unprepared for those purely phonetic objections which are so easy to raise, but so difficult to substantiate. I am too old and too much occupied to be able to answer every objection that may be raised in journals and newspapers, and it was from no want of respect that I declined to answer them. Nor am I frightened by the often-repeated cry 'Again the dawn!'—Yes, Again the Dawn! And why not? I like to avail myself whenever I can of the admissions of those who do not agree with my theory of mythology, and what stronger agreement with my own views of the omnipresent Dawn could I have wished for than that of Professor Brinton, who in his 'Myths of the New World,' p. 91, says: 'When the day begins, man wakes from his slumbers, faces the rising sun, and prays. The East is before him. . . There is the starting-place of the celestial fires, the home of the sun, the womb of the morning. It represents in space the beginning of things in time, and as the bright and glorious creatures of the sky

came forth thence, man conceits that his ancestors also in remote ages wandered from the orient; there in the opinion of many in both the old and the new world was the cradle of the race; there in Aztec legend was the fabled land of Tlapallan, and the wind from the East was called the wind of Paradise, Tlalocavitl. . . As the Dawn brings light, and with light are associated in every human mind the ideas of knowledge, safety, protection, majesty, divinity, as it dispels the spectres of night, as it defines the cardinal points, and brings forth the sun and the day, it occupied the primitive mind to an extent that can hardly be magnified beyond the truth. *It is in fact the central figure in most natural religions.*'

If it had not been for the occurrence of such Mexican names as *Tlapallan* and *Tlalocavitl* I should have thought the whole of this paragraph was a quotation from some of my own works; and yet I have been told that anthropologists like Professor Brinton and others have completely knocked the bottom out of my system of Comparative Mythology. I could not wish for better opponents. At all events, in spite of all that has been written against the etymological or genealogical school of Comparative Mythology, I still remain true to it, nor

have I been deserted by any scholars who are able to form an independent opinion on the Veda, the Avesta, the Homeric poems, or the Edda.

With such names as Bopp, Burnouf, Benfey, and Pott among the ancients, and Darmesteter, Michel Bréal, von Bradke, Oldenberg, Bloomfield, and Victor Henry among the present generation to support me, the time has not yet come to strike our flag. I feel, as I always have, the strongest sympathy for that more comprehensive spirit which animates the analogical and ethnological schools of Comparative Mythology. Still I always feel qualms of conscience whenever I dabble in the folk-lore of people whose languages I have not studied. Every scholar knows the mistakes to which we are liable in analysing Vedic, Avestic, Greek, Roman, and Teutonic mythology. Yet here we are dealing with languages that have been studied for centuries, and to which we ourselves have devoted a considerable portion of our lives. Who, then, with the smallest remnant of a scholar's conscience would venture to speak confidently of *Maui*, *Manibozho*, *Michabo*, *Tlapallan* or *Tlalokavitl*, *Hinenuitepo* or *Tamanuikita-Rangi*? However, I have no doubt that future folk-lorists will not shrink from the arduous labours necessary to enable them to speak with authority, and I fully admit that,

taken *en masse*, the similarities between the folk-lore of people the most heterogeneous produce even now a certain effect. We cannot help feeling that when the same apparently irrational stories are told in the Arctic and the Antarctic regions, in Niflheim and Muspellheim, they cannot be quite irrational, and we feel encouraged to look for some rational motive in both. If that motive turns out to be due to our common human nature, the ethnological method assumes quite a new interest, and may in time lead to very important results. If those who follow the ethnological, or what Mr. A. Lang calls the Hottentotic method, would only be outspoken and say in each case when they compare Hottentot and Greek myths, whether they look upon the similarities, such as they are, as the result of our common human nature, or as due to an early community of language, or, lastly, as produced by mere transference in historical times! It would then be possible to examine the facts and to arrive at really valuable conclusions. But this is hardly ever done. As Mr. A. Lang, however, has limited the field of controversy between himself and Mr. Taylor by pointing out[1] six classes of myths which can be shown to be survivals of the age when the ancestors of

[1] *Academy*, 1884. Feb. 23.

the Greeks were still savages and cannibals, let us examine each of these classes and see how far the Hottentotic method is really superior to the Genealogical in helping us to understand them. Even before that challenge was given I had been informed that my etymological explanation of the Daphne myth as a Dawn myth was uncalled-for, because of the well-known belief of savage tribes that men and women can be changed into animals and trees. I ask once more, How does that help us to account for the change of Daphne into a laurel? When we compare Greek and Sanskrit mythology, our object is not only to find out similarities, but, if possible, to explain them. Simply to say that the Hottentots also believe in the metamorphosis of human beings into animals and trees does not help us a step beyond the fact, known to all of us, that the Greeks do the same. But if two people do the same thing, it does not follow that it is the same thing, till we know why they do it. Unless we can show why the Hottentots came to believe these metamorphoses we are only explaining *ignotum per ignotius*. We should be dealing with curiosities only, not with facts of scientific value. A large number of such similarities, of changes of human beings into animals, trees, and anything else, have been collected by Chinese

writers,[1] but I doubt whether, numerous and curious as they are, they would help us much. Let us now examine one by one Mr. A. Lang's six critical points.

I. The belief of the New Zealanders in one god swallowing another is supposed to throw light on Kronos swallowing his children. Granted that the swallowing story may be illustrated from New Zealand sources; but can it be explained by them?[2] If we could discover a key in New Zealand to unlock the Maori myth, and if that key fitted the Kronos myth also, we should all be delighted. Till then, we can only say that there is a rusty lock in New Zealand, and a rusty lock in Greece, and that surely is very small comfort. There are many kinds of swallowing in ancient mythology. In India the moon is not only swallowed, but actually disgorged again by Rahu. Even in our own time we can hear such expressions as that the sun drinks, i. e. swallows the water or the dew of the meadows, that darkness swallows the light, that the sea swallows the rivers. Every one of these different kinds of swallowing might have become

[1] See *Sitzungsberichte der Kaiserl. Akademie der Wissenschaften in Wien*, 1871, July; Phizmaier, *Zur Geschichte der Wunder*, p. 846, *Von den Verwandlungen*.

[2] See Professor Tiele, *Le Mythe de Kronos*, 1886.

mythologised in the East or in the West. But if we read of a special case like that of *Zeus* or *Pelops* or *Tantalus II*, we gain no help from all these analogies, whether from New Zealand or from Africa. In Greece we are told that the gods did not like to swallow Pelops, even after he had been cooked for them. Demeter only ate his shoulder, but afterwards the body was put together again, and as the shoulder was missing, it had to be replaced by ivory. Hence Pelops *humero insignis eburno*. He nearly, though not altogether, shared the fate of his grandfather Zeus, and is, like him, called Kronios.[1] Cannibalism seems, in fact, to have been hereditary in this family, for Atreus too had Tantalus II, the son of his brother Thyestes, cooked, and persuaded the father to eat his son. How does a swallowing story from Australia help us to explain these terrible Greek myths? If it is any help to anybody to say that the Greeks when they formed the myth of Kronos or Tantalos must still have been cannibals, nay, must have been in the habit of cooking and eating their children, let it be so—who could prove that it was not so? But even then we should have explained half the myth only, the swallowing part, while for the disgorging process we

[1] Pindar, *Ol.* iii. 41.

should probably have to appeal to a still more primitive race of savages.

II. The descent of Greek families from Zeus under various forms and disguises is to be explained in future by a reference to *Totemism* or *Otemism*. Let it be so, but let us know first in what sense Totemism is here used. I have shown on a former occasion that in its real sense, as used by the Red Indians, an *Otem* is represented by something like a signpost at the entrances of different clans or settlements. It is generally, though by no means always, an animal. Such an animal became the sign or ensign of a clan; the members of such a clan defended it in war, regarded it in consequence as sacred, and in the end claimed it as their very leader, or as their ancestor. All this is perfectly human and intelligible. Nor would anybody deny that what happened in North America may have happened in Greece; but beyond this we cannot go. Though there may have been Greek families supposed to be descended from Zeus (Διογενεῖς), the reasons for such a belief need not have been the same. We know how many reasons there were for it in Greece itself. And it is curious to observe that the descendants of Leda were never called *Swans*, nor those of Europa *Bulls*, nor those of Danae *Gold-showers*. The Arcadians claimed

Zeus as their ancestor, but they never worshipped Zeus as a bear. It was Kallisto, the mother of Arkas, who was believed to have been changed into a she-bear, after she had given birth to Arkas. If we like to believe that the Arcadians had a bear for their Otem, by all means; but we know, of course, that they might have been so called for many other reasons also. Had the Dukes of Anhalt-Bernburg a bear for their Otem? Had the *Orsini* a similar ancestor? If the Hessians or *Chatti* were called cats, had they a feline Otem? Did the Hessians abstain from eating cats, and did the Jews at a very early time worship a pig as their Totem, because they abstained from eating pork? In its strictly scientific sense, Otemism exists in North America only. If we like to use the word in a more general sense, we must say so, and define it accordingly. That was the reason why I thought it useful to work out the etymological, i. e. the original, meaning of *Totem* or *Otem*, and this, I believe, has proved more useful than any number of Otem stories. We must never forget that there were many sacred animals which never were Otems, and that there are many tribes called by animal names who never knew what an Otem means.

III. Stories such as that of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, of Urvasî and Purûravas, are in

future to be explained, we are told, by the infringement of a *taboo*. Here again, we have to point out that a taboo is hardly a correct name for every kind of prohibition. Prohibitions have many causes. The prohibition put by Bluebeard on his wives is hardly to be called a taboo. The condition that Urvasî should disappear whenever she had seen her husband naked arises from the natural reason that the Dawn vanishes when the sun throws off the garments of the morning clouds, just as by another Vedic metaphor the Dawn is said to expire as soon as the sun begins to breathe. Such conditions cannot properly be called taboos, they spring quite as often from the knowledge of inevitable consequences. The story of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, however, seems to me to lie entirely outside the enchanted circle of popular mythology. It is rather a philosophical myth, and much more recent than the stories of Kronos and Zeus. Besides, even a taboo has generally a reason, and Hottentotic scholars should at least try to discover it, and not be satisfied with a mere name.

IV. We are told that anthropologists alone can tell us why fire was everywhere said to be stolen. It may be so; but if they have discovered that the thief of Soma was simply a thief of fire, or that the bird was a fire-eater,

they ought to let us have the facts which might perhaps help to settle the controversy on the original character of Soma now carried on between Professor Hillebrandt and Professor Oldenberg.

V. We are told that myths of Hades and the Home of the Dead are found all over the world, and that the lowest savages possess theories of Hell. It would be strange, indeed, if they did not. The really interesting point, however, is the creation of these hells, and their marked diversity in different parts of the world. Each country seems to have its own pet hell, and few people would like to exchange their own for anybody else's, whether it is a hot hell in warm, or a cold one, in cold climates.

VI. Myths of the origin of death are likewise said to be universal, and we can hardly wonder at it, for death is very universal. Death may in some countries be supposed to be due to a broken taboo, to witchcraft, to the eating of an apple, or bathing in a forbidden pond. Yes, but does all this explain the arrows of *Artemis* or of her brother *Apollon*?

What is really interesting in the conceptions of death among different races, whether civilised or uncivilised, is not so much their general agreement as the differences and the causes which gave rise to each individual myth.

So much for the six strong points of the anthropologic study of mythology. Every one of them, I am most willing to admit, contains some truth, and the system, if carefully worked, as it has been, for instance, by Mr. Frazer, can produce and has produced very valuable results. The danger begins when it is represented as '*the only solvent of mythology in all parts of the world.*' That it certainly is not. Much as I owe to the learned works of Bastholm, Klemm, Waitz, Tylor, Bastian and others, so far as mere facts are concerned, we must never forget that what the Science of Mythology is aiming at is the discovery of the *Hyponoia*, the thoughts underlying every myth.

Ammonites and Belemnites had been collected from many parts of the world, and their similarities could escape no geologist. But not until their organic nature had been discovered, not till the Ammonite had been recognised as a petrified cephalopod and the Belemnite as the petrified shell of another cephalopod, did these curiosities assume a scientific interest. Let anthropologists collect as many myths as they can. If they do it conscientiously, like W. W. Gill, Callaway, H. Hale, Hahn and others, with a full knowledge of the language in which the myths are handed down, their labours will be most useful and help us in the

end to realise our highest object, namely, to discover reason in all the unreason of mythology, and thus to vindicate the character of our ancestors, however distant.

This is the true charm of the Science of Mythology, this the only excuse why serious students devote their time to a study which to many seems childish and useless. I have been blamed myself for wasting my time on mythology. All I can say is that this study gives me intense pleasure, and has been a real joy to me all my life. I have toiled enough for others; may I not in the evening of my life follow my own taste? I see much more in mythology than appears on the surface, and I believe the time will come when this is fully understood. And although I am glad to have lived long enough to witness the triumph of some theories which, when first uttered, were widely and fiercely condemned, I hold to my old belief, that Truth is in no hurry. I therefore take courage to send out these old contributions to Comparative Mythology once more, in the hope that they may find new friends, and that those who are not yet convinced by my arguments may continue to criticise them in the same spirit of fairness and with the same pure love of truth which most of my critics, and certainly the most learned and judicious among

them, have always displayed. In this way alone can we hope that our knowledge and understanding of mythology may be really advanced, while ill-natured and ill-mannered, and generally ill-founded criticism can only retard the progress of sound knowledge. I know I shall be told that there are many repetitions in this volume, but I do not see how that can be avoided in a collection of essays which were published from time to time. Besides, I hope, it will be seen that when the same question is discussed again and again, it was either because some criticism had to be answered, or because some stronger arguments had to be produced. I care for the establishment of the truth, so far as I can see it; I care very little for any personal triumph. The Science of Mythology has, as I firmly believe, a great future before it, not only in the narrow field of mythology, but in the wider spheres of religion and philosophy. Though I may not live to see all my hopes fulfilled, I am satisfied with what has been achieved so far, and I know that those who come after me will carry on the work which I have to leave unfinished, with greater ability, with profounder learning, and with far more eminent success.

F. M. M.

Oxford, *Aug.* 14, 1895.

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ESSAYS ON
MYTHOLOGY AND FOLK-LORE

COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY

(1856.)

Phædros. Dost thou see that very tall plane-tree?

Sokrates. Certainly I do.

Phædros. There is shade there, and the wind is not too strong, and there is grass to sit, or, if we like, to lie down.

Sokrates. Lead on then!

Phædros. Tell me, Sokrates—is it not from some place here they say that Boreas carried away Oreithyia from the Ilissos?

Sokrates. So they say.

Phædros. Should it not be from this spot? for the waters seem so lovely, and pure, and transparent, and as if made for girls to play on the bank.

Sokrates. No; it is two or three stadia further down, where you cross over to the temple of Agra—and there you find, somewhere, an altar of Boreas.

Phædros. I was not aware of this. But tell me, by Zeus, O Sokrates — dost *thou* believe this myth to be true?

Sokrates. Well, if I did not believe it, like the wise people, I should not be so very far wrong; and I might set up an ingenious theory and say that a gust of Boreas, the Northwind, carried her down from the rocks in the neighbourhood, while she was playing with her friend

Pharmakeia; and that, having died in this manner, she was reported to have been carried off by Boreas from thence, or from the Ares peak—for there goes this story also, that she was carried off from that, and not from this spot. As to myself, Phædros, I think these explanations, on the whole, very pleasant; but they require a man of strong mind and hard work, and a man who, after all, is not much to be envied, if it were only for this, that when he has set right this one fable, he is bound to do the same for the form of the Hippokentaurs, and again for that of the Chimæra. And then a host of such beings rush in—Gorgons and Pegasoi, and masses of other hopeless beings, and absurdities of monstrous creatures. And if a man, not believing in the existence of these creatures, should try to represent each according to the probable explanation, dealing in a rough kind of philosophy, he would require abundance of leisure. I, at least, have no time to spare for these things, and the reason, my friend, is this, that I cannot yet, according to the Delphic line, know myself; and it seems to me ridiculous that a man who does not yet know this, should trouble himself about what does not concern him. Therefore I leave those things alone, and, believing what other people believe about them, I meditate, as I said just now, not on them, but on myself—whether I be a monster more complicated and more savage than Typhon, or a tamer and simpler creature, enjoying by nature a blessed and modest lot. But while we are talking, my friend—was not this the tree to which thou wert to lead us?

Phædros. This is the very tree.

This passage, from the Introduction of Plato's 'Phædros,' has been frequently quoted in order to show what the wisest of the Greeks thought about the rationalists of his day. There were at Athens then, as there have been at all times and in all

countries, men who had no sense for the miraculous and supernatural, and who, without having the moral courage to deny altogether what they could not bring themselves to believe, endeavoured to find some plausible explanation by which the sacred legends which tradition had handed down to them, and which had been hallowed by religious observances, and sanctioned by the authority of the law, might be brought into harmony with the dictates of reason and the laws of nature. That Sokrates, though himself accused of heresy, did not entertain a very high opinion of these speculators—that he thought their explanations more incredible and absurd than even the most incredible absurdities of Greek mythology—nay, that at a certain period of his life he treated such attempts as impious, is clear from this and other passages of Plato and Xenophon.

But if Mr. Grote, in his classical work on the 'History of Greece,' avails himself of this and similar passages, in order to introduce, as it were, Sokrates himself among the historians and critics of our own time—if he endeavours to make him bear witness 'to the uselessness of digging for a supposed basis of truth' in the myths of the Greek world, he makes the ancient philosopher say more than he really said. Our object in considering the myths of the Greeks, or any other nation of antiquity, is so different from that of Sokrates that the objections which he urged against his rationalising contemporaries could hardly be said to apply to us. For what is it that makes us at the present day ask the question of the origin of the Greek myths? Why

do men study ancient history, acquire a knowledge of dead languages, and decipher illegible inscriptions? What inspires them with an interest not only in the literature of Greece and Rome, but of ancient India and Persia, of Egypt and Babylonia? Why do the puerile and often repulsive legends of savage tribes rivet their attention and engage their thoughts? Have we not been told that there is more wisdom in the 'Times' than in Thukydides? Are not the novels of Walter Scott more amusing than Apollodoros? or the works of Bacon more instructive than the cosmogony of the Purâṇas? What, then, gives life to the study of antiquity? What compels men, in the midst of these busy times, to sacrifice their leisure to studies apparently so unattractive and useless, if not the conviction that, in order to obey the Delphic commandment—in order to know what *Man is*, we ought to know *what Man has been*? This is a view as foreign to the mind of Sokrates as any of the principles of inductive philosophy by which men like Columbus, Leonardo da Vinci, Copernicus, Kepler, Bacon, and Galileo regenerated and invigorated the intellectual life of modern Europe. If we grant to Sokrates that the chief object of philosophy is that man should know himself, we should hardly consider his means of arriving at this knowledge adequate to so high an aim. To his mind man was pre-eminently the individual, without any reference to his being but one manifestation of a power, or, as he might have said, of an idea, realised in and through an endless variety of human souls. He is ever seeking to solve the mystery of human nature by brooding over his own

mind, by watching the secret workings of the soul, by analysing the organs of knowledge, and by trying to determine their proper limits; and thus the last result of his philosophy was, that he knew but one thing, and this was, that he knew nothing. To us, man is no longer this solitary being, complete in himself, and self-sufficient; man to us is a brother among brothers, a member of a class, of a genus, or a kind, and therefore intelligible only with reference to his equals. The earth was unintelligible to the ancients, because looked upon as a solitary being, without a peer in the whole universe; but it assumed a new and true significance as soon as it rose before the eyes of man as one of many planets, all governed by the same laws, and all revolving around the same centre. It is the same with the human soul, and its nature stands before our mind in quite a different light since man has been taught to know and feel himself as a member of one great family —as one of the myriads of wandering stars all governed by the same laws, and all revolving around the same centre, and all deriving their light from the same source. The history of the world, or, as it is called, 'Universal History,' has laid open new avenues of thought, and it has enriched our language with a word which never passed the lips of Sokrates, or Plato, or Aristotle—*mankind*.[1] Where the Greek saw barbarians, we see brethren; where the Greek saw heroes and demi-gods, we see our parents and ancestors; where the Greek saw nations (ἔθνη), we see mankind, toiling and suffering, separated by oceans, divided by language, and severed by national

[1] See Cicero, *Tusc. Disp.* v. 37.

enmity—yet evermore tending, under a divine control, towards the fulfilment of that inscrutable purpose for which the world was created, and man placed in it, bearing the image of God. History, therefore, with its dusty and mouldering pages, is to us as sacred a volume as the book of nature. In both we read, or we try to read, the reflex of the laws and thoughts of a Divine Wisdom. As we acknowledge no longer in nature the working of demons or the manifestation of an evil principle, so we deny in history an atomistic conglomerate of chances, or the despotic rule of a mute fate. We believe that there is nothing irrational in either history or nature, and that the human mind is called upon to read and to revere in both the manifestations of a Divine Power. Hence, even the most ancient and shattered pages of traditions are dear to us, nay, dearer, perhaps, than the more copious chapters of modern times. The history of those distant ages and distant men—apparently so foreign to our modern interests—assumes a new charm as soon as we know that it tells us the story of our own race, of our own family—nay, of our own selves. Sometimes, when opening a desk which we have not opened for many years—when looking over letters which we have not read for many years, we read on for some time with a cold indifference, and though we see it is our own handwriting, and though we meet with names once familiar to our heart, yet we can hardly believe that we wrote these letters, that we felt those pangs, that we shared in those delights, till at last the past draws near and we draw near to the past, and our heart grows warm, and we feel

again as we felt of old, and we know that these letters were our letters. It is the same in reading ancient history. At first it seems something strange and foreign; but the more intensely we read, the more our thoughts are engaged and our feelings warmed; and the history of those ancient men becomes, as it were, our own history—their sufferings our sufferings—their joys our joys. Without this sympathy, history is a dead letter, and might as well be burnt and forgotten; while, if it is once enlivened by this feeling, it appeals not only to the antiquarian, but to the heart of every man.

We find ourselves on a stage on which many acts have been acted before us, and where we are suddenly called to act our own part. To know the part which we have to act ourselves, we ought to know the character of those whose place we take. We naturally look back to the scenes on which the curtain of the past has fallen, for we believe that there ought to be one thought pervading the whole drama of mankind. And here history steps in, and gives us the thread which connects the present with the past. Many scenes, it is true, are lost beyond the hope of recovery; and the most interesting, the opening scenes of the childhood of the human race, are known to us by small fragments only. But for this very reason the antiquarian, if he descries a relic of those early times, grasps it with the eagerness of a biographer who finds unexpectedly some scraps written by his hero when yet a child—entirely himself, and before the shadows of life had settled on his brow. In whatever language it may be written, every line, every word, is welcome, that bears the impress of

the early days of mankind. In our museums we collect the rude playthings of our hero's boyhood, and we try to guess from their colossal features the thoughts of the mind which they once reflected. Many things are still unintelligible to us, and the hieroglyphic language of antiquity records but half of the mind's half-unconscious intentions. Yet more and more the image of man, in whatever clime we meet him, rises before us, noble and pure from the very beginning: even his errors we learn to understand —even his dreams we begin to interpret. As far as we can trace back the footsteps of man, even on the lowest strata of history, we see that the divine gift of a sound and sober intellect belonged to him from the very first; and the idea of a humanity emerging slowly from the depths of an animal brutality can never be maintained again in our century. The earliest work of art wrought by the human mind—more ancient than any literary document, and prior even to the first whisperings of tradition—the human language, forms an uninterrupted chain from the first dawn of history down to our own times. We still speak the language of the first ancestors of our race; and this language, with its wonderful structure, bears witness against such gratuitous theories. The formation of language, the composition of roots, the gradual discrimination of meanings, the systematic elaboration of grammatical forms—all this working which we can still see under the surface of our own speech, attests from the very first the presence of a rational mind—of an artist as great, at least, as his work.

The period during which expressions were coined

for the most necessary ideas—such as pronouns, prepositions, numerals, and the household words of the simplest life—a period to which we must assign the first beginnings of a free and, as yet, hardly agglutinative grammar—a grammar not impressed with any individual or national peculiarities, yet containing the germs of all the Turanian, as well as the Aryan and Semitic forms of speech—this period forms the first in the history of man—the first, at least, to which even the keenest eye of the antiquarian and the philosopher can reach—and we call it the *Rhematic Period.*

This is succeeded by a second period, during which we must suppose that at least two families of language left the simply agglutinative, or nomadic stage of grammar, and received, once for all, that peculiar impress of their formative system which we still find in all the dialects and national idioms comprised under the names of *Semitic* and *Aryan*, as distinguished from the *Turanian*, the latter retaining to a much later period, and in some instances to the present day, that agglutinative reproductiveness which has rendered a traditional and metamorphic system of grammar impossible, or has at least considerably limited its extent. Hence we do not find in the nomadic or Turanian languages scattered from China to the Pyrenees, from Cape Comorin, across the Caucasus, to Lapland, that sharp family likeness which enables us to treat the Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic, Italic, Hellenic, Iranic, and Indic languages on one side, and the Arabian, Aramæan, and Hebrew dialects on the other, as mere varieties of two specific forms of speech, in which, at a very early period, and

through influences decidedly political, if not individual and personal, the floating elements of grammar have been arrested and made to assume an amalgamated, instead of a merely agglutinative, character. This second may be called the *Dialectic Period.*

Now, after these two periods, but before the appearance of the first traces of any national literature, there is a period, represented everywhere by the same characteristic features—a kind of Eocene period, commonly called the *Mythological* or *Mythopœic* Age. It is a period in the history of the human mind, perhaps the most difficult to understand, and the most likely to shake our faith in the regular progress of the human intellect. We can form a tolerably clear idea of the origin of language, of the gradual formation of grammar, and the unavoidable divergence of dialects and languages. We can understand, again, the earliest concentrations of political societies, the establishment of laws and customs, and the first beginnings of religion and poetry. But between the two there is a gulf which it seems impossible for any philosophy to bridge over. We call it the *Mythic Period*, and we have accustomed ourselves to believe that the Greeks, for instance, such as we find them represented to us in the Homeric poems, far advanced in the fine arts, acquainted with the refinements and comforts of life, such as we see in the palaces of Menelaos and Alkinoos, with public meetings and elaborate pleadings, with the mature wisdom of a Nestor and the cunning enterprise of an Odysseus, with the dignity of a Helena and the loveliness of a Nausikaa, could have been preceded by a race of men whose chief

amusement consisted in inventing absurd tales about gods and other nondescript beings—a race of men, in fact, on whose tomb the historian could inscribe no better epigram than that on Bitto and Phainis.[1] Although later poets may have given to some of these fables a charm of beauty, and led us to accept them as imaginative compositions, it is impossible to conceal the fact that, taken by themselves, and in their literal meaning, most of these ancient myths are absurd and irrational, and frequently opposed to the principles of thought, religion, and morality, which guided the Greeks as soon as they appear to us in the twilight of traditional history. By whom, then, were these stories invented?—stories, we must say at once, similar in form and character, whether we find them on Indian, Persian, Greek, Italian, Slavonic, or Teutonic soil. Was there a period of temporary insanity, through which the human mind had to pass, and was it a madness identically the same in the south of India and in the north of Iceland? It is impossible to believe that a people who, in the very infancy of thought, produced men like Thales, Herakleitos, and Pythagoras, should have consisted of idle talkers but a few centuries before the time of these sages. Even if we take only that part of mythology which refers to religion, in our sense of the word, or the myths, which bear on the highest problems of philosophy—such as the creation, the relation of man to God, life and death, virtue and vice—myths generally the most modern in origin, we find that even this small portion, which might be supposed to contain some sober ideas, or some pure and sublime conceptions, is unworthy of

[1] *Anthologia Palatina*, Append. 137 (ed. Tauchnitz, iii. p. 363).

the ancestors of the Homeric poets, or the Ionic philosophers. When the swineherd Eumæos, unacquainted, perhaps, with the intricate system of the Olympian mythology, speaks of the Deity, he speaks like one of ourselves. 'Eat,' he says to Odysseus, 'and enjoy what is here, for God will grant one thing, but another he will refuse, whatever he will in his mind, for he can do all things.'[1] This, we may suppose, was the language of the common people at the time of Homer, and it is simple and sublime, if compared with what has been supposed one of the grandest conceptions of Greek mythology — that, namely, where Zeus, in order to assert his omnipotence, tells the gods that if they took a rope, and all the gods and goddesses pulled on one side, they could not drag him down from the heaven to the earth; while, if he chose, he could pull them all up, and suspend the earth and the sea from the summit of Olympos. What is more ridiculous than the mythological account of the creation of the human race by Deukalion and Pyrrha throwing stones behind them (a myth which owes its origin to a mere pun on λαός and λᾶας), while we can hardly expect, among pagans, a more profound conception of the relation between God and man, than the saying of Herakleitos, 'Men are mortal gods, and gods are immortal men.' Let us think of the times which could bear a Lykurgos and a Solon—which could found an Areopagos and the Olympic games, and how can we imagine that, a few generations

[1] *Od.* xiv. 413. Ἔσθιε, δαιμόνιε ξείνων, καὶ τέρπεο τοῖσδε
Οἷα πάρεστι· θεὸς δὲ τὸ μὲν δώσει τὸ δ' ἐάσει,
Ὅ τι κεν ᾧ θυμῷ ἐθέλῃ· δύναται γὰρ ἅπαντα.

before that time, the highest notions of the Godhead among the Greeks were adequately expressed by the story of Uranos maimed by Kronos—of Kronos eating his children, swallowing a stone, and vomiting out alive his whole progeny. Among the lowest tribes of Africa and America we hardly find anything more hideous and revolting. It is shutting our eyes to the difficulties which stare us in the face if we say, like Mr. Grote, that this mythology was 'a past which was never present;' and it seems blasphemy to consider these fables of the heathen world as corrupted and misinterpreted fragments of a divine revelation once granted to the whole race of mankind, a view so frequently advocated by Christian divines. These myths have been made by man at a certain period of history. There was an age which produced these myths, an age half-way between the Dialectical Period, presenting the human race gradually diverging into different families and languages, and the National Period, exhibiting to us the earliest traces of nationalised language, and a nationalised literature in India, Persia, Greece, Italy, and Germany. The fact is there, and we must either explain it, or admit in the gradual growth of the human mind, as in the formation of the earth, some violent revolutions, which broke the regularity of the early strata of thought, and convulsed the human mind, like volcanoes and earthquakes arising from some unknown cause below the surface of history.

Much, however, will be gained if, without being driven to adopt so violent and repugnant a theory, we are able to account in a more intelligible manner for the creation of myths. Their propagation and

subsistence in later times, though strange in many respects, is yet a much less intricate problem. The human mind has an inborn reverence for the past, and the religious piety of the man flows from the same natural spring as the filial piety of the child. Even though the traditions of past ages may appear strange, wild, and sometimes immoral or impossible, each generation accepts them, and fashions them so that they can be borne with again, and even made to disclose a true and deeper meaning. Many of the natives of India, though versed in European science, and imbued with the principles of a pure natural theology, yet bow down and worship the images of Vishṇu and Śiva. They know that these images are but stone; they confess that their feelings revolt against the impurities attributed to these gods by what they call their sacred writings; yet there are honest Brahmans who will maintain that these stories have a deeper meaning, that immorality being incompatible with a divine being, a mystery must be supposed to be concealed in these time-hallowed fables, a mystery which an inquiring and reverent mind may hope to fathom. Nay, even where Christian missionaries have been successful, where the purity of the Christian faith has won the heart of a native, and made the extravagant absurdities of the Purâṇas insupportable to him, the faith of his early childhood will still linger on and break out occasionally in unguarded expressions, as several of the myths of antiquity have crept into the legends of the Church of Rome.[1] We find frequent indications in ancient history that the Greeks them-

[1] See Grimm's Introduction to his great work on *Teutonic Mythology*, second edition, 1844, p. xxxi. This work has lately been trans-

selves were shocked by the stories told of their gods; yet as even in our own times faith with most men is not faith in God or in truth, but faith in the faith of others, we may understand why even men like Sokrates were unwilling to renounce their belief in what had been believed by their fathers. As their idea of the Godhead became purer, they felt that the idea of perfection, involved in the idea of a divine being, excluded the possibility of immoral gods. Pindar, as pointed out by Otfried Müller,[1] changes many myths because they are not in harmony with his purer conceptions of the dignity of gods and heroes; and, because, according to his opinion, they must be false. Plato[2] argues in a similar spirit when he examines the different traditions about Eros, and in the 'Symposium' we see how each speaker maintains that myth of Eros to be the only true one which agrees best with his own ideas of the nature of this god—Phædros[3] calling him the oldest, Agathon the youngest of the gods; yet each appealing to the authority of an ancient myth. Thus, men who had as clear a conception of the omnipotence and omnipresence of a supreme God as natural religion can reveal, still called him Zeus, forgetting the adulterer and parricide:—

Ζεὺς ἀρχή, Ζεὺς μέσσα, Διὸς δ' ἐκ πάντα τέτυκται,

lated into English by Mr. Stallybrass (Sonnenschein & Allen, 1880).

[1] See O. Müller's excellent work, *Prolegomena zu einer wissenschaftlichen Mythologie*, 1825, p. 87.

[2] *Phædros*, 242 E.

[3] *Symp.* 178 C. οὕτως πολλαχόθεν ὁμολογεῖται ὁ Ἔρως ἐν τοῖς πρεσβυτάτοις εἶναι· πρεσβύτατος δὲ ὢν μεγίστων ἀγαθῶν ἡμῖν αἴτιός ἐστιν· 195 A. ἔστι δὲ κάλλιστος ὢν τοιόσδε· πρῶτον μὲν νεώτατος θεῶν, ὦ Φαῖδρε.

'Zeus is the beginning, Zeus the middle; out of Zeus all things have been made:'

—an Orphic line, but an old one, if, as Mr. Grote supposes, Plato alluded to it.[1] Poets, again, who felt in their hearts the true emotion of prayer, a yearning after divine help and protection, still spoke of Zeus, forgetting that at one time Zeus himself was vanquished by Titan, and had to be delivered by Hermes.[2] Æschylos[3] says: 'Zeus, whoever he is, if this be the name by which he loves to be called—by this name I address him. For, pondering on all things except Zeus, I cannot tell whether I may truly cast off the idle burden from my thought.'

No, the preservation of these mythic names, the long life of these fables, and their satisfying the religious, poetical, and moral wants of succeeding generations, though strange and startling, is not the real difficulty. The past has its charms, and tradition has a powerful friend in language. We still speak of the sun rising and setting, of rainbows, of thunderbolts, because language has sanctioned these expres-

[1] Lobeck, *Aglaoph.* p. 523, gives

Ζεὺς κεφαλή, Ζεὺς μέσσα, Διὸς δ' ἐκ πάντα τέτυκται.

See Preller's *Greek Mythology*, 1854, p. 99; Zeller, *Philosophie der Griechen*, p. 53.

[2] Apollod., 1, 6, 3, Grote, *H. G.* p. 4.

[3] I give the text, because it has been translated in so many different ways:

Ζεύς, ὅστις ποτ' ἐστὶν, εἰ τόδ' αὐ-
τῷ φίλον κεκλημένῳ,
τοῦτό νιν προσεννέπω·
οὐκ ἔχω προσεικάσαι,
πάντ' ἐπισταθμώμενος,
πλὴν Διὸς, εἰ τὸ μάταν ἀπὸ φροντίδος ἄχθος
χρὴ βαλεῖν ἐτητύμως.

sions. We use them, though we do not believe in them. The difficulty is how at first the human mind was led to such imaginings—how the names and tales arose, and unless this question can be answered, our belief in a regular and consistent progress of the human intellect, through all ages and in all countries, must be given up as a false theory.

Nor can it be said that we know absolutely nothing of this period during which the as yet undivided Aryan nations—for it is chiefly of them that we are now speaking—formed their myths. Even if we saw only the deep shadow which lies on the Greek mind from the very beginning of its political and literary history, we should be able to infer from it something of the real character of that age which must have preceded the earliest dawn of the national literature of Greece. Otfried Müller,[1] though he was unacquainted with the new light which Comparative Philology has shed on this primitive Aryan period, says: 'The mythic form of expression which changes all beings into persons, all relations into actions, is something so peculiar that we must admit for its growth a distinct period in the civilisation of a people.' But Comparative Philology has since brought this whole period within the pale of documentary history. It has placed in our hands a telescope of such power that where formerly we could see but nebulous clouds we now discover distinct forms and outlines; nay, it has given us what we may call contemporary evidence, exhibiting to us the state of thought, language, religion, and civilisation at a period when Sanskrit was not yet Sanskrit, Greek not yet Greek, but when

[1] *Prol. Myth.* p. 78.

both, together with Latin, German, and other Aryan dialects, existed as yet as one undivided language, in the same manner as French, Italian, and Spanish may be said to have at one time existed as one undivided language, in the form of Latin.

This will require a short explanation. If we knew nothing of the existence of Latin; if all historical documents previous to the fifteenth century had been lost; if tradition even were silent as to the former existence of a Roman empire, a mere comparison of the six Romance dialects would enable us to say that at some time there must have been a language from which all these modern dialects derived their origin in common; for without this supposition it would be impossible to account for the facts exhibited by these dialects. Let us look at the auxiliary verb. We find:

	Italian.	Walachian.	Rhætian.	Spanish.	Portuguese.	French.
I am:	sono	sum (sunt)	sunt	soy	sou	suis
Thou art:	sei	es	eis	eres	es	es
He is:	è	é (este)	ei	es	he	est
We are:	siamo	sůntemu	essen	somos	somos	sommes
You are:	siete	sůnteți	esses	sois	sois	êtes (estes)
They are:	sono	sůnt	eân (sun)	son	sao	sont

It is clear, even from a short consideration of these forms, first, that all are but varieties of one common type; secondly, that it is impossible to consider any one of these six paradigms as the original from which the others had been borrowed. To this we may add, thirdly, that in none of the languages to which these verbal forms belong, do we find the elements of which they could have been composed. If we find such forms as *j'ai aimé*, we can explain them by a mere reference to the grammatical materials which French has still at its command, and the

same may be said even of compounds like *j'aimerai*, i.e. *je-aimer-ai*, I have to love, I shall love. But a change from *je suis* to *tu es* is inexplicable by the light of French grammar. These forms could not have grown, so to speak, on French soil, but must have been handed down as relics from a former period—must have existed in some language antecedent to any of the Romance dialects. Now, fortunately, in this case, we are not left to a mere inference, but as we possess the Latin verb, we can prove how by phonetic corruption, and by mistaken analogies, every one of the six paradigms is but a national metamorphosis of the Latin original.

Let us now look at another set of paradigms:

	Sanskrit.	Lithuanian.	Zend.	Doric.	Old Slav.	Latin.	Gothic.	Armen.
I am:	ásmi	esmi	ahmi	ἐμμί	yesmĕ	sum	im	em
Thou art:	ási	essi	ahi	ἐσσι	yesi	es	is	es
He is:	ásti	esti	asti	ἐστί	yestŏ	est	ist	ê
We (two) are:	'svás	esva	..	..	yesva	..	siju	..
You (two) are:	'sthás	esta	stho ?	ἐστόν	yesta	..	sijuts	..
They (two) are:	'stás	(esti)	sto	ἐστόν	yesta	..	..	..
We are:	'smás	esmi	bmahi	ἐσμές	yesmo	sumus	sijum	emq
You are:	'sthá	este	sta	ἐστέ	yeste	estis	sijuth	êq
They are:	sánti	(esti)	hĕnti	ἐντί	somtĕ	sunt	sind	en

From a careful consideration of these forms, we ought to draw exactly the same conclusions: first, that all are but varieties of one common type; secondly, that it is impossible to consider any of them as the original from which the others have been borrowed; and thirdly, that, here again, none of the languages in which these verbal forms occur, possesses the grammatical materials out of which such forms could have been framed. That Sanskrit cannot be taken as the original from which all the rest were derived (an opinion held by many scholars) is clear, if we see that Greek has, in several instances, pre-

served a more primitive, or, as it is called, more organic form than Sanskrit. Ἐσ-μές cannot be derived from the Sanskrit smas, because smas has lost the radical *a*, which Greek has preserved, the root being as, to be, the termination mas, we. Nor can Greek be fixed upon as the more primitive language from which the others were derived, for not even Latin could be called the daughter of Greek, the language of Rome having preserved some forms more primitive than Greek; for instance, *sunt* instead of ἐντί or ἐνσί or εἰσί. Here Greek has lost the radical as altogether, ἐντί standing instead of ἐσεντί, while Latin has at least, like Sanskrit, preserved the radical *s* in *sunt* = Sanskrit santi.

Hence, all these dialects point to some more ancient language which was to them what Latin was to the Romance dialects, only that at that early period there was no literature to preserve to us any remnants of that mother-tongue that died in giving birth to the modern Aryan dialects, such as Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Slavonic, and Celtic. Yet, if there is any truth in inductive reasoning, that language was once a living language, spoken in Asia by a small tribe, nay, originally by a small family living under one and the same roof, as the language of Camoens, Cervantes, Voltaire, and Dante, was once spoken by a few peasants who had built their huts on the Seven Hills near the Tibris. If we compare the two tables of paradigms, the coincidences between the language of the Veda and the dialect spoken at the present day by the Lithuanian recruit at Berlin are greater by far than those between French and Italian; and, after Bopp's 'Comparative Gram-

mar' has been completed, it will be seen clearly that all the essential forms of grammar had been fully framed and established before the first separation of the Aryan family took place.

But we may learn much more of the intellectual state of the primitive and undivided family of the Aryan nations, if we use the materials which Comparative Philology has placed at our disposal; and, here again, the Romance languages will teach us the spell by which we may hope to open the archives of the most ancient history of the Aryan race. If we find in all the Romance dialects a word like the French *pont*, the Italian *ponte*, the Spanish *puente*, the Wallachian *pod*, identically the same in all, after making allowance for those peculiarities which give to each dialect its national character, we have a right to say that *pons*, the name for *bridge*, was known *before* these languages separated, and that, therefore, the art of building bridges must have been known at the same time. We could assert, even if we knew nothing of Latin and of Rome, that previous, at least, to the tenth century, books, bread, wine, houses, villages, towns, towers, and gates, &c., were known to those people, whoever they were, from whose language the modern dialects of Southern Europe are derived. It is true, we should not be able to draw a very perfect picture of the intellectual state of the Roman people if we were obliged to construct their history from such scanty materials only; yet we should be able to prove that there really was such a people, and, in the absence of any other information, even a few casual glimpses of their work in life would be welcome.

But, though we might safely use this method positively, only taking care to avoid foreign terms, we could not invert it or use it negatively. Because each of the Romance dialects has a different name for certain objects, it does not follow that the objects themselves were unknown to the ancestors of the Romance nations. Paper was known at Rome, yet it is called *carta* in Italian, *papier* in French.

Now, as we know nothing of the Aryan race before it was broken up into different nationalities, such as Indian, German, Greek, Roman, Slavonic, Teutonic, and Celtic, this method of making language itself tell the history of ancient times will become of great value, because it will give a character of historical reality to a period in the history of the human race the very existence of which had been doubted, to a period that had been called 'a past that was never present.' We must not expect a complete history of civilisation, exhibiting in full detail a picture of the times when the language of Homer and of the Veda had not yet been formed. But we shall feel by some small but significant traits the real presence of that early period in the history of the human mind—a period which, for reasons that will be clearer hereafter, we identify with the *Mythopœic*.

	Sanskrit.	Zend.	Greek.	Latin.	Gothic.	Slavonic.	Irish.
Father:	pitár	pitar	πατήρ	pater	fadar	..	athir
Mother:	mâtár	mâtar	μήτηρ	mater	..	mati (gen. matere)	máthir
Brother:	bhrâtar	brâtar	(φρατήρ)frater		brôthar	bratrŭ	bráthir
Sister:	svâsar	qanhar	..	soror	svistar	svestra	siur
Daughter:	duhitár	dugdhar	θυγάτηρ	..	daúhtar	(Lith.) duktè	

The mere fact that the names for *father*, *mother*, *brother*, *sister*, and *daughter* are the same in most

of the Aryan languages, might at first sight seem of immaterial significance; yet, even these words are full of import. That the name of father was coined at that early period, shows that the father acknowledged the offspring of his wife as his own, for thus only had he a right to claim the title of father. *Father* is derived from a root PA, which means, not to beget, but to protect, to support, to nourish. The father as progenitor, was called in Sanskrit *g*anitár, but as protector and supporter of his offspring he was called pitár. Hence, in the Veda these two names are used together, in order to express the full idea of father. Thus the poet says (I. 164, 33):—

Dyaús me pitâ *g*anitâ.
Jo(vi)s mei pater genitor.
Ζεὺς ἐμοῦ πατὴρ γενετήρ.

In a similar manner mâtár, mother, is joined with *g*anitrî, *genitrix* (Rv. III. 48, 2), which shows that the word mâtar must soon have lost its etymological meaning, and have become an expression of respect and endearment. Among the earliest Aryans, mâtar had the meaning of maker, from MA, to fashion; and in this sense, and with the same accent as the Greek μήτηρ, mâtar, not yet determined by a feminine affix, it is used in the Veda as a masculine. Thus we read, for instance, Rv. VIII. 41, 4:—

Sáḥ mâtâ pûrvyám padám.

'He, Varu*n*a (Uranos), is the maker of the old place.'

Now, it should be observed, that mâtar, as well as pitar, is but one out of many names by which the idea of father and mother might have been ex-

pressed. Even if we confined ourselves to the root PA, and took the granting of support to his offspring as the most characteristic attribute of father, many words might have been, and actually were, formed, all equally fit to become, so to say, the proper names of father. In Sanskrit, protector can be expressed not only by PA, followed by the derivative suffix tar, but by pâ-la, pâ-laka, pâ-yú, all meaning protector. The fact that out of many possible forms, one only has been admitted into all the Aryan dictionaries, shows that there must have been something like a traditional usage in language long before the separation of the Aryan family took place. Besides, there were other roots from which the name of father might have been formed, such as GAN, from which we have *ganitár*, *genitor*, γενετήρ; or TAK, from which the Greek τοκεύς; or PAR, from which the Latin *parens*; not to mention many other names equally applicable to express some prominent attribute of a father in his relation to his children. If each Aryan dialect had formed its own name for father, from one of the many roots which all the Aryan dialects share in common, we should be able to say that there was a radical community between all these languages; but we should never succeed in proving, what is most essential, their historical community, or their divergence from one language which had already acquired a decided idiomatic consistency.

It happens, however, even with these, the most essential terms of an incipient civilisation, that one or the other of the Aryan dialects has lost the ancient expression, and replaced it by a new one. The common Aryan names for brother and sister, for

instance, do not occur in Greek, where brother and sister are called ἀδελφός and ἀδελφή. To conclude from this that at the time when the Greeks started from their Aryan home, the names of brother and sister had not yet been framed, would be a mistake. We have no reason to suppose that the Greeks were the first to leave, and, if we find that nations like the Teutonic or Celtic, who could have had no contact with the natives of India after the first separation had taken place, share the name of brother in common with Sanskrit, it is as certain that this name existed in the primitive Aryan language as the occurrence of the same word in Walachian and Portuguese would prove its Latin origin, though no trace of it existed in any of the other Romance dialects. No doubt, the growth of language is governed by immutable laws, but the influence of accident is more considerable here than in any other branch of natural science; and though in this case it is possible to find a principle which determines the accidental loss[1] of the ancient names for brother and sister in Greek, yet this is not the case always, and we shall frequently find that one or the other Aryan dialect does not exhibit a term which, on the strength of our general argument, we shall feel justified in ascribing to the most ancient period of Aryan speech.

The mutual relation between brother and sister had been hallowed at that early period, and it had been sanctioned by names which had become traditional before the Aryan family broke up into different colonies. The original meaning of bhrâtar

[1] See *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1851, p. 320.

seems to me to have been he who carries or assists: of svasar, she who pleases or consoles—svasti meaning in Sanskrit joy or happiness.

In duhitar, again, we find a name which must have become traditional long before the separation took place. It is a name identically the same in all the dialects, except Latin, and yet Sanskrit alone could have preserved a consciousness of its appellative power. Duhitar, as Professor Lassen was the first to show, is derived from Duh, a root which in Sanskrit means to milk. This etymology is better than that from *taugen* (duh), for the original meaning of *duh* was to milk and to yield milk. The sense of yielding or being useful is general, *i.e.* later and more restricted. This name of milkmaid, given to the daughter of the house, opens before our eyes a little idyll of the poetical and pastoral life of the early Aryans. One of the few things by which the daughter, before she was married, might make herself useful in a nomadic household, was the milking of the cattle, and it discloses a kind of delicacy and humour, even in the rudest state of society, if we imagine a father calling his daughter his little milkmaid, rather than sutâ, his begotten, or *filia*, the suckling. This meaning, however, must have been forgotten long before the Aryans separated. Duhitar was then no longer a nickname, but it had become a technical term, or, so to say, the proper name of a daughter. That many words were formed in the same spirit, and that they were applicable only during a nomadic state of life, we shall have frequent opportunity of seeing, as we go on. But as the transition of words of such special meaning into general terms, deprived of all etymological

vitality may seem strange, we may as well give at once a few analogous cases where, behind expressions of the most general currency, we can discover, by means of etymology, this peculiar background of the ancient nomad life of the Aryan nations. The very word *peculiar* may serve as an illustration, taken from more modern times. Peculiar now means singular, extraordinary, but originally it meant what was private, *i.e.* not common, property; being derived from *peculium*. Now, the Latin *peculium* stands for *pecudium* (like *consilium* for *considium*); and being derived from *pecus*, *pecudis*, it expressed originally what we should call cattle and chattel. Cattle constituting the chief personal property of agricultural people, we may well understand how peculiar, meaning originally what refers to one's own property, came to mean not-common, and at last, in our modern conversation, passed into the meaning of strange. I need hardly mention the well-known etymology of *pecunia*, which being derived from the same word, *pecu*, and therefore signifying flocks, took gradually the meaning of money, in the same manner as the Anglo-Saxon *feoh*, the German *Vieh*, cattle (and originally, according to Grimm's law, the same word as *pecu*), received in the course of time the sense of a pecuniary remuneration, a fee.[1] What takes place in modern languages, and, as it were, under our own eyes, must not surprise us in more distant ages. Now, the most useful cattle have always been the ox and the cow, and they seem to have constituted the chief riches and the most important means of subsistence among the Aryan

[1] Lord Neaves, *A Glance at Comparative Philology*, 1870, p. 14.

nations. Ox and cow are called in Sanskrit go, plur. gâvas, which is the same word as the Old High-German *chuo*, plur. *chuowi*, and with a change from the guttural to the labial media, the classical *βοῦς*, *βόες*, and *bôs*, *bôves*. Some of the Slavonic languages also have preserved a few traces of this ancient name: for instance, the Lettish *gûws*, cow; the Slavonic *govyado*, a herd; Servian *govedar*, a cow-herd. From *βοῦς*, we have in Greek *βουκόλος*, which meant originally a cow-herd; but in the verb *βουκολέω*, the meaning of tending cows has been absorbed by the more general one of tending cattle, nay, it is used in a metaphorical sense, such as *ἐλπίσι βουκολοῦμαι*. I feed myself on vain hopes. It is used with regard to horses, and thus we find for horse-herd, *ἱπποβουκόλος*, originally a cow-herd of horses, —an expression which we can only compare to Sanskrit goyuga, meaning a yoke of oxen, but afterwards any pair, so that a pair of oxen would be called go-go-yuga. Thus, in Sanskrit, go-pa means originally a cow-herd, but it soon loses this specific meaning, and is used for the head of a cow-pen, a herdsman, and at last, like the Greek *ποιμὴν λαῶν*, for a king. From gopa a new verb is formed, gopayati, and in it all traces of its original meaning are obliterated; it means simply to protect. As gopa meant a cow-herd, go-tra, in Sanskrit, was originally a hurdle, and meant the enclosure by which a herd was protected against thieves, and kept from straying. Gotra, however, has almost entirely lost its etymological power in the later Sanskrit, where the feminine only, gotrâ, preserves the meaning of a herd of kine. In ancient times, when most

wars were carried on, not to maintain the balance of power of Asia or Europe, but to take possession of good pasture, or to appropriate large herds of cattle,[1] the hurdles grew naturally into the walls of fortresses, the hedges became strongholds; Anglo-Saxon *tun*, a close (German *Zaun*), became a town; and those who lived behind the same walls were called a *gotra*, a family, a tribe, a race. In the Veda, gotra is still used in the sense of folds or hurdles (III. 39, 4):

Nákiḥ êshâm ninditâ mártyeshu
Yé asmấkam pitáraḥ góshu yodhấḥ
Índraḥ eshâm drimhitấ mấhinâvân
Út gotrấṇi sasrige damsánâvân.

'There is not among men one scoffing at them who were our fathers, who fought among the cows. Indra, the mighty, is their defender; he, the powerful, spread out their hurdles,[2] *i.e.* their possessions.'

'Fighting among or for the cows,' goshu-yúdh, is used in the Veda as a name for warrior, in general, I. 112, 22; and one of the most frequent words for battle is gáv-ishṭi, literally 'striving for cows.' In the later Sanskrit, however, gaveshana means simply, research (physical or philosophical), gavesh,

[1] Ὑπὲρ νομῆς ἢ λείας μαχόμεθα. *Toxar.* 36. Grimm, *History of the German Language*, p. 17.

[2] *Hurdle* is connected with Goth. *haúrd*, a door, originally wickerwork used to protect the entrance to a house. The O. H. G. *hurt* means wickerwork, and so does the modern German *Hürde*; hurdles being used to enclose cattle in a meadow. They were the original *go-tras*. The Sanskrit root is *kart*, to tie together, *kart*, to spin. The Latin *crates* also, the English *crate*, and even *cradle*, belong to the same cluster of words.

to inquire. Again, goshtha means cow-pen or stable (*βούσταθμον*); but, with the progress of time and civilisation, goshthî became the name of an assembly, nay, it was used to express discussion and gossip, as gossip in English, too, meant originally a godfather or godmother, and then took the abstract sense of idle conversation or tattle.

All these words, composed with go, cattle, to which many more might have been added, prove that the people who formed them must have led a half nomadic and half pastoral life, and we may well understand how the same people came to use duhitar in the sense of daughter, as we use *spinster* in the sense of an unmarried woman. Language has been called a map of the science and manners of the people who speak it, and we should probably find, if we examined the language of a maritime people, that instead of cattle and pasture, ships and water would form part of many words which afterwards were applied in a more general sense.

We proceed to examine other terms which indicate the state of society previous to the separation of the Aryan race, and which we hope will give to our distant picture that expression of truth and reality which can be appreciated even by those who have never seen the original.

We pass over the words for son, partly because their etymology is of no interest, their meaning being simply that of *natus*, born,[1] partly because

[1] For instance, Sansk. sûnú, Goth. *sunus*, Lith. *sunus*, all from su, to beget, whence Greek *viós*, but by a different suffix. Sansk. putra, son, like pota, is of doubtful origin. It was supposed to be shared by the Celtic branch, (Bret. *paotr*, boy; *paotrez*, girl,)

the position of the son, or the successor and inheritor of his father's wealth and power, would claim a name at a much earlier time than daughter, sister, or brother. All these relations, in fact, expressed by father and mother, son and daughter, brother and sister, are fixed, we should say, by the laws of nature, and their acknowledgment in language would not prove any considerable advance in civilisation, however appropriately the names themselves might have been chosen. But there are other relations, of later origin, and of a more conventional character, sanctioned, it is true, by the laws of society, but not proclaimed by the voice of nature—relations which are aptly expressed in English by the addition of in-law, as father-in-law, mother, son, daughter, brother, and sister-in-law. If the names for these relations could be vindicated for the earliest period of Aryan civilisation, we should have gained something considerable, for though there is hardly a dialect in Africa or Australia in which we do not find words for father, mother, son, daughter, brother, and sister, and hardly a tribe in which these natural degrees of relationship are not hallowed, there are languages in which the degrees of affinity have never received expression, and tribes who ignore their very meaning.[1]

The table on next page shows that, before the separation of the Aryan race, every one of the degrees of affinity also had received expression and sanction in language, for, although some spaces had to be left empty, the coincidences, such as they are, are

but it has been shown that the Breton *paotr* comes from *paltr*, as *aotrou* is the Corn. *altrou*. It may be compared with Oscan *pu-klo*.

[1] See Sir J. Lubbock, *Transact. of Ethnol. Society*, vi. 337.

	Sanskrit.	Greek.	Latin.	Gothic.	Slavonic.	Celtic.
Father-in-law:	svásura	ἑκυρός	socer	svaihra(n)	svekrŭ	C. hwigeren
Mother-in-law:	svasrú	ἑκυρά	socrus	O. H. G. swigar	svekry	C. hweger
Son-in-law:	gâmâtar	γαμβρός	gener	..	zęti	Bret. géver
Daughter-in-law:	snushâ	νυός	nurus	O. H. G. snurâ	snŭcha	..
Brother-in-law:	dêvár	δαήρ (ἀνδράδελφος)	lêvir	A. S. tâ-cor	Lith. de-weri-s	..
Sister-in-law:	(nânandar)	γάλως (ἀνδραδέλφη)	glôs	..	O. Bohem. zelva	..
	yâtaras (wives of husband's brothers)	εἰνάτερες	janitrices		Poln. ja-trew	..
	syâlâ (wife's brother)	ἀέλιοι	..	..	..	..
	syâlî (wife's sister)	εἰλιόνες (husbands of sisters)	..	..	..	..

sufficient to warrant one general conclusion. If we find in Sanskrit, the word syâla, a wife's brother, and in Greek the derivation *ἀ-ἕλιοι*, *i.e.* those who are wife's brothers together (*cf.* *ἀνεψιοί*), we must remember that, although none of the other Aryan dialects has preserved traces of this word, yet the identity of the Greek and Sanskrit terms can only be explained on the supposition that syâla was a common Aryan term, well known before any branch of this family was severed from the common stem.

In modern languages we might, if dealing with similar cases, feel inclined to admit a later communication, but, fortunately, in ancient languages no such intercourse was possible, after the southern branch of the Aryan family had once crossed the Himâlaya, and the northern branch set foot on the shores of Europe. Different questions are raised where, as is the case with *gâmâtar* and *γαμβρός*, originally bridegroom or husband,[1] then son-in-law, we

[1] *Γαμβρὸς καλεῖται ὁ γήμας ὑπὸ τῶν οἰκείων τῆς γαμηθείσης.*

are only able to prove that the same root was taken, and therefore the same radical idea expressed by Greek and Sanskrit, while the derivation is peculiar in each language. Here no doubt we must be more careful in our conclusions, but generally we shall find that these formal differences are only such as occur in dialects of the same language, when out of many possible forms, used at first promiscuously, one was chosen by one poet, one by another, and then became popular and traditional. This at least is more likely than to suppose that to express a relation which might be expressed in such various ways, the Greek should have chosen the same root *γαμ* to form *γαμρός* and *γαμβρός*, independently of the Hindu, who took that root for the same purpose, only giving it a causal form (as in bhrâtar instead of bhartar), and appending to it the usual suffix, tar; thus forming *gâ'mâ-tar*, instead of *gamara* or *yamara*. The Latin word *gener* is more difficult still, and if it is the same word as the Greek *γαμβρός* for *γαμρός*, the transition of *m* into *n* can only be explained by a process of assimilation, and by a desire to give to the ancient word *gemer* a more intelligible form by bringing it nearer to the root *gen*. When, as it happens not unfrequently, one of the Aryan languages has lost a common term, we are sometimes enabled to prove its former existence by means of derivatives. In Greek, for instance—at least in the classical language—there is no trace of *nepos*, grandson, which we have in Sanskrit nápât, German *nefo*; nor of *neptis*, Sanskrit náptî, German *nift*. Yet there is in Greek *ἀ-νεψιός*, a first cousin, *i.e.* one with whom we are grandsons together, as the uncle is called the little-grandfather, *avunculus* from

avus. This word *ἀ-νεψιός* is formed like Latin *consobrinus*, *i.e. consororinus*, one with whom we are sister-children, our modern cousin, Italian *cugino*, in which there remains very little of the original word *soror*, from which, however, it is derived. Ἀνεψιος, therefore, proves that in Greek also, some word like *νεπους* must have existed in the sense of child or grandchild, in the same manner as we saw that *ἀέλιοι* testified to the former existence of a Greek word corresponding to syâla, a wife's brother. In Sanskrit a husband calls his wife's brother syâla, his wife's sister syâlî. In Greek, likewise, Peleus might have called Poseidon, and Poseidon Peleus, his syâla, while Amphitrite would have been syâlî to Peleus, Thetis to Poseidon. Peleus and Poseidon, therefore, being syâlas together, were called in Greek *ἀ-έλιοι*, a name utterly inexplicable except when referred to Sanskrit syâla. The sy between two vowels is rightly dropt in Greek; and the only anomaly consists in the short ε representing the long â in Sanskrit.

There are still a few words which throw a dim light on the early organisation of the Aryan family life. The position of the widow was acknowledged in language and in law, and we find no trace that, at that early period, she who had lost her husband was doomed to die with him. If this custom had existed, the want of a name for widow would hardly have been felt, or, if it had been, the word would most likely have had some reference to this awful rite. Now, husband, or man, in Sanskrit is dhava, a word which does not seem to exist in the other Aryan languages, for *dea*, which Pictet brings forward as Celtic, in the

sense of a man or person, is a word that has never been authenticated. From dhava, Sanskrit[1] forms the name of the widow by the addition of the preposition vi, which means without: therefore vi-dhavâ, husbandless, widow. This compound has been preserved in languages which have lost the simple word dhava, thus showing the great antiquity of this traditional term. We have it not only in Celtic *feadb*, but in Gothic *viduvô*, Slavonic *vĭdova*, Old Prussian *widdewû*, and Latin *vidua*. If the custom of widow-burning had existed at that early period, there would have been no vidhavâs, no husbandless women, because they would all have followed their husband into death. Therefore the very name indicates, what we are further enabled to prove by historical evidence, the late origin of widow-burning in India.

It is true that, when the English Government prohibited this melancholy custom, as the Emperor Jehángir had done before, and when the whole of India was said to be on the verge of a religious revolution, the

[1] Vidhávâ has been derived by Yâska and other native Sanskrit grammarians from vi, without, and dhava, man. Bopp, Pott, Curtius and other scholars accepted this etymology. Then came a reaction. Benfey compared vidhava with ἠίθεος, without, however, accounting for the phonetic changes of vi = ἠί, nor for the difference of meaning, ἠίθεος being a bachelor, not a widow. Roth (Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, xix. 223) went a step further, and derived vidhávâ, widow, from a root vindh, to be without a thing; but he never explained how vidh-áva could be derived from that root. Curtius accepted this etymology (*Grundzüge*, 5th ed., p. 36). Pott (*Etym. Forsch.* iv. 918), after carefully examining these new etymologies, inclines to the old derivation. I have pointed out the difficulty of deriving *viduus* from vidhava on page 59, but I feel unable to accept Roth's etymology. If the old Latin *bi-vira* (*i.e. duivira*) was used by Varro (according to Nonnius, ii. p. 56, ed. Gerlach) in the sense of widow, it would form a striking analogy to vidhavâ.

Brahmans were able to appeal to the Veda as the authority for this sacred rite, and as they had the promise that their religious practices should not be interfered with, they claimed respect for the Suttee. Raghunandana and other doctors had actually quoted chapter and verse from the Rig-Veda, and Colebrooke,[1] the most accurate and learned Sanskrit

[1] 'On the Duties of a Faithful Widow,' *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv. pp. 209, 219. Calcutta, 1795. The principal authorities of this Essay are to be found in Colebrooke's *Digest*, book iii. cap. 3, sect. 1, which is a literal translation of a section of *G*agannâtha's Vivâda-bhangâr*n*ava, to be found in MS. Wilson, 224, vol. iii. p. 62. See some interesting remarks on this subject, and the correction of a mistake in my notes, in the third volume of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, Part I., Art. VII., 'The Source of Colebrooke's Essay "On the Duties of a Faithful Hindu Widow,"' by Fitzedward Hall, Esq., M.A., D.C.L., Oxon. The reasons which I gave at a meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society for my opinion that Colebrooke availed himself of the Vivâda-bhangâr*n*ava, while writing his Essay on 'The Duties of a Faithful Hindu Widow,' were as follows:—On page 117, Colebrooke quotes:

1. A passage from Vish*n*u;
2. A passage from Pra*k*etas;
3. A passage from the Sm*r*iti.

The same passages, in exactly the same order, are quoted as Nos. 133, 134, 135 of the *Digest*.

This argument has been, if not invalidated, at least modified, by the fact that the same passages occur likewise in the same order in Raghunandana's *S*uddhitattva, a work which was consulted by *G*agannâtha in the compilation of his *Corpus Juris*.

My second reason was:—On page 119, Colebrooke quotes:

1. A saying ascribed to Nârada (*i.e.* taken from the B*r*ihan Nâradîya Purâ*n*a);
2. A passage from B*r*ihaspati, with which, at the end, a line of Raghunandana's commentary is mixed up;
3. A passage supported by the authority of Gotama (or Gautama).

The same passages, in exactly the same order, form Nos. 127, 128, 129 of the Vivâda-bhangâr*n*ava. The line from Raghunandana follows in the Vivâda-bhangâr*n*ava, as in Colebrooke's Essay, immediately after the extract from B*r*ihaspati, and the mistake of mixing the words of Raghunandana with those of B*r*ihaspati could only

scholar we have ever had, has translated this passage in accordance with their views:

'Om! let these women, not to be widowed, good wives adorned with collyrium, holding clarified butter, consign themselves to the fire! Immortal, not childless, not husbandless, well adorned with gems, let them pass into the fire, whose original element is water.' (From the Rig-Veda.)

Now, this is perhaps the most flagrant instance of what can be done by an unscrupulous priesthood. Here have thousands and thousands of lives been sacrificed, and a fanatical rebellion been threatened on the authority of a passage which was mangled, mistranslated, and misapplied. If anybody had been able at the time to verify this verse of the Rig-Veda, the Brahmans might have been beaten with their own weapons; nay, their spiritual prestige might have been considerably shaken. The Rig-Veda, which now hardly one Brahman out of a hundred is able to read, so far from enforcing the burning of widows, shows clearly that this custom was not sanctioned during the earliest period of Indian history. According to the hymns of the Rig-Veda and the Vaidik ceremonial contained in the Gṛihya-sûtras, the wife accompanies the corpse of her husband to the funeral pile, but she is there addressed with a verse taken from the Rig-Veda, and ordered to leave her husband, and to return to the world of the living.[1] 'Rise, woman,' it is said,

have arisen because, instead of mentioning Raghunandana's name, the MS. of the Vivâda-bhangârṇava reads: iti Smârtâḥ. Neither the Śuddhitattva, nor any other work that I have met with, gives these three passages with the extract from Raghunandana in the same order as the Vivâda-bhangârṇava and Colebrooke's Essay.

[1] See Grimm's Essay on 'The Burning of the Dead;' Roth's

'come to the world of life; thou sleepest nigh unto him whose life is gone. Come to us! Thou hast thus fulfilled thy duties of a wife to the husband who once took thy hand, and made thee a mother.'

This verse is preceded by the very verse which the later Brahmans have falsified and quoted in support of their cruel tenet. The reading of the verse is beyond all doubt, for there is no various reading, in our sense of the word, in the whole of the Rig-Veda. Besides, we have the commentaries and the ceremonials, and nowhere is there any difference as to the text or its meaning. It is addressed to the other women who are present at the funeral, and who have to pour oil and butter on the pile:—

'May these women who are not widows, but have good husbands, draw near with oil and butter. Those who are mothers may go up first to the altar, without tears, without sorrow, but decked with fine jewels.'

Now the words, 'the mothers may go first to the altar,' are in Sanskrit,

'Â rohantu *g*anayo yonim agre;'

and this the Brahmans have changed into

'Â rohantu *g*anayo yonim agne*h*;'

article on 'The Burial in India;' Professor Wilson's article on 'The supposed Vaidik Authority for the Burning of Hindu Widows;' and my own translation of the complete documentary evidence, published by Professor Wilson at the end of his article, and by myself in the *Journal of the German Oriental Society*, vol. ix. fasc. 4. Professor Wilson was the first to point out the falsification of the text, and the change of 'yonim agre' into yonim agne*h*.'

—a small change, but sufficient to consign many lives to the womb (yonim) of fire (agneh).[1]

The most important passage in Vedic literature to prove the decided disapproval of widow-burning on the part of the ancient Brahmans, at least as far as their own caste was concerned, occurs in the Brihaddevatâ. There we read:—

Udîrshva nârîty anayâ mritam patny anurohati,
Bhrâtâ kanîyân pretasya nigadya pratishedhati;
Kuryâd etat karma hotâ, devaro na bhaved yadi,
Pretânugamanam na syâd iti brâhmanasâsanât.
Varnânâm itâreshâm ka strîdharmo 'yam bhaven na vâ.

'With the verse "Rise, woman," the wife ascends to follow her dead husband; the younger brother of the departed, repeating the verse, prevents her. The Hotri priest performs that act, if there is no brother-in-law, but to follow the dead husband is forbidden, so says the law of the Brâhmans. With regard to the other castes this law for women may be or may not be.'[2]

[1] In a similar manner the custom of widow-burning has been introduced by the Brahmans in an interpolated passage of the 'Toy-Cart,' an Indian drama of king Sudraka, which was translated by Professor Wilson, and has lately been performed at Paris. 'Le Chariot d'Enfant,' Drame en vers en cinq actes et sept tableaux, traduction du Drame Indien du Roi Soudraka, par MM. Méry et Gérard de Nerval. Paris, 1850.

[2] Part of this passage is wanting in MSS. B. b, but it is found in A. C. See also M. M., 'Die Todtenbestattung bei den Brahmanen,' *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, vol. ix. p. vi., where the ritual is somewhat different. Sannyâsopanishad, in *Bibliotheca Indica*, 65, p. 150.

I add a few extracts from Mr. H. J. Bushby's work on *Widow Burning*:—p. 21, 'Long ago, Oriental scholars, both native and

After this digression, we return to the earlier period of history of which language alone can give us any information, and, as we have claimed for it the name of widow, or the husbandless, we need not wonder that the name for husband also is to this day in most of the Aryan languages the same which had been fixed upon by the Aryans before their separation. It is pati in Sanskrit, meaning originally strong, like Latin *potis* or *potens*. In Lithuanian the form is exactly the same, *patis*, and this, if we apply Grimm's law, becomes *faths*, as in Gothic *bruthfaths*, bridegroom. In Greek, again, we find πόσις instead of πότις. Now, the feminine of pati in

European, had shown that the rite of widow-burning was not only unsanctioned, but imperatively forbidden, by the earliest and most authoritative Hindoo scriptures. Nay, Colonel Tod in his book on Rajpootâna (*Annals of Rajasthan*, 1829, vol. i. p. 635), had actually indicated this anomaly in Hindoo doctrine as the best point of attack for abolitionists to select.' P. 22, 'Scholars, it is true, had proved Suttee to be an innovation and a heresy; but it was an innovation of 2,000 years standing, and a heresy abetted by the priesthood since the days of Alexander. Though unnoticed by Manu, the supplementary writings with which the Hindoos, like the Jews, have overlaid their primitive books, are profuse in its praise.' P. 29, 'Major Ludlow determined, if possible, to induce two or three trustworthy and influential natives to undertake the cause; to ply them with the critical objection drawn from the older Scriptures.' For further particulars as to the efforts made for the suppression of Suttee I may refer to the interesting narrative of Mr. H. J. Bushby, on *Widow-Burning*, published originally in the *Quarterly Review*, and afterwards as a separate pamphlet (London, Longmans, 1855). It shows how much has been done, and therefore how much more may be done, by appealing to the most ancient and most sacred Sanskrit authorities in discussions with the natives of India. If the fact that Manu never sanctions the burning of widows could produce such an impression on the Vakeels of Rájputâna as described by Mr. Bushby, how much more powerful would be an appeal to the Veda, the authority of which, whenever a discrepancy occurs, invariably overrides that of Manu!

Sanskrit is patnî, and there is no doubt that the old Prussian *pattin*, in the accusative *wais-pattin*, and the Greek πότνια, are mere transcripts of it, all meaning the mistress.

What the husband was in his house—the lord, the strong protector—the king was among his people. Now, a common name for people was vis in Sanskrit, from which the title of the third caste, the householders, or Vaisyas is derived. It comes from the same root from which we have in Sanskrit vesa, house, οἶκος, *vicus*, Gothic *veihs*, German *wich*, and the modern English termination of many names of places. Hence vispati in Sanskrit meant king, *i.e.* lord of the people, and that this compound had become a title sanctioned by Aryan etiquette before the separation, is confirmed in a strange manner by the Lithuanian *wiész-patis*, a lord, *wiész-patene*, a lady, as compared with the Sanskrit vis-patis and vispatnî. There was, therefore, at that early period, not only a nicely-organised family life, but the family began to be absorbed by the state, and here again conventional titles had been fixed, and were handed down perhaps two thousand years before such a title as Cæsar was heard of.

Another name for people being dâsa or dasyu, dâsa-pati no doubt was an ancient name for king. There is, however, this great difference between vis and dâsa, that the former means people, the latter subjects, conquered races, nay, originally, enemies. Dasyu in the Veda is enemy, but in the Zend-Avesta, where we have the same word, it means provinces or *gentes*; and Darius calls himself, in his mountain records, 'king of Persia and king of the provinces'

(kshâyathîya Pârsaiya, kshâyathîya dahyunâm). Hence it was generally admitted that the Greek δεσ-πότης represents a Sanskrit title dâsa-pati, lord of nations. Curtius (*Grundzüge*, p. 282), however, enumerates five etymologies, and among them that of Benfey from dam-pati, or rather dams-pati, has of late been preferred by most scholars. Benfey connects the Old Slavonic *gospod*, *gospodin*, and *gospodar*, the Lith. *gaspadorus*, Pol. *gospodarz*, Boh. *hospodár*, with the Vedic *gâspati*, pater familias, but he does not account for the d as corresponding to a Sanskrit t.[1]

A third common Aryan word for king is *râg* in the Veda; *rex, regis*, in Latin. *Reiks*, king in Gothic, is supposed to have been borrowed from Celtic, but the Gothic *reiki*, regnum, as in *Frank-reich, regnum Francorum*, shows that both word and idea were known to the Teutonic races also. Râg meant originally a leader, possibly a steersman from *rig*, to stretch, whence *rig*u, straight, Greek ὄργ-ια. The Sk. râ*g*an, king, cannot be derived from râ*g*, to be brilliant, but like *rex* from *regere*, comes from *rig*.

A fourth name for king and queen is simply father and mother. *G*anaka in Sanskrit means father, from GAN, to beget; it also occurs, as the name of a well-known king, in the Veda. This is the Old German *chuning*, the English *king*. Mother or wife is *g*anî or gnâ, the Greek γυνή, the Gothic *qinô*, the Slavonic *zena*, the English *queen*. Queen, therefore, means originally mother, or lady; and thus, again, we see how the language of family life grew gradually into the political language of the

[1] See Schleicher's excellent remarks in his *Formenlehre der Kirchenslawischen Sprache*, 1852, p 107.

oldest Aryan state, and how the brotherhood of the family became the φρατρία of the state.[1]

We have seen that the name of house was known before the Aryan family broke up towards the south and the north, and we might bring further evidence to this effect by comparing Sanskrit dama with δόμος, *domus*, Slav. *domŭ*, Celtic *daimh*, and Gothic *timrjan*, to build, from which English timber. The original identity of the Slavonic *grod*, castle, burg, and *gorod* (Nov-gorod) with the Gothic *gards* has been doubted. It may be a borrowed word in Slavonic. There is also some difficulty in accounting for the *t* in *hortus* and χόρτος, when compared with garda.[2] The most essential part of a house, particularly in ancient times, being a door well fastened and able to resist the attacks of enemies, we are glad to find, besides *haurd* (p. 29), the ancient name preserved in Sanskrit dvar, dvâras, Gothic *daúr*, Lithuanian *durys*, Ir. *dorus*, Greek θύρα, Latin *fores*. The builder also, or architect, has the same name in Sanskrit and Greek, takshan being the Greek τέκτων. The Greek ἄστυ, again, has been compared with Sanskrit vastu, home; the Greek κώμη with Gothic *haims*, a village; the English home. Still more conclusive as to the early existence of cities, is the Sanskrit purî, town,

[1] See *Science of Language*, vol. ii. p. 321, where objections to this derivation have been answered.

[2] Totally distinct from these words are karta, kert, and gird, occurring at the end of Τιγρανόκερτα, Balâshgird (*i.e.* Vologasocerta), and other names of Iranian towns. They are the Zend kereta, made, founded (Hübschmann, *Zeitschrift der d. m. G.* xxx. p. 138; Nöldeke, *ib.*, xxx. p. 143). This kereta, again, is totally distinct from the Hebrew *kereth*, town, occurring in the names of *Carthage*, *Cirta*, *&c.* In Sanskrit both karta and garta are used in the sense of hole or cave.

preserved by the Greeks in their name for town, πόλις; and that highroads also were not unknown, appears from Sanskrit path, pathi, panthan, and pâthas, all names for road, the Greek πάτος, the Gothic *fad*, which Bopp believes to be identical with Latin *pons*, *pontis*, and Slavonic *ponti*.

It would take a volume were we to examine all the relics of language, though no doubt every new word would strengthen our argument, and add, as it were, a new stone from which this ancient and venerable ruin of the Aryan mind might be reconstructed. The evidence, however, which we have gone through must be sufficient to show that the race of men which could coin these words—words that have been carried down the stream of time, and washed up on the shores of so many nations, could not have been a race of savages, of mere nomads and hunters. Nay, it should be observed, that most of the terms connected with chase and warfare differ in each of the Aryan dialects, while words connected with more peaceful occupations belong generally to the common heir-loom of the Aryan language. The proper appreciation of this fact in its general bearing will show how a similar remark made by Niebuhr with regard to Greek and Latin requires a very different explanation from that which that great scholar, from his more restricted point of view, was able to give it. It will show that all the Aryan nations had led a long life of peace before they separated, and that their language acquired individuality and nationality as each colony started in search of new homes—new generations forming new terms connected with the warlike and adventurous life of their onward migrations. Hence

it is that not only Greek and Latin, but all Aryan languages have their peaceful words in common; and hence it is that they all differ so strangely in their warlike expressions. Thus the domestic animals are generally known by the same name in England and in India, while the wild beasts have mostly different names, even in Greek and Latin. I can only give a list, which must tell its own story, for it would take too much time to enter into the etymological formation of all these words, though no doubt a proper understanding of their radical meaning would make them more instructive as living witnesses to the world of thought and the primitive household of the Aryan race. (*See next page.*)

Of wild animals some were known to the Aryans before they separated, and they happen to be animals which live both in Asia and Europe, the bear and the wolf: —

	Sanskrit.	Greek.	Italian.	Teutonic.	Slavonic.	Celtic.
Bear:	*ṛiksha*	ἄρκτος	ursus	..		Ir. art
Wolf:	*vṛ́ka*	λύκος	lupus (v)irpus	G. vulfs	Lith. vilka-s	

To them should be added the serpent:—

	Sanskrit.	Greek.	Italian.	Teutonic.	Slavonic.	Celtic.
Serpent:	ahi	ἔχις	anguis	O.H.G. unc	Lith. angi-s	..
		(ἔγχελυς)	(anguilla)	..	(ungury-s)	..
	sarpa	ἕρπετον	serpens	..	..	W. sarff

Without dwelling on the various names of those animals which had partly been tamed and domesticated, while others were then, as they are now, the natural enemies of the shepherd and his flocks, we proceed at once to mention a few words which indicate that this early pastoral life was not without some of the most primitive arts, such as ploughing, grinding, weaving, and the working of useful and precious metals.

	Sanskrit and Zend		Greek.	Italian	Teutonic.	Lithuanian.	Slavonic.	Celtic.
Cattle:	pasu	pasu		pecu	G. faihu / O.H.G. fihu	Pruss. / pecku	...	...
Ox and cow:	go (nom. gaus)	gâo	βοῦς	bos	O.H.G. chuo	Lett. gow	govedo	Ir. bó
Ox:	ukshan	ukhshan	...		G. auhsa	...	...	W. ych
Steer:	sthûra	staora	ταῦρος	taurus	stiur		turŭ	Ir. tarú
Heifer:	starî	...	στεῖρα	(sterilis)	stairo	...	...	...
Horse:	asva	aspa	ἵππος	equus	A.S. ëhu	aszwà, fem.	...	Ir. ech / Gaulish, epo-s
Foal:	...	...	πῶλος	pullus	G. fula	...	...	...
Dog:	svan	spâ (σπάκα)	κύων	canis	G. hund	szû	R. sobaka / Bulg. kuce	Ir. cu
Sheep:	avi	...	ὄϊς	ovis	G. avi-str) / E. ewe	awì-s	Slav. ovjza	Ir. oi
Calf:	vatsa	...	ἴταλος	vitulus	...	...	...	(Ir. fithal)
He-goat:	...	...	κάπρος	caper	O.H.G. hafr	...	...	Ir. cabhar
She-goat:	agâ	...	αἴξ	...	...	ozi-s	...	Ir. ag
Sow:	sû (kara)	hû	ὗς	sus	O.H.G. sû	...	svinia	
Hog:	...	...	πόρκος	porcus	O.H.G. farah	parsza-s	Pol. prosie	Ir. orc
Donkey:	...	...	ὄνος	asinus	asilu	asila-s	osilu	(W. asyn) / (Ir. asail)
Mouse:	mûsh	...	μῦς	mus	O.H.G. mûs	...	Pol. mysz	...
Fly:	...	...	μυῖα	mus-ca	...	muse	R. mucha	...
Goose:	hamsa	...	χήν	anser	O.H.G. kans	zasi-s	Boh. hus	...
Duck:	âti (for anti ?)	...	νῆσσα	ana(t)s	O.H.G. anut	anti-s	...	...

The oldest term for ploughing is AR, which we find in Latin *arare*, Greek *ἀροῦν*, to ear, Old Slav. *orati*, Gothic *arjan*, Lithuanian *arti*, and Gaelic *ar*. From this verb we have the common name of the plough, *ἄροτρον*, *aratrum*, Old Saxon *erida*, Old Norse *ardhr*, Old Slavonic *oralo* and *oradlo*, Lithuanian *arkla-s*, Welsh *aradyr* and *arad*, Cornish *aradar*. Possibly the Sk. ratha, car, comes from the same root ar, and such words as *rata* in Lithuanian, *rota* in Latin, *roth* in Old Irish, prove at all events that conveyance by means of wheels was known in early days. *Ἄρουρα* and *arvum*, too, come from the same root. But a more general name for field is Sanskrit pada, Greek *πέδον*, Umbrian *perum*, Latin *pedum* in *oppidum*, and Sanskrit agra, *ἀγρός*, *ager*, and Gothic *akr-s*.[1]

The corn which was grown in Asia could not well have been the same which the Aryan nations afterwards cultivated in more northern regions. Some of

[1] See *Science of Language*, vol. i. p. 360. Some instructive remarks on the words here used for drawing a picture of the early civilisation of the Aryans may be seen in an article by Mr. Wilkins, published in *Essays and Addresses of Owens College*, 1874. They profess to be founded on Fick's *Die ehemalige Spracheinheit der Indogermanen Europas*, but they represent in some cases a real improvement on the original. Some of Professor Fick's criticisms have proved very valuable, but wherever I have adhered to my original statements, Mr. Wilkins will find that Professor Fick's objections had either been long anticipated, or have since been answered by such scholars as Professors Benfey and Curtius, to say nothing of Professor Pott, the Nestor of Comparative Philologists, whom Mr. Wilkins, not quite respectfully, calls 'that most learned and most erratic of philologists.' On *arvum* and *ἄρουρα*, see Curtius' *Grundzüge*, 5th edition, p. 341, and particularly Benfey, *Augusburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, 1875, Beilage Nos. 208 and 209. On the whole subject see some excellent remarks in Benfey's *Geschichte der Sprachwissenschaft*, p. 597. Urvarâ as a goddess occurs in Pârask. Gṛihy. Sûtras, ii. 17, 9.

the names, however, have been preserved, and may be supposed to have had, if not exactly the same, at least a similar botanical character. Such are Sanskrit yava, Zend yava, Lithuanian *javai*, which in Greek must be changed to *ζέα*. Sanskrit sveta means white, and corresponds to Gothic *hveit*, O.H.G. *wiz*, the A.S. *hvît*. But the name of the colour became also the name of the white grain, and thus we have Gothic *hvaitei*, Lith. *kwêty-s*, the English *wheat*, which, though irregular, can hardly be separated from svit, the root of sveta.[1] The name of corn signified originally what is crushed or ground. Thus kûrna in Sanskrit means ground, gîrna, pounded, and from the same radical elements we must no doubt derive the Russian *zerno*, the Gothic *kaurn*, the Latin *granum*. In Lithuanian *girna* is a mill-stone, and the plural *girnôs* is the name of a hand-mill. The Russian word for mill-stone is, again, *zernov*, and the Gothic name for mill, *qvairnus*, the later *quirn*. The English name for mill is likewise of considerable antiquity, for it exists not only in the O.H.G. *muli*, but in the Lithuanian *maluna-s*, the Bohemian *mlyn*, the Welsh *melin*, the Latin *mola*, and the Greek *μύλη*.

We might add the names for cooking and baking, and the early distinction between flesh and meat, to show that the same aversion which is expressed in later times—for instance, by the poets of the Veda—against tribes eating raw flesh, was felt already during this primitive period. Kravya-ad (*κρέας-ἐδ*) and âma-ad (*ὠμός-ἐδ*) are names applied to barbarians, and used with the same horror in India as *ὠμοφάγοι*

[1] Professor Benfey compares *σῖτος* with Sanskrit sîtya, corn, from sîtâ, furrow (*Augsburger Allg. Zeitung*, 1875, *l.c.*). Others connect it wrongly with sveta.

and *κρεωφάγοι* in Greece. But we can only now touch on these points, and must leave it to another opportunity to bring out in full relief this old picture of human life.

As the name for clothes is the same among all the Aryan nations, being vastra in Sanskrit, *vasti* in Gothic, *vestis* in Latin, *ἑσθής* in Greek, *fassradh* in Irish, *gwisk* in Welsh, we are justified in ascribing to the Aryan ancestors the art of weaving as well as of sewing. To weave in Sanskrit is ve, and, in a secondary form, vabh, in ûrnâ-vâbhi, spider, i.e. wool-weaver. With ve coincide the Latin *vieo*, and the Greek radical of *Fή-τριον*; with vabh, the O.H.G. *weban*, the English weave, the Greek *ὑφ-αίνω*.

To sew in Sanskrit is siv, from which sûtra, a thread. The same root is preserved in Latin *suo*, in Gothic *siuja*, in O.H.G. *siwu*, the English to sew, Lithuanian *siuv-u*, Greek *κασσύω* for *κατασύω*. Another Sanskrit root, with a very similar meaning, is NAH, which must have existed also as nabh and nadh. From nah we have Latin *neo* and *necto*, Greek *νέω*, German *nâhan* and *nâan*, to sew; from nadh, the Greek *νήθω*; from nabh, the Sanskrit nâbhi and nâbha or ûrnanâbha, the spider, literally the wool-spinner.

There is a fourth root which seems to have had originally the special meaning of sewing or weaving, but which afterwards took in Sanskrit the more general sense of making. This is rak, which may correspond to the Greek *ῥάπτω*, to stitch together or to weave; nay, which might account for another name of the spider, *ἀράχνη* in Greek, and *aranea* in Latin, and for the classical name of woven wool, *λάχνος* or *λάχνη*, and the Latin *lana*, unless we refer this to Sanskrit ûrnâ.

That the value and usefulness of some of the

metals were known before the separation of the Aryan race can be proved only by a few words; for the names of several metals differ in different countries. Yet there can be no doubt that iron was known, and its value appreciated, whether for defence or for attack. Whatever its old Aryan name may have been, it is clear that Sanskrit ayas, Latin *ahes* in *aheneus*, and even the contracted form, *æs*, *æris*, the Gothic *air*, the Old High-German *er* and the English *iron*, are names cast in one and the same mould, and only slightly corroded even now by the rust of so many centuries.[1] The names of the precious metals, such as gold and silver, have suffered more in passing through the hands of so many generations. But, notwithstanding, we are able to discover even in the Celtic *airgiod* the traces of the Sanskrit ragata, the Greek *ἄργυρος*, the Latin *argentum*; and even in the Gothic *gulth*, gold, a similarity with the Slavonic *zlato* and Russian *zoloto*, Greek *χρύσος* and Sanskrit hiranyam, although their formative elements differ widely. The radical seems to have been har-at, from whence the Sanskrit harit, the colour of the sun and of the dawn, as *aurum* also descends from the same root with *aurora*. Some of the stone or metal implements used, whether for peaceful or warlike purposes, have kept their original name, and it is extremely curious to find the exact similarity of the Sanskrit parasu and the Greek *πέλεκυς*, axe, of Sanskrit asi, sword, and Latin *ensis*, of Sanskrit ishu, arrow, and

[1] Much new evidence has lately been collected on the knowledge possessed by the ancient Aryan people of metals besides gold and silver, and it can hardly be maintained any longer that the coincidences pointed out in the text prove more than that the Aryans knew a third metal besides gold and silver, which may have been iron, or copper, or bronze.

Greek *ἰός*, of Sanskrit kshura, razor, and Greek *ξυρόν*.[1]

New ideas do not gain ground at once, and there is a tendency in our mind to resist new convictions as long as we can. Hence it is only by a gradual and careful accumulation of facts that we can hope, on this linguistic evidence, to establish the reality of a period in the history of mankind previous to the beginning of the most ancient known dialects of the Aryan world—previous to the origin of Sanskrit as well as Greek—previous to the time when the first Greek arrived on the shores of Asia Minor, and looking at the vast expanse of sky and sea and country to the west and north, called it Europa. Let us examine one other witness, whose negative evidence will be important. During this early period, the ancestors of the Aryan race must have occupied a more central position in Asia, whence the southern branches extended towards India, the northern to Asia Minor, and Europe. It would follow, therefore, that before their separation, they could not have known the existence of the sea, and hence, if our theory be true, the name for sea must be of later growth, and different in the Aryan languages. And this expectation is fully confirmed. We find, indeed, identical names in Greek and Latin, but not one name for sea is identically the same in the northern and southern branches of the Aryan family. And even these Greek and Latin names are evidently metaphorical expressions—names that existed in the ancient language, and were transferred, at a later time, to this new phenomenon. *Pontus* and *πόντος* mean sea in the same sense as Homer speaks of *ὑγρὰ*

[1] See, however, Curtius, *Grundzüge* (5th edit.), p. 699.

κέλευθα, for *pontus* comes from the same source from which we have *pons*, *pontis*, and the Sanskrit pantha, if not pâthas. The sea was not called a barrier, but a high-road—more useful for trade and travel than any other road—and Professor Curtius[1] has well pointed out Greek expressions, such as *πόντος ἁλὸς πολιῆς* and *θάλασσα πόντου*, as indicating, even among the Greeks, a consciousness of the original import of *πόντος*. Nor can words like Sanskrit sara, Latin *sal*, and Greek *ἅλς*, *ἁλός*, be quoted as proving an acquaintance with the sea among the early Aryans. Sara in Sanskrit means, first, water, afterwards, salt made of water,[2] but not necessarily of sea-water. We might conclude from Sanskrit sara, Greek *ἅλς*, and Latin *sal*, that the preparation of salt by evaporation was known to the ancestors of the Aryan family before they separated. But this is all that could be proved by *ἅλς*, *sal*, and Sanskrit sara or salila; the exclusive application of these words to the sea belongs to later times; and though the Greek *ἐνάλιος* means exclusively marine, the Latin *insula* is by no means restricted to an island surrounded by salt-water. The same remark applies to words like *æquor* in Latin or *πέλαγος* in Greek. *Θάλασσα* has long been proved to be a dialectical form of *θάρασσα* or *ταρασσα*, expressing the troubled waves of the sea (*ἐτάραξε δὲ πόντον Ποσειδῶν*), and even if the Latin *mare* were the same as Sanskrit vâri, vâri in Sanskrit does not mean sea, but water in general, and could, therefore, only confirm the fact that all the Aryan nations ap-

[1] See Kuhn's *Journal of Comparative Philology*, i. 34. Professor Curtius gives the equation: *πόντος* : *πάτος* = *πένθος* : *πάθος* = *βένθος* : *βάθος*.

[2] See Benfey, *Correspondenzblatt für Anthropologie*, 1877, January, p. 7.

plied terms of a general meaning when they had each to fix their names for the sea. *Mare*, however, is more likely a name for dead or stagnant water, like Sanskrit maru, the desert, derived from *mri*, to die; and though it is identical with Gothic *marei*, English *mere*, Slav. *more*, Irish *muir*, the application of all these words to the ocean is again of later date. But, although the sea had not yet been reached by the Aryan nations before their common language branched off into various dialects, navigation was well known to them. The words oar and rudder can be traced back to Sanskrit, and the name of the ship is identically the same in Sanskrit (naus, nâvas), in Latin (*navis*), in Greek (*ναῦς*), and in Teutonic (Old High-German *nacho*, Anglo-Saxon *naca*).

It is hardly possible to look at the evidence hitherto collected, and which, if space allowed, might have been considerably increased,[1] without feeling that these words are the fragments of a real language, once spoken by a united race at a time which the historian has till lately hardly ventured to realise. Yet here we have in our own hands, the relics of that distant time; we are using the same words which were used by the fathers of the Aryan race, changed only by phonetic influences; nay, we are as

[1] A large collection of common Aryan words is found in Grimm's *History of the German Language*. The first attempt to use them for historical purposes was made by Eichhoff; but the most useful contributions have since been made by Winning, in his *Manual of Comparative Philology*, 1838; by Kuhn, Curtius, and Förstemann; and much new material is to be found in Bopp's *Glossarium* and Pott's *Etymologische Forschungen*. Pictet's large work, *Les Origines Indo-Européennes*, two vols. 1859 and 1863, brings together the most complete mass of materials, but requires also the most careful sifting. With regard to Sanskrit words, in particular, the greatest caution is required, as M. Pictet has not paid to it the same attention as to Celtic, Latin, Greek, and Slavonic. Larger collection of common words now in Schrader, *Prehistoric Antiquities of the Aryan Peoples*, 1890.

near to them in thought and speech as the French and Italians are to the ancient people of Rome. If any more proof were wanted as to the reality of that period which must have preceded the dispersion of the Aryan race, we might appeal to the Aryan numerals, as irrefragable evidence of that long-continued intellectual life which characterises that period. Here is a decimal system of numeration, in itself one of the most marvellous achievements of the human mind, based on an abstract conception of quantity, regulated by a spirit of philosophical classification, and yet conceived, matured and finished before the soil of Europe was trodden by Greek, Roman, Slave, or Teuton. Such a system could only have been formed by a very small community, and more than any part of language it seems to necessitate the admission of what might almost be called a conventional agreement among those who first framed and adopted the Aryan names for one to hundred. Let us imagine, as well as we can, that at the present moment we were suddenly called upon to invent new names for one, two, three, and we may then begin to feel what kind of task it was to form and fix such words. We could easily supply new expressions for material objects, because they always have some attributes which language can render either metaphorically or periphrastically. We could call the sea the salt-water; the rain, the water of heaven; the rivers, the daughters of the earth. Numbers, however, are by their very nature such abstract and empty conceptions, that it tries our ingenuity to the utmost to find any attributive element in them to which expression might be given, and which might in time become the proper name of a merely quantitative

idea. There might be less difficulty for one and two; and hence these two numerals have received more than one name in the Aryan family. But this again would only create a new difficulty, because, if different people were allowed to use different names for the same numeral, the very object of these names would be defeated. If five could be expressed by a term meaning the open hand, and might also be rendered by the simple plural of the word for fingers, these two synonymous terms would be useless for the purpose of any exchange of thought. Again, if a word meaning fingers or toes might have been used to express five as well as ten, all commerce between individuals using the same word in different senses, would have been rendered impossible. Hence, in order to form and fix a series of words expressing one, two, three, four, etc., it was necessary that the ancestors of the Aryan race should have come to some kind of unconscious agreement to use but one term for each number, and to attach but one meaning to each term. This was not the case with regard to other words, as may be seen by the large proportion of synonymous and polyonymous terms by which every ancient language is characterised. The wear and tear of language in literary and practical usage is the only means for reducing the exuberance of this early growth, and for giving to each object but one name, and to each name but one power. And all this must have been achieved with regard to the Aryan numerals before Greek was Greek, for thus only can we account for the coincidences as exhibited in the subjoined table :—

	Sanskrit.	Greek.	Latin.	Lithuanian.	Gothic.
I.	*ékas*	εἷς (οἴνη)	unus	wienas	ains
II.	*dváu*	δύω	duo	du	tvai
III.	*tráyas*	τρεῖς	tres	trys	threis
IV.	*katvâras*	τέτταρες (Æolic, πίσυρες)	quatuor (Oscan, petora)	keturi	fidvôr
V.	*páñkan*	πέντε	quinque (Oscan, pomtis)	penki	fimf
VI.	*shásh*	ἕξ	sex	szeszi	saihs
VII.	*saptán*	ἑπτά	septem	septyni	sibun
VIII.	*ashtán*	ὀκτώ	octo	asztûni	ahtau
IX.	*návan*	ἐννέα	novem	dewyni	niun
X.	*dásan*	δέκα	decem	deszimt	taihun
XI.	*ékâdasan*	ἕνδεκα	undecim	wieno-lika	ain-lif
XII.	*dvádasan*	δώδεκα	duodecim	dwy-lika	tva-lif
XX.	*vinsati*	εἴκοσι	viginti	dwi-deszimti	tvaitigjus
C.	*satám*	ἑκατόν	centum	szimtas	taihun taihund
M.	*sahásram*	χίλιοι	mille	tukstantis	thusundi

If we cannot account for the coincidences between the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Walachian numerals, without admitting that all were derived from a common type, the Latin, the same conclusion is forced upon us by a comparison of the more ancient numerals. They must have existed ready made in that language from which Sanskrit as well as Welsh is derived; but only as far as hundred. Thousand had not received expression at that early period, and hence the names for thousand differ, not, however, without giving, by their very disagreement, some further indications as to the subsequent history of the Aryan race. We see Sanskrit and Zend share the name for thousand in common (Sanskrit sahasra, Zend hazanra), which shows, that after the southern branch had been severed from the northern, the ancestors of the Brahmans and Zoroastrians continued united for a time by the ties of a common language. The same conclusion may be drawn from the agreement between the Gothic *thusundi* and the Old Prussian *tûsimtons* (acc.), the Lithuanian *tukstantis*, the Old

Slavonic *tüisasta*; while the Greeks and the Romans stand apart from all the rest, and seem to have formed, each independently, their own name for thousand.

This earliest period, then, previous to any national separation, is what I call the *mythopœic* period, for every one of these common Aryan words is, in a certain sense, a myth. These words were all originally appellative; they expressed one out of many attributes which seemed characteristic of a certain object, and the selection of these attributes and their expression in language, represents a kind of unconscious poetry, which modern languages have lost altogether.

Looking then at the whole evidence which the languages of the various Aryan nations still supply, we perceive that before their separation their life was that of agricultural Nomads, and probably most like the life of the ancient Germans, as described by Tacitus. They knew the arts of ploughing, of making roads, of building ships and carts, of weaving and sewing, and of erecting strongholds and houses, more or less substantial. They could count, and they had divided the year into months. They had tamed the most important domestic animals; they were acquainted with the most useful metals, and were armed with hatchets and swords, whether for peaceful or for warlike purposes. They followed their leaders and kings, obeyed their laws and customs; and were impressed with the idea of a Divine Being, which they invoked by various names. It might seem, indeed, as if the state of civilisation which the Aryan nations had reached before their separation was in some respects more advanced than that of the Aryan

colonists after their settlements in India, Greece, and Italy, for it has frequently been maintained that the hymns of the Rig-Veda represent as yet a purely nomadic state of life, and that we see in them the fresh pastures of the Seven-river country, now called the Pendjab, occupied either by peaceful tribes and their numerous herds, or by warlike confederations fighting for the possession of pastures and herds among themselves or against barbarian enemies. No other nation except the Vedic Aryans, says Dr. Kuhn, can boast of literary documents which sprang into existence previous to the period when men assumed settled abodes, and, not content with raising cattle, began to cultivate the soil.[1]

This view, however, of the very primitive state of society of the Aryan settlers of India is not borne out by the songs of the Rig-Veda. Professor Wilson, in the prefaces to the successive volumes of his translation of the Rig-Veda, has repeatedly dwelt on this point, and has proved by facts[2] that the people among whom the Vedic poets sprang up were a pastoral and, in a still greater degree, an agricultural people.

Language has been called fossil poetry. But as the artist does not know that the clay which he is handling contains the remnants of organic life, we do not feel that when we address a father, we call him protector, nor did the Greeks, when using the word δαήρ, brother-in-law, know that this term applied originally only to the younger brothers of the husband, who stayed at home with the bride while

[1] Adalbert Kuhn, *Die Herabkunft des Feuers*, p. 2.

[2] Wilson, vol. i. pp. xl.–xliv.; vol. ii. pp. xv.–xvii.; vol. iii. pp. xiv.–xx.

their elder brother was out in the field or the forests. The Sanskrit devar meant originally play-mate—it told its own story—it was a myth; but in Greek it has dwindled down into a mere name or a technical term. Yet, even in Greek it is not allowed to form a feminine of δαήρ, as little as we should venture even now to form a masculine of 'daughter.'

Soon, however, languages lose their etymological conscience, and thus we find in Latin, for instance, not only *vidua*, husbandless ('Penelope tam diu vidua viro suo caruit'), but *viduus*, a formation which, if analysed etymologically, is as absurd as the Teutonic a widower. It must be confessed, however, that the old Latin *viduus*,[1] a name of Orcus, who had a temple outside Rome, makes it doubtful whether the Latin *vidua* is really the Sanskrit vi-dhavâ, however great their similarity. At all events we should have to admit that a verb *viduare* was derived from *vidua*, and that afterwards a new adjective was formed with a more general sense, so that *viduus* to a Roman ear meant nothing more than *privatus*.

But, it may be asked, how does the fact that the Aryan languages possess this treasure of ancient names in common, or even the discovery that all these names had originally an expressive and poetical power, explain the phenomenon of mythological language among all the members of this family? How does it render intelligible that phase of the human mind which gave birth to the extraordinary stories of gods and heroes—of gorgons and chimæras—of things that no human eye had ever seen, and that

[1] Hartung, *Die Religion der Römer*, vol. ii. p. 90.

no human mind in a healthy state could ever have conceived?

Before we can answer this question, we must enter into some more preliminary observations as to the formation of words. Tedious as this may seem, we believe that while engaged in these considerations we shall see the mist of mythology gradually clearing away, and discover behind the shifting clouds of the dawn of thought and language that real nature which mythology has so long veiled and disguised.

All the common Aryan words which we have hitherto examined referred to definite objects. They are all substantives: they express something substantial, something open to sensuous perception. Nor is it in the power of language to express originally anything except objects as nouns, and qualities as verbs. Hence, the only definition we can give of language during that early state is, that it is the conscious expression in sound of impressions received by all the senses.

To us, abstract nouns are so familiar that we can hardly appreciate the difficulty which men experienced in forming them. We can scarcely imagine a language without abstract nouns. There are, however, dialects which have no abstract nouns, in the proper sense of the word, and the more we go back in the history of languages, the smaller we find the number of these useful expressions. As far as language is concerned, an abstract word is nothing but an adjective raised into a substantive; but in thought the conception of a quality as a subject is a matter of extreme difficulty, and in strict logical parlance impossible. If we say 'I love virtue,' we seldom

connect any definite notion with virtue. Virtue is not a being, however unsubstantial; it is nothing individual, personal, active; nothing that could by itself produce an expressible impression on our mind. The word virtue is only a short-hand expression, and when men said for the first time 'I love virtue,' what they meant by it originally was 'I love all things that become an honest man, that are manly, or virtuous.'

But there are other words, which we hardly call abstract, but which nevertheless were so originally, and are so still, in form: I mean words like day and night, spring and winter, dawn and twilight, storm and thunder. For what do we mean if we speak of day and night, or of spring and winter? We may answer, a season, or any other portion of time. But what is time, in our conceptions? It is nothing substantial, nothing individual; it is a quality raised by language into a substance. Therefore if we say 'the day dawns,' 'the night approaches,' we predicate actions of things that cannot act, we affirm a proposition which if analysed logically would have no definable subject.

The same applies to a large class of words, such as sky and earth, dew and rain—even to rivers and mountains. For if we say 'the earth nourishes man,' we do not mean any tangible portion of soil, but the earth conceived as a whole; nor do we mean by the sky the small horizon which our eye can scan. We imagine something which does not fall under our senses, but whether we call it a whole, a power, or an idea, in speaking of it we change it unawares into something individual.

Now, in ancient languages every one of these words had necessarily a termination expressive of gender, and this naturally produced in the mind the corresponding idea of sex, so that these names received not only an individual, but a sexual character. There was no substantive which was not either masculine or feminine; neuters being of later growth, and distinguishable chiefly in the nominative.[1]

What must have been the result of this? As long as people thought in language, it was simply impossible to speak of morning or evening, of spring and winter, without giving to these conceptions something of an individual, active, sexual, and, at last, personal character. They were either nothings, as they are nothings in our withered thought, or they were something; and then they could not be con-

[1] 'It is with the world, as with each of us in our individual life; for as we leave childhood and youth behind us, we bid adieu to the vivid impressions things once made upon us, and become colder and more speculative. To a little child not only are all living creatures endowed with human intelligence, but *everything* is *alive*. In *his* Kosmos, Pussy takes rank with Pa and Ma, in point of intelligence. He beats the chair against which he has knocked his head; and afterwards kisses it in token of renewed friendship, in the full belief, that like himself, it is a moral agent amenable to rewards and punishments. The fire that burns his finger is "Naughty Fire," and the stars that shine through his bedroom window are Eyes, like Mamma's, or Pussy's, only brighter. The same instinct that prompts the child to *personify* everything remains unchecked in the savage, and grows up with him to manhood. Hence in all simple and early languages, there are but two genders, masculine and feminine. To develop such an idea as that of a *neuter*, requires the slow growth of civilisation for its accomplishment. We see the same tendency to class everything as masculine or feminine among even civilised men, if they are uneducated. To a farm labourer, a bundle of hay is "*he*," just as much as is the horse that eats it. He resolutely ignores "*it*" as a pronoun for which there is not the slightest necessity.'—*Printer's Register*, Feb. 6, 1868.

ceived as mere powers, but as beings powerful. Even in our time, though we have the conception of nature as a power, what do we mean by power, except something powerful? Now, in early language, nature was *Natura*, a mere adjective made substantive; she was the Mother always 'going to bring forth.' Was this not a more definite idea than that which we connect with nature? And let us look to our poets, who still think and feel in language—that is, who use no word without having really enlivened it in their mind, who do not trifle with language, but use it as a spell to call forth real things, full of light and colour. Can they speak of the sun, or the dawn, or the storms as neutral powers, without doing violence to their feelings? Let us open Wordsworth, and we shall hardly find him use a single abstract term without some life and blood in it:

Religion.

Sacred Religion, mother of form and fear,
Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper.

Winter.

Humanity, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
Propped on a staff, and through the sullen day,
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.

These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.
For he it was—dread Winter!—who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, when from the regions of the Pole
They shrank, insane Ambition's barren goal—
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
As fathers prosecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
He called on *Frost's* inexorable tooth
Life to consume in manhood's firmest hold . . . .
. . . And bade the *Snow* their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride.

So, again, of *Age and the Hours*:

Age! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,
And call a train of laughing *Hours*,
And bid them dance, and bid them sing;
And thou, too, mingle in the ring!

Now, when writing these lines, Wordsworth need hardly have thought of the classical Horæ: the conception of dancing Hours would come as natural to his mind as to the poets of old.

Or, again, of *Storms and Seasons*:

Ye *Storms*, resound the praises of your King!
And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,
Midway, on some high hill, while father *Time*
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing!

We are wont to call this poetical diction, and to make allowance for what seems to us exaggerated language. But to the poet it is no exaggeration, nor

was it to the ancient poets of language. Poetry is older than prose, and abstract speech more difficult than the outpouring of a poet's sympathy with nature. It requires reflection to divest nature of her living expression, to see in the swift-riding clouds nothing but vaporous exhalations, in the frowning mountains masses of stone, and in the lightning electric sparks. Wordsworth feels what he says when he exclaims—

> Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
> To share the passion of a just disdain;

and when he speaks of 'the last hill that parleys with the setting sun,' this expression came to him as he was communing with nature; it was a thought untranslated as yet into the prose of our traditional and emaciated speech; it was a thought such as the men of old would not have been ashamed of in their common every day conversation.

There are some poems of this modern ancient which are all mythology, and as we shall have to refer to them hereafter, I shall give one more extract, which to a Hindu and an ancient Greek would have been more intelligible than it is to us:—

> Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!
> Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude
> On hearts, howe'er insensible or rude;
> Whether thy punctual visitations smite
> The haughty towers where monarchs dwell,
> Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
> Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell!
> Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky,

In naked splendour, clear from mist and haze.
Or cloud approaching to divert the rays
Which even in deepest winter testify
  Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.
Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;
As aptly suits therewith that modest pace
  Submitted to the chains
That bind thee to the path which God ordains
  That thou shouldst trace,
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away!
Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains—
Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
Of yon ethereal summits, white with snow,
(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity
  Report of storms gone by
  To us who tread below)—
Do with the service of this Day accord.
Divinest object which th' uplifted eye
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;
Thou, who upon these snow-clad Heights hast poured
Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale;
Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,
And for thy bounty wert not unadored
  By pious men of old;
Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!
Bright be thy course to-day—let not this promise fail!

Why then, if we ourselves, in speaking of the Sun or the Storms, of Sleep and Death, of Earth and Dawn, connect either no distinct idea at all with these names, or allow them to cast over our mind the fleeting shadows of the poetry of old; why, if we, when speaking with the warmth which is natural to the human heart, call upon the Winds and the Sun, the Ocean and the Sky, as if they would still

hear us; why, if plastic thought cannot represent any one of these beings or powers without giving them, if not a human form, at least human life and human feeling—why should we wonder at the ancients, with their language throbbing with life and revelling in colour, if, instead of the grey outlines of our modern thought, they threw out those living forms of nature, endowed with human powers, nay, with powers more than human, inasmuch as the light of the Sun was brighter than the light of a human eye, and the roaring of the Storms louder than the shouts of the human voice? We may be able to account for the origin of rain and dew, of storm and thunder; yet, to the great majority of mankind, all these things, unless they are mere names, are still what they were to Homer, only perhaps less beautiful, less poetical, less real and living.

So much for that peculiar difficulty which the human mind experiences in speaking of collective or abstract ideas—a difficulty which, as we shall see, will explain many of the difficulties of Mythology.

We have now to consider a similar feature of ancient languages—the auxiliary verbs. They hold the same position among verbs as abstract nouns among substantives. They are of later origin, and had all originally a more material and expressive character. Our auxiliary verbs have had to pass through a long chain of vicissitudes before they arrived at the withered and lifeless form which fits them so well for the purposes of our abstract prose. *Habere*, which is now used in all the Romance languages simply to express a past tense, *j'ai aimé*, I loved, was originally, to hold fast, to hold back, as we

may see in its derivative, *habenæ*, the reins. Thus *tenere*, to hold, becomes, in Spanish, an auxiliary verb, that can be used very much in the same manner as *habere*. The Greek ἔχω is the Sanskrit sah, and meant originally, to be strong, to be able, or to can. The Latin *fui*, I was, the Sanskrit bhû, to be, corresponds to the Greek φύω, and there shows still its original and material power of growing, in an intransitive and transitive sense. As, the radical of the Sanskrit as-mi, the Greek ἐμ-μί, the Lithuanian *as-mi*, I am, had probably the original meaning of breathing, if the Sanskrit as-u, breath, is correctly traced back to that root. *Stare*, to stand, sinks down in the Romance dialects to a mere auxiliary, as in *j'ai-été*, I have been, *i.e. habeo statum*, I have stood; *j'ai-été convaincu*, I have stood convinced; the phonetic change of *statum* into *été* being borne out by the transition of *status* into *état*. The German *werden*, which is used to form futures and passives, the Gothic *varth*, points back to the Sanskrit vrit, the Latin *verto*. *Will*, again, in *he will go*, has lost its radical meaning of wishing; and *shall* used in the same tense, *I shall go*, hardly betrays, even to the etymologist, its original power of legal or moral obligation. *Schuld*, however, in German means debt and sin, and *soll* has there not yet taken a merely temporal signification, the first trace of which may be discovered, however, in the names of the three Teutonic Parcæ. These are called *Vurdh*, *Verdhandi*, and *Skuld*—Past, Present, and Future.[1] But what could be the original conception of a verb which, even in its earliest application, has already the abstract

[1] Kuhn, *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Sprachforschung*, vol. iii. p. 449.

meaning of moral duty or legal obligation? Where could language, which can only draw upon the material world for its nominal and verbal treasures, find something analogous to the abstract idea of he shall pay, or he ought to yield? Grimm, who has endeavoured to follow the German language into its most secret recesses, proposes an explanation of this verb, which deserves serious consideration, however strange and incredible it may appear at first sight.

Shall, and its preterite *should*, have the following forms in Gothic:—

Present.	Preterite.
Skal	Skulda
Skalt	Skuldês
Skal	Skulda
Skulum	Skuldedum
Skuluth	Skuldeduth
Skulun	Skuldedun

In Gothic this verb *skal*, which seems to be a present, can be proved to be an old perfect, analogous to Greek perfects like *οἶδα*, which have the form of the perfect but the power of the present. There are several verbs of the same character in the German language, and in English they can be detected by the absence of the *s* as the termination of the third person singular of the present. *Skal*, then, according to Grimm, means, I owe, I am bound; but originally, it meant I have killed. The chief guilt punished by ancient Teutonic law was the guilt of manslaughter—and in many cases it could be atoned for by a fine. Hence *skal* meant literally, I am guilty, *ich bin schuldig*; and afterwards, when this full expression had been ground down into a legal

phrase, new expressions became possible, such as I have killed a free man, a serf, *i.e.* I am guilty of a free man, a serf; and at last, I owe (the fine for having slain) a free man, a serf. In this manner Grimm accounts for the still later and more anomalous expressions: such as, he shall pay, *i.e.* he is guilty to pay (*er ist schuldig zu zahlen*); he shall go, *i.e.* he must go; and last, I shall withdraw, *i.e.* I feel bound to withdraw. Chaucer says ('Court of Love'), 'For by the faith I shall to God.'[1]

A change of meaning like this seems, no doubt, violent and fanciful, but we should feel more inclined to accept it if we considered how almost every word we use discloses similar changes as soon as we analyse it etymologically, and then follow gradually its historical growth. The general conception of thing is in Walachian expressed by *lucru*, the Latin *lucrum*, gain. The French *chose* was originally *causa*, or cause. If we say, I am obliged to go, or, I am bound to pay, we forget that the origin of these expressions carries us back to times when men were really bound to go, or bound over to pay. *Hoc me fallit* means, in Latin, it deceives me, it escapes me. Afterwards, it took the sense of it is removed from me, I want it, I must have it: and hence, *il me faut*, I must. Again, *I may* is the Gothic

Mag, maht, mag, magum, maguth, magun;

and its primary signification was, I am strong. Now, this verb also was originally a preterite, and derived from a root which meant to grow, whence the Gothic *magus*, boy, *ma(g)vi* and *magath-s*, girl, the English *maid*; Goth. *megs*, *gener*, in English *might* and *main*.

[1] See Fiske, *Genesis of Language*, p. 341. In the Yorkshire dialect the future is formed by I am bound, e.g. ò'm bairn to goo, I shall go.

In mythological language we must make due allowance for the absence of merely auxiliary words. Every word, whether noun or verb, had still its full original power during the mythopœic ages. Words were heavy and unwieldy. They said more than they ought to say, and hence much of the strangeness of the mythological language, which we can only understand by watching the natural growth of speech. Where we speak of the sun following the dawn, the ancient poets could only speak and think of the sun loving and embracing the dawn. What is with us a sunset was to them the Sun growing old, decaying, or dying. Our sunrise was to them the Night giving birth to a brilliant child; and in the Spring they really saw the Sun or the Sky embracing the earth with a warm embrace, and showering treasures into the lap of nature. There are many myths in Hesiod, of late origin, where we have only to replace a full verb by an auxiliary, in order to change mythical into logical language. Hesiod calls Nyx (Night) the mother of Moros (Fate), and the dark Kêr (Destruction); of Thanatos (Death), Hypnos (Sleep), and the tribe of the Oneiroi (Dreams). And this her progeny she is said to have borne without a father. Again, she is called the mother of Mômos (Blame), and of the woeful Oizys (Woe), and of the Hesperides (Evening Stars), who guard the beautiful golden apples on the other side of the far-famed Okeanos, and the trees that bear fruit. She also bore Nemesis (Vengeance), and Apatê (Fraud), and Philotes (Lust), and the pernicious Geras (Old Age), and the strong-minded Eris (Strife). Now, let us use our modern expressions, such as 'the stars are

seen as the night approaches,' 'we sleep,' 'we dream,' 'we die,' 'we run danger during the night,' 'nightly revels lead to strife, angry discussions and woe,' 'many nights bring old age, and at last death,' 'an evil deed concealed at first by the darkness of the night will at last be revealed by the day,' 'Night herself will be revenged on the criminal,' and we have translated the language of Hesiod—a language to a great extent understood by the people whom he addressed —into our modern form of thought and speech.[1] All this is hardly mythological language, but rather a poetical and proverbial kind of expression known to all poets, whether modern or ancient, and frequently to be found in the language of common people.

Uranos, in the language of Hesiod, is used as a name for the sky; he is made or born that 'he should be a firm place for the blessed gods.'[2] It is said twice that Uranos covers everything (*v.* 127), and that when he brings the night, he is stretched out everywhere, embracing the earth. This sounds almost as if the Greek myth had still preserved a recollection of the etymological power of Uranos. For

[1] As to Philotes being the Child of Night, Juliet understood what it meant when she said—

> Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night!
> That Runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
> Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen!—

See *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, by G. Massey, p. 601.

[2] Hesiod, *Theog.* 128—

> Γαῖα δέ τοι πρῶτον μὲν ἐγείνατο ἶσον ἑαυτῇ
> Οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντθ', ἵνα μιν περὶ πάντα καλύπτοι,
> ὕφρ' εἴη μακάρεσσι θεοῖς ἕδος ἀσφαλὲς αἰεί.

In the Rig-Veda, VIII. 42, 9, we have Várunasya dhruvám sádas.

Uranos is the Sanskrit Varuṇa, also Varaṇa, and this is derived from a root VAR, to cover; Varuṇa being in the Veda also a name of the firmament, but especially connected with the night, and opposed to Mitra, the day. At all events, the name of Uranos retained with the Greek something of its original meaning, which was not the case with names like Apollo or Dionysos; and when we see him called *ἀστερόεις*, the starry heaven, we can hardly believe, as Mr. Grote says, that to the Greek, 'Uranos, Nyx, Hypnos, and Oneiros (Heaven, Night, Sleep, and Dream) were persons, just as much as Zeus and Apollo.' We need only read a few lines further in Hesiod, in order to see that the progeny of Gæa, of which Uranos is the first, has not yet altogether arrived at that mythological personification or crystallisation which makes most of the Olympian gods so difficult and doubtful in their original character. The poet has asked the Muses in the introduction how the gods and the earth were first born, and the rivers and the endless sea, and the bright stars, and the wide heaven above (*οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὕπερθεν*). The whole poem of the 'Theogony' is an answer to this question; and we can hardly doubt, therefore, that the Greek saw in some of the names that follow simply poetical conceptions of real objects, such as the earth, and the rivers, and the mountains. Uranos, the first offspring of Gæa, is afterwards raised into a deity, endowed with human feelings and attributes; but the very next offspring of Gæa, *Οὐρέα μακρά*, the great Mountains, are even in language represented as neuter, and can therefore hardly claim to be considered as persons, like Zeus and Apollo.

Mr. Grote goes too far in insisting on the purely literal meaning of the whole of Greek mythology. Some mythological figures of speech remained in the Greek language to a very late period, and were perfectly understood—that is to say, they required as little explanation as our expressions of 'the sun sets,' or 'the sun rises.' Mr. Grote feels compelled to admit this, but he declines to draw any further conclusions from it. 'Although some of the attributes and actions ascribed to these persons,' he says, 'are often explicable by allegory, the whole series and system of them are never so; the theorist who adopts this course of explanation finds that after one or two simple and obvious steps, the path is no longer open, and he is forced to clear a way for himself by gratuitous refinements and conjectures.' Here, then, Mr. Grote admits what he calls allegory as an ingredient of mythology; still he makes no further use of it, and leaves the whole of mythology as a riddle that cannot and ought not to be solved, as something irrational—as a past that was never present—declining even to attempt a partial explanation of this important problem in the history of the Greek mind. Πλέον ἥμισυ παντός. Such a want of scientific courage would have put a stop to many systems which have since grown to completeness, but which at first had to make the most timid and uncertain steps. In palæontological sciences we must learn to be ignorant of many things; and what Suetonius says of the grammarian, 'boni grammatici est nonnulla etiam nescire,' applies with particular force to the mythologist. It is in vain to attempt to solve the secret of every name; and nobody has expressed this with

greater modesty than he who has laid the lasting foundation of Comparative Mythology. Grimm, in the introduction to his 'German Mythology,' says, without disguise, 'I shall, indeed, interpret all that I can, but I cannot interpret all that I should like.' But surely Otfried Müller had opened a path into the labyrinth of Greek mythology, which a scholar of Mr. Grote's power and genius might have followed, or which at least he ought to have proved as either right or wrong. How late mythological language was in vogue among the Greeks has been shown by O. Müller (p. 65) in the myth of Kyrene. The Greek town of Kyrene in Libya was founded about Olymp. 37; the ruling race derived its origin from the Minyans, who reigned chiefly in Iolkos, in Southern Thessaly; the foundation of the colony was due to the oracle of Apollo at Pytho. Hence the myth—'The heroic maid Kyrene, who lived in Thessaly, is loved by Apollo and carried off to Libya;' while in modern language we should say—'The town of Kyrene, in Thessaly, sent a colony to Libya, under the auspices of Apollo.' Many more instances might be given, where the mere substitution of a more matter-of-fact verb divests a myth at once of its miraculous appearance.[1]

Kaunos is called the son of Miletos—*i.e.* Kretan colonists from Miletos had founded the town of Kaunos in Lycia. Again, the myth says that Kaunos fled from Miletos to Lycia, and his sister Byblos was changed, by sorrow over her lost brother, into a fountain. Here Miletos in Ionia, being better known than the Miletos in Kreta, has been brought

[1] Kanne's *Mythology*. § 10, p. xxxii.

in by mistake—Byblos being simply a small river near the Ionian Miletos.[1] Again, Pausanias tells us, as a matter of history, that Miletos, a beautiful boy, fled from Kreta to Ionia, in order to escape the jealousy of Minos—the fact being that Miletos in Ionia was a colony of the Miletos of Kreta, and Minos the most famous king of that island. Again, Marpessa is called the daughter of Evenos, and a myth represents her as carried away by Idas—Idas being the name of a famous hero of the town of Marpessa. The fact, implied by the myth and confirmed by other evidence, is that colonists started from the river Evenos, and founded Marpessa in Messina. And here again the myth adds that Evenos, after trying in vain to reconquer his daughter from Idas, was changed by sorrow into a river, like Byblos, the sister of Miletos.

If the Hellenes call themselves *αὐτόχθονες*, we fancy we understand what is meant by this expression. But, if we are informed that *πυρρά*, the red, was the oldest name of Thessaly, and that Hellen was the son of Pyrrha, Mr. Grote would say that we have here to deal with a myth, and that the Greeks, at least, never doubted that there really was one individual called Pyrrha, and another called Hellen. Now, this may be true with regard to the later Greeks, such as Homer and Hesiod; but was it so—could it have been so originally? Language is always language—it always meant something originally, and he, whoever it was, who first, instead of calling the Hellenes

[1] For similar river myths, see Bholanauth Chunder's *Travels*, I. pp. 226, 307; *Cornhill Magazine*, 1869, pp. 35–40; Grote, *History of Greece*, i. p. 535.

born of the soil, spoke of Pyrrha, the mother of Hellen, must have meant something intelligible and rational; he could not have meant a friend of his whom he knew by the name of Hellen, and an old lady called Pyrrha; he meant what we mean if we speak of Italy as the mother of Art.

Even in more modern times than those of which Otfried Müller speaks, we find that 'to speak mythologically' was the fashion among poets and philosophers. Pausanias complains of those 'who genealogise everything, and make Pythis the son of Delphos.' The story of Eros in the 'Phædros' is called a myth (*μῦθος*, 254 D; *λόγος*, 257 B); yet Sokrates says ironically 'that it is one of those which you may believe or not' (*τούτοις δὴ ἔξεστι μὲν πείθεσθαι, ἔξεστι δὲ μή*). Again, when he tells the story of the Egyptian god Thenth, he calls it a 'tradition of old' (*ἀκοήν γ' ἔχω λέγειν τῶν προτέρων*), but Phædros knows at once that it is one of Sokrates' own making, and he says to him, 'Sokrates, thou makest easily Egyptian or any other stories' (*λόγοι*). When Pindar calls Apophasis the daughter of Epimetheus, every Greek understood this mythological language as well as if he had said 'an afterthought leads to an excuse.'[1] Nay, even in Homer, when the lame Litæ

[1] O. Müller has pointed out how the different parents given to the *Erinyes* by different poets were suggested by the character which each poet ascribed to them. 'Evidently,' he says, in his *Essay on the Eumenides*, p. 184, 'this genealogy answered better to the views and poetical objects of Æschylos than one of the current genealogies by which the Erinyes are derived from Skotos and Gæa (Sophokles), Kronos and Eurynome (in a work ascribed to Epimenides), Phorkys (Euphorion), Gæa Eurynome (Istron), Acheron and Night (Endemos), Hades and Persephone (Orphic hymns), Hades and Styx (Athenodoros and Mnaseas).' See, however, *Ares*, by H. D. Müller, p. 67.

(Prayers) are said to follow Atê (Mischief), trying to appease her, a Greek understood that language as well as we do when we say that 'Hell is paved with good intentions.'

When Prayers are called the daughters of Zeus, we are hardly as yet within the sphere of pure mythology. For Zeus was to the Greeks the protector of the suppliants, Ζεὺς ἱκετέσιος,—and hence Prayers are called his daughters, as we might call Liberty the daughter of England, or Prayer the offspring of the soul.

All these sayings, however, though mythical, are not yet myths. It is the essential character of a true myth that it should no longer be intelligible by a reference to the spoken language. The plastic character of ancient language, which we have traced in the formation of nouns and verbs, is not sufficient to explain how a myth could have lost its expressive power or its life and consciousness. Making due allowance for the difficulty of forming abstract nouns and abstract verbs, we should yet be unable to account for anything beyond allegorical poetry among the nations of antiquity; mythology would still remain a riddle. Here, then, we must call to our aid another powerful ingredient in the formation of ancient speech, for which I find no better name than *Polyonymy* and *Synonomy*.[1] Most nouns, as we have seen before, were originally appellatives or predicates, expressive of what seemed at the time the most characteristic attribute of an object. But as most objects have more than one attribute, and

[1] See the Author's letter to Chevalier Bunsen, 1854, *On the Turanian Languages*, p. 35. Kuhn adopted the same view; see Schrader, *Prehistoric Antiquities*, p. 407.

as, under different aspects, one or the other attribute might seem more appropriate to form the name, it happened by necessity that most objects, during the early period of language, had more than one name. In the course of time, the greater portion of these names became useless, and they were mostly replaced in literary dialects by one fixed name, which might be called the proper name of such objects. The more ancient a language, the richer it is in synonyms.

Synonyms, again, if used constantly, must naturally give rise to a number of homonyms. If we may call the sun by fifty names expressive of different qualities, some of these names will be applicable to other objects also, which happen to possess the same quality. These different objects would then be called by the same name—they would become homonyms.

In the Veda, the earth is called urvî (wide), *p*rithvî (broad), mahî (great), and many more names, of which the Nigh*a*ntu mentions twenty-one. These twenty-one words would be synonyms. But urvî (wide) is not only given as a name of the earth, but also means a river. *P*rithvî (broad) means not only earth, but sky and dawn. Mahî (great, strong) is used for cow and speech, as well as for earth. Hence, earth, river, sky, dawn, cow, and speech, would become homonyms. All these names, however, are simple and intelligible. But most of the old terms, thrown out by language at the first burst of youthful poetry, are based on bold metaphors. These metaphors once forgotten, or the meaning of the roots whence the words were derived once dimmed and changed, many of these words would naturally

lose their radical as well as their poetical meaning. They would become mere names handed down in the conversation of a family; understood, perhaps, by the grandfather, familiar to the father, but strange to the son, and misunderstood by the grandson. This misunderstanding may arise in various manners. Either the radical meaning of a word is forgotten, and thus what was originally an appellative, or a name, in the etymological sense of the word (*nomen* stands for *gnomen*, 'quo gnoscimus res,' like *natus* for *gnatus*), dwindled down into a mere sound—a name in the modern sense of the word. Thus *ζεύς*, being originally a name of the sky, like the Sanskrit dyáus, became gradually a proper name, which betrayed its appellative meaning only in a few proverbial expressions, such as *Ζεὺς ὕει*, or 'sub Jove frigido.'

Frequently it happened that after the true etymological meaning of a word had been forgotten, a new meaning was attached to it by a kind of etymological instinct which exists even in modern languages. Thus, *Λυκηγενής*, the son of light—Apollo—was changed into a son of Lycia; *Δήλιος*, the bright one, gave rise to the myth of the birth of Apollo in Delos.

Again, where two names existed for the same object, two persons would spring up out of the two names, and as the same stories could be told of either, they would naturally be represented as brothers and sisters, as parent and child. Thus we find Selene, the moon, side by side with Mene, the moon; Helios (Sûrya), the Sun, and Phœbos, the radiant, a standing epithet of Apollo; and in most of the Greek heroes we

can discover humanised forms of Greek gods, with names which, in many instances, were epithets of their divine prototypes. Still more frequently it happened that adjectives connected with a word as applied to one object were used with the same word even though applied to a different object. What was told of the Sea was told of the Sky, and the Sun once being called a lion or a wolf was soon endowed with claws and mane, even where the animal metaphor was forgotten. Thus the Sun with his golden rays might be called 'golden-handed,' *hand* being expressed by the same word as *ray*. But when the same epithet was applied to Apollo or Savitar, a myth would spring up, as we find it in German and Sanskrit mythology, telling us that Savitar, the Sun, lost his hand, and that it was replaced by a hand made of gold (Rv. I. 22, 5 and Rosen's note).

Here we have some of the keys to mythology, but the manner of handling them can only be learnt from comparative philology. As in French it is difficult to find the radical meaning of many a word unless we compare it with its corresponding forms in Italian, Spanish, or Provençal; we should find it impossible to discover the origin of many a Greek word without comparing it with its more or less corrupt relatives in German, Latin, Slavonic, and Sanskrit. Unfortunately, we have in this ancient circle of languages nothing corresponding to Latin, by which we can test the more or less original form of a word in French, Italian, and Spanish. Sanskrit is not the mother of Latin and Greek, as Latin is the mother of French and Italian. But although Sanskrit is but one among many sisters, it is, no doubt, the eldest, in so far as it has preserved its words in their most

primitive state; and if we once succeed in tracing a Latin and Greek word to its corresponding form in Sanskrit, we are generally able at the same time to account for its formation and to fix its radical meaning. What should we know of the original meaning of *πατήρ*, *μήτηρ*, and *θυγάτηρ*,[1] if we were reduced to the knowledge of one language like Greek? But as soon as we trace these words to Sanskrit, their primitive power is clearly indicated. O. Müller was one of the first to see and acknowledge that classical philology must surrender all etymological research to comparative philology, and that the origin of Greek words cannot be settled by a mere reference to Greek. This applies with particular force to mythological names. In order to become mythological, it was necessary that the radical meaning of certain names should have been obscured and forgotten in the language to which they belong. Thus what is mythological in one language is frequently natural and intelligible in another. We say 'the sun sets,' and in our own Teutonic mythology a seat or throne is given to the sun on which he sits down, as in Greek *Eos* is called *χρυσόθρονος*, or as the Modern Greek speaks of the setting sun as *ἥλιος βασιλεύει*.[2] We doubt about Hekate, but we understand at once *Ἕκατος* and *Ἑκατήβολος*. We hesitate about Lucina, but we accept immediately what is a mere contraction of Lucna (or *louxna*),[3] the Latin Luna.

[1] Here is a specimen of Greek etymology, from the *Etymologicum Magnum*: *Θυγάτηρ παρὰ τὸ θύειν καὶ ὁρμᾶν κατὰ γαστρός· ἐκ τοῦ θίω καὶ τοῦ γαστήρ· λέγεται γὰρ τὰ θήλεα τάχιον κινεῖσθαι ἐν τῇ μήτρᾳ.*

[2] See some important remarks by Theod. Bent in the *Athenæum*, 1885, p. 87.

[3] See *Lectures on the Science of Language* (1880), i. p. 13.

What is commonly called Hindu mythology is of little or no avail for comparative purposes. The stories of Śivâ, Vishṇu, Mahâdeva, Pârvatî, Kâlî, Kṛishṇa, &c., are of late growth, indigenous to India, and full of wild and fanciful conceptions. But while this late mythology of the Purâṇas and even of the Epic poems, offers no assistance to the comparative mythologist, a whole world of primitive, natural, and intelligible mythology has been preserved to us in the Veda. The mythology of the Veda is to comparative mythology what Sanskrit has been to comparative grammar. There is, fortunately, no system of religion or mythology in the Veda. Names are used in one hymn as appellatives, in another as names of gods. The same god is sometimes represented as supreme, sometimes as equal, sometimes as inferior to others. The whole nature of these so-called gods is still transparent; their first conception, in many cases, clearly perceptible. There are as yet no genealogies, no settled marriages between gods and goddesses. The father is sometimes the son, the brother is the husband, and she who in one hymn is the mother, is in another the wife. As the conceptions of the poet varied, so varied the nature of these gods. Nowhere is the wide distance which separates the ancient poems of India from the most ancient literature of Greece more clearly felt than when we compare the growing myths of the Veda with the full-grown and decayed myths on which the poetry of Homer is founded. The Veda is the real Theogony of the Aryan races, while that of Hesiod is a distorted caricature of the original image. If we want to know whither the human mind, though filled

with the natural consciousness of a divine power, is driven necessarily and inevitably by the irresistible force of language as applied to supernatural and abstract ideas, we must read the Veda; and if we want to tell the Hindus what they are worshipping —mere names of natural phenomena, gradually obscured, personified, and deified—we must make them read the Veda. It was a mistake of the early Fathers to treat the heathen gods[1] as demons or evil spirits, and we must take care not to commit the same error with regard to the Hindu gods. Their gods have no more right to any substantive existence than Eos or Hemera—than Nyx or Apatê. They are masks without an actor—the creations of man, not his creators; they are *nomina* not *numina*; names without being, not beings without names.

In some instances, no doubt, it happens that a Greek, or a Latin, or a Teutonic myth may be explained from the resources which each of these languages still possesses, as there are many words in Greek which can be explained etymologically without any reference to Sanskrit or Gothic. We shall begin with some of these myths, and then proceed to the more difficult, which must receive light from more distant regions, whether from the snowy rocks of Iceland and the songs of the Edda, or from the borders of the 'Seven Rivers,' and the hymns of the Veda.

[1] Aristotle has given an opinion of the Greek gods in a passage of the *Metaphysics*. He is attacking the Platonic ideas, and tries to show their contradictory character, calling them αἰσθητὰ ἀΐδια, things eternal, and at the same time sensible, *i.e.* things that cannot be conceived; as men, he continues, maintain that there are gods, but give them a human form, thus making them really 'immortal mortals,' *i.e.* non-entities.

The rich imagination, the quick perception, the intellectual vivacity, and ever-varying fancy of the Greek nation, make it easy to understand that, after the separation of the Aryan race, no language was richer, no mythology more varied, than that of the Greeks. Words were created with wonderful facility, and were forgotten again with that carelessness which the consciousness of inexhaustible power imparts to men of genius. The creation of every word was originally a poem, embodying a bold metaphor or a bright conception. But, like the popular poetry of Greece, these words, if they were adopted by tradition, and lived on in the language of a family, of a city, of a tribe, in the dialects, or in the national speech of Greece, soon forgot the father that had given them birth, or the poet to whom they owed their existence. Their genealogical descent and native character were unknown to the Greeks themselves, and their etymological meaning would have baffled the most ingenious antiquarian. The Greeks, however, cared as little about the etymological individuality of their words as they cared to know the name of every bard that had first sung the Aristeia of Menelaos or Diomedes. One Homer was enough to satisfy their curiosity, and any etymology that explained any part of the meaning of a word was welcome, no historical considerations being ever allowed to interfere with ingenious guesses. It is known how Sokrates changes, on the spur of the moment, Eros into a god of wings, but Homer is quite as ready with etymologies, and they are useful, at least so far as they prove that the real etymology of the names of the gods had been forgotten long before Homer.

We can best enter into the original meaning of a Greek myth when some of the persons who act in it have preserved names intelligible in Greek. When we find the names of Eos, Selene, Helios, or Herse, we have words which tell their own story, and we have a *ποῦ στῶ* for the rest of the myth. Let us take the beautiful myth of Selene and Endymion. Endymion is the son of Zeus and Kalyke, but he is also the son of Aethlios, a king of Elis, who is himself called a son of Zeus, and whom Endymion is said to have succeeded as king of Elis. This localises our myth, and shows, at least, that Elis is its birthplace, and that, according to Greek custom, the reigning race of Elis derived its origin from Zeus. The same custom prevailed in India, and gave rise to the two great royal families of ancient India—the so-called Solar and the Lunar races: and Purûravas, of whom more by and by, says of himself,

> The great king of day
> And monarch of the night are my progenitors;
> Their grandson I. . . .

There may, then, have been a king of Elis, Aethlios, and he may have had a son, Endymion; but what the myth tells of Endymion could not have happened to the king of Elis. The myth transfers Endymion to Karia, to Mount Latmos, because it was in the Latmian cave that Selene saw the beautiful sleeper, loved him and lost him. Now, about the meaning of Selene there can be no doubt; but even if tradition had only preserved her other name, Asterodia, we should have had to translate this synonym as Moon, as 'Wanderer among the stars.' But who is

Endymion? It is one of the many names of the sun, but with special reference to the setting or dying sun. It is derived from *ἐνδύω*, a verb which, in classical Greek, is never used for setting, because the simple verb *δύω* had become the technical term for sunset. *Δυσμαὶ ἡλίου*, the setting of the sun, is opposed to *ἀνατολαί*, the rising. Now, *δύω* meant originally, to dive into; and expressions like *ἠέλιος δ' ἄρ' ἔδυ*, the sun dived, presuppose an earlier conception of *ἔδυ πόντον*, he dived into the sea. Thus Thetis addresses her companions, *Il.* xviii. 140:—

Ὑμεῖς μὲν νῦν δῦτε θαλάσσης εὐρέα κόλπον,
You may now dive into the broad bosom of the sea.

Other dialects, particularly of maritime nations, have the same expression. In Latin we find[1] '*Cur mergat seras æquore flammas.*' In Old Norse, '*Sól gengr i ægi.*' Slavonic nations represent the sun as a woman stepping into her bath in the evening, and rising refreshed and purified in the morning; or they speak of the Sea as the mother of the Sun (the *apâm napât*), and of the Sun as sinking into her mother's arms at night. We may suppose, therefore, that in some Greek dialect *ἐνδύω* was used in the same sense; and that from *ἐνδύω*, *ἔνδυμα* was formed to express sunset. From this was formed *ἐνδυμίων*,[2] like *οὐρανίων* from *οὐρανός*, and like most of the names of the Greek months. If *ἔνδυμα* had become the commonly received name for sunset, the myth of Endymion could never have arisen. But the original

[1] Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 704.

[2] Lauer, in his *System of Greek Mythology*, explains Endymion as the Diver. Gerhard, in his *Greek Mythology*, gives *Ἐνδυμίων* as *ὁ ἐν δύμῃ ὤν*.

meaning of Endymion being once forgotten, what was told originally of the setting sun was now told of a name, which, in order to have any meaning, had to be changed into a god or a hero. The setting sun once slept in the Latmian cave, the cave of night—Latmos being derived from the same root as Leto, Latona, the night—but now he sleeps on Mount Latmos, in Karia. Endymion sinking into eternal sleep after a life of but one day was once the setting sun, the son of Zeus, the brilliant Sky, and of Kalyke, the covering night (from καλύπτω): or, according to another saying, of Zeus and Protogeneia, the first-born goddess, or the Dawn, who is always represented either as the mother, the sister, or the forsaken wife of the Sun. Now, he is the son of a king of Elis, probably for no other reason except that it was usual for kings to take names of good omen, connected with the sun, or the moon, or the stars—in which case a myth connected with a solar name would naturally be transferred to its human namesake. In the ancient poetical and proverbial language of Elis, people said 'Selene loves and watches Endymion,' instead of 'it is getting late;' 'Selene embraces Endymion,' instead of 'the sun is setting and the moon is rising;' 'Selene kisses Endymion into sleep,' instead of 'it is night.' These expressions remained long after their meaning had ceased to be understood; and as the human mind is generally as anxious for a reason as ready to invent one, a story arose by common consent, and without any personal effort, that Endymion must have been a young lad loved by a young lady, Selene; and, if children were anxious to know still

more, there would always be a grandmother happy to tell them that this young Endymion was the son of the Protogeneia—she half meaning and half not meaning by that name the dawn who gave birth to the sun; or of Kalyke, the dark and covering Night. This name, once touched, would set many chords vibrating; three or four different reasons might be given—as they really were given by ancient poets—why Endymion fell into his everlasting sleep, and if any one of these was alluded to by a popular poet, it became a mythological fact, repeated by later poets; so that Endymion grew at last almost into a type, no longer of the setting sun, but of a handsome boy beloved of a chaste maiden, and therefore a most likely name for a young prince. Many myths have thus been transferred to real persons by a mere similarity of name, though it must be admitted that there is no historical evidence whatsoever that there ever was a prince of Elis called by the name of Endymion.

Such is the growth of a legend, originally a mere word, a *μῦθος*, probably one of those many words which have but a local currency, and lose their value if they are taken to distant places, words useless for the daily interchange of thought, spurious coins in the hands of the many—yet not thrown away, but preserved as curiosities and ornaments, and deciphered at last by the antiquarian, after the lapse of many centuries. Unfortunately, we do not possess these legends as they passed originally from mouth to mouth in villages or mountain castles—legends such as Grimm has collected in his 'Mythology,' from the language of the poor people in Germany. We do not know them as they were told by the

older members of a family, who spoke a language half intelligible to themselves and strange to their children, or as the poet of a rising city embodied the traditions of his neighbourhood in a continuous poem, and gave to them their first form and permanence. Except where Homer has preserved a local myth, all is arranged as a system, with the 'Theogony' as its beginning, the 'Siege of Troy' as its centre, and the 'Return of the Heroes' as its end. But how many parts of Greek mythology are never mentioned by Homer! We then come to Hesiod—a moralist and theologian—and again we find but a small segment of the mythological language of Greece. Thus, our chief sources are the ancient chroniclers, who took mythology for history, and used of it only so much as answered their purpose. And not even these are preserved to us, but we only believe that they formed the sources from which later writers, such as Apollodoros and the scholiasts, borrowed their information. The first duty of the mythologist is, therefore, to disentangle this cluster, to remove all that is systematic, and to reduce each myth to its primitive unsystematic form. Much that is unessential has to be cut away altogether, and, after the rust is removed, we have to determine first of all, as with ancient coins, the locality, and, if possible, the age, of each myth, by the character of its workmanship; and as we arrange ancient medals into gold, silver, and copper coins, we have to distinguish most carefully between the legends of gods, heroes, and men. If, then, we succeed in deciphering the ancient names and legends of Greek or any other mythology, we learn that the past which

stands before our eyes in Greek mythology has had its present. The legend of Endymion was present at the time when the people of Elis understood the old saying of the moon (or Selene) rising under the cover of Night (or in the Latmian cave), to see and admire, in silent love, the beauty of the setting Sun, the sleeper Endymion, the son of Zeus, who had granted to him the double boon of eternal sleep and everlasting youth. And who can the fifty daughters of Selene and Endymion be, if not the fifty moons of the Olympian cycle? (Preller, i. p. 364).

Endymion is not the Sun in the divine character of Phoibos Apollon, but a conception of the Sun in his daily course,[1] as rising early from the womb of Dawn, and, after a short and brilliant career, setting in the evening, never to return again to this mortal life. Similar conceptions occur in most mythologies. In Betshuana, an African dialect, 'the sun sets' is expressed by 'the sun dies.'[2] In Aryan mythology the Sun viewed in this light is sometimes represented as divine, yet not immortal; sometimes as living, but sleeping; sometimes as a mortal beloved by a goddess, yet tainted by the fate of humanity. Thus, *Tithonos*, a name that has been identified with the Sanskrit dîdhyânaḥ,[3] brilliant, expressed originally the idea of the Sun in his daily or yearly character. He also, like Endymion, does not enjoy the full immortality of Zeus and Apollon. Endymion retains his youth, but is doomed to sleep. Tithonos is made immortal, but as Eos forgot to ask for his eternal

[1] Νέος ἐφ' ἡμέρῃ, Aristot. *Meteor.* ii. 2, 2.

[2] See Pott, Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. ii. p. 109.

[3] See Sonne, 'On Charis,' in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. x. p. 178.

youth, he pines away as a decrepit old man, in the arms of his ever youthful wife, who loved him when he was young and is kind to him in his old age. Other traditions, careless about contradictions, or ready to solve them sometimes by the most atrocious expedients, call Tithonos the son of Eos and Kephalos, as Endymion was the son of Protogeneia, the Dawn; and this very freedom in handling a myth seems to show that, at first, a Greek knew what it meant if Eos was said to leave every morning the bed of Tithonos. As long as this expression was understood, I should say that the myth was present; it was past when Tithonos had been changed into a son of Laomedon, a brother of Priamos, a prince of Troy. Then the saying, that Eos left his bed in the morning, became mythical, and had none but a conventional or traditional meaning. Then, as Tithonos was a prince of Troy, his son, the Ethiopian Memnon, had to take part in the Trojan war. And yet how strange!—even then the old myth seems to float through the dim memory of the poet!—for when Eos weeps for her son, the beautiful Memnon, her tears are called 'morning-dew'—so that the past may be said to have been still half-present.

As we have mentioned Kephalos as the beloved of Eos, and the father of Tithonos, we may add that Kephalos also, like Tithonos and Endymion, was one of the many names of the Sun. Kephalos, however, was the rising Sun—the head of light—an expression frequently used of the sun in different mythologies. In the Veda, where the sun is addressed as a horse, the head of the horse is an expression meaning the rising sun. Thus the poet says, Rv. I.

163, 6, 'I have known through my mind thy self when it was still far—thee, the bird flying up from below the sky; I saw a head with wings, toiling on smooth and dustless paths.' The Teutonic nations speak of the sun as the eye of Wuotan, as Hesiod speaks of—

πάντα ἰδὼν Διὸς ὀφθαλμὸς καὶ πάντα νοήσας·

and they also call the sun the face of their god.[1] In the Veda, again, the sun is called (I. 115, 1) 'the face of the gods,' or 'the face of Aditi' (I. 113, 19); and it is said that the winds obscure the eye of the sun by showers of rain (V. 59, 5).

A similar idea led the Greeks to form the name of Kephalos; and if Kephalos is called the son of Herse —the Dew—this patronymic meant the same in mythological language that we should express by the sun rising over dewy fields. What is told of Kephalos is, that he was the husband of Prokris, that he loved her, and that they vowed to be faithful to one another. But Eos also loves Kephalos; she tells her love, and Kephalos, true to Prokris, does not accept it. Eos, who knows her rival, replies that he might remain faithful to Prokris till Prokris had broken her vow. Kephalos accepts the challenge, approaches his wife disguised as a stranger, and gains her love. Prokris, discovering her shame, flies to Kreta. Here Diana gives her a dog and a spear that never miss their aim, and Prokris returns to Kephalos disguised as a huntsman. While hunting with Kephalos, she is asked by him to give him the

[1] Grimm. *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 666.

dog and the spear. She promises to do so only in return for his love, and when he has assented, she discloses herself, and is again accepted by Kephalos. Yet Prokris fears the charms of Eos; and while jealously watching her husband, she is killed by him unintentionally, by the spear that never misses its aim.

Before we can explain this myth, which, however, is told with many variations by Greek and Latin poets, we must dissect it, and reduce it to its constituent elements.

The first is 'Kephalos loves Prokris.' Prokris we must explain by a reference to Sanskrit, where prush and *prish* mean to sprinkle, and are used chiefly with reference to rain-drops. For instance, Rv. I. 168, 8: 'The lightnings laugh down upon the earth, when the winds shower forth the rain.'

The same root in the Teutonic languages has taken the sense of 'frost;' and Bopp identifies prush with O. H. G. *frus*, *frigere*. In Greek we must refer to the same root πρώξ, πρωκός, a dew-drop, and also Prŏkris, the dew.[1] Thus, the wife of

[1] I see no reason to modify this etymology of *Prokris*. *Prish* in Sanskrit means to sprinkle, and *prishita* occurs in the sense of shower, in vidyut-stanayitnu-*prishiteshu*, 'during lightning, thunder, and rain,' Gobh. 3, 3, 15, where Professor Roth ingeniously, but without necessity, suspects the original reading to have been prushita. *Prishat*, fem. *prishatî*, means sprinkled, and is applied to a speckled deer, a speckled cow, a speckled horse. *Prishata*, too, has the same meaning, but is likewise used in the sense of drops. Prush, a cognate root, means in Sanskrit to sprinkle, and from it we have prushva, the rainy season, and prushvâ, a drop, but more particularly a frozen drop, or frost. Now, it is perfectly true that the final sh of *prish* or prush is not regularly represented in Greek by a guttural consonant. But we find that in Sanskrit itself the lingual sh of this root varies with the palatal *s*, for instance in *pris*-ni, speckled; and Professor Curtius has rightly traced the

Kephalos is only a repetition of *Herse*, her mother—*Herse*, dew,[1] being derived from Sanskrit v*rish*, to sprinkle; *Prokris*, dew, from a Sanskrit root prush, having the same sense. The first part of our myth, therefore, means simply, 'The Sun kisses the Morning Dew.'

The second saying is 'Eos loves Kephalos.' This requires no explanation: it is the old story, repeated a hundred times in Aryan mythology, 'The Dawn loves the Sun.'

The third saying was, 'Prokris is faithless; yet her new lover, though in a different guise, is still the same Kephalos.' This we may interpret as a poetical expression for the rays of the sun being reflected in various colours from the dewdrops—so that Prokris may be said to be kissed by many lovers: yet they are all the same Kephalos, disguised, but at last recognised.

The last saying was, 'Prokris is killed by Kephalos,' *i.e.* the dew is absorbed by the sun. Prokris dies for her love to Kephalos, and he must kill her

Greek *περκ-νός*, spotted, back to the same root as the Sanskrit p*rish*-ni, and has clearly established for *πρόξ* and *προκάς*, the original meaning of a speckled deer. From the same root, therefore, not only *πρόξ*, a dewdrop, but *προκ-ρίς* also may be derived, in the sense of dew or hoar-frost, the derivative syllable being the same as in *νεβ-ρίς*, or *ἴδ-ρις*, gen. *ιος* or *ιδος*.

[1] This derivation of *ἔρση*, dew, from the Sanskrit root v*rish* has been questioned, because Sanskrit v is generally represented in Greek by the digamma, or the *spiritus lenis*. But in Greek we find both *ἔρση* and *ἕρση*, a change of frequent occurrence, though difficult to explain. In the same manner the Greek has *ἵστωρ* and *ἴστωρ*, from the root vid, *ἑστία*, from a root vas; and the Attic peculiarity of aspirating unaspirated initial vowels was well known even to ancient grammarians (Curtius, *Grundzüge*, p. 617). Forms like *ἐέρση* and *ἄερσα* clearly prove the former presence of a digamma (Curtius, *ibid.* p. 509).

because he loves her. It is the gradual and inevitable absorption of the dew by the glowing rays of the sun which is expressed, with so much truth, by the unerring shaft of Kephalos thrown unintentionally at Prokris hidden in the thicket of the forest.[1]

We have only to put these four sayings together, and every poet will at once tell us the story of the love and jealousy of Kephalos, Prokris, and Eos. If anything was wanted to confirm the solar nature of Kephalos, we might point out how the first meeting of Kephalos and Prokris takes place on Mount Hymettos, and how Kephalos throws himself afterwards, in despair, into the sea, from the Leukadian mountains. Now, the whole myth belongs to Attika, and here the sun would rise, during the greater part of the year, over Mount Hymettos like a brilliant head. A straight line from this, the most eastern point, to the most western headland of Greece, carries us to the Leukadian promontory—and here Kephalos might well be said to have drowned his sorrows in the waves of the ocean.

Another magnificent sunset looms in the myth of the death of Herakles. His twofold character as a god and as a hero is acknowledged even by Herodotos; and some of his epithets are sufficient to indicate his solar character, though, perhaps, no name has been made the vehicle of so many mythological and historical, physical and moral stories, as that of Herakles. Names which he shares with Apollo and Zeus are Δαφνηφόρος, Ἀλεξίκακος, Μάντις, Ἰδαῖος, Ὀλύμπιος, Παγγενέτωρ.

[1] La rugiada
Pugna col sole.—Dante, *Purgatorio*, i. 121.

Now, in his last journey, Herakles also, like Kephalos, proceeds from east to west. He is performing his sacrifice to Zeus, on the Kenæon promontory of Eubœa, when Deianeira (dâsya-narî= dâsa-patnî) sends him the fatal garment. He then throws Lichas into the sea, who is transformed into the Lichadian islands. From thence Herakles crosses over to Trachys, and then to Mount Œta, where his pile is raised, and the hero is burnt, rising through the clouds to the seat of the immortal gods—himself henceforth immortal and wedded to Hebe, the goddess of youth. The coat which Deianeira sends to the solar hero is an expression frequently used in other mythologies;[1] it is the coat which in the Veda, 'the mothers weave for their bright son'—the clouds which rise from the waters and surround the sun like a dark raiment. Herakles tries to tear it off: his fierce splendour breaks through the thickening gloom, but fiery mists embrace him, and are mingled with the parting rays of the sun, and the dying hero is seen through the scattered clouds of the sky, tearing his own body to pieces, till at last his bright form is consumed in the general conflagration, his last-beloved being Iole—perhaps the violet-coloured evening clouds—a word which, as it reminds us also of *ἰός*, poison (though the *ι* is long), may perhaps have originated the myth of a poisoned garment.

In these legends the Greek language supplies almost all that is necessary in order to render these strange stories intelligible and rational, though the

[1] 'Le Bhagavat-Purâ*n*a (VIII. 20, 24) appelle le crépuscule "le vêtement du dieu aux grands pas;"' *cf.* Senart, *Journal Asiatique*, 1873, p. 295.

later Greeks—I mean Homer and Hesiod—had certainly in most cases no suspicion of the original import of their own traditions. But as there are Greek words which find no explanation in Greek, and which, without a reference to Sanskrit and the other cognate dialects, would have for ever remained to the philologist mere sounds with a conventional meaning, there are also names of gods and heroes inexplicable from a Greek point of view, and which cannot be made to disclose their primitive character, unless confronted with contemporary witnesses from India, Persia, Italy, or Germany. Another myth of the dawn will best explain this :—

Ahan in Sanskrit is a name of the day, and is said to stand for dahan, like asru, tear, for dasru, Greek δάκρυ. Whether we have to admit an actual loss of this initial d, or whether the d is to be considered rather as a secondary letter, by which the root ah was individualised to dah, is a question which does not concern us at present. In Sanskrit we have the root dah, which means to burn, and from which a name of the day might have been formed in the same manner as dyu, day, is formed from dyu, to be brilliant. Nor does it concern us here whether the Gothic *daga*, nom. *dag-s*, day, is the same word or not. According to Grimm's law, daha in Sanskrit should in Gothic appear as *taga*, and not as *daga*. However, there are several roots in which the aspiration affects either the first or the last letter or both. This would give us dhah as a secondary type of dah, and thus remove the apparent irregularity of the Gothic *daga*.[1] Bopp seems

[1] This change of aspiration has been fully illustrated and well explained by Grassmann, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. xii. p. 110.

inclined to consider *daga* and daha identical in origin. Certain it is that the same root from which the Teutonic words for day are formed has also given rise to the name for dawn. In German we say, *der Morgen tagt*; and in Old English day was *dawe*; while to dawn was in Anglo-Saxon *dagian*. Now, in the Veda one of the names of the dawn is Ahanâ. It occurs only once, Rv. I. 123, 4:—

Gṛihám gṛiham Ahanâ yâti ákkha
Diré dive ádhi nâma dádhânâ
Sísâsantî Dyotanâ sásvat â agât
A'gram agram ít bhagate vásûnâm.

'Ahanâ (the dawn) comes near to every house—she who makes every day to be known.

'Dyotanâ (the dawn), the active maiden, comes back for evermore—she enjoys always the first of all goods.'

We have already seen the Dawn in various relations to the Sun, but not yet as the beloved of the Sun, flying before her lover, and destroyed by his embrace. This, however, was a very familiar expression in the old mythological language of the Aryans. The Dawn has died in the arms of the Sun, or the Dawn is flying before the Sun, or the Sun has shattered the car of the Dawn, were expressions meaning simply, the sun has risen, the dawn is gone. Thus we read in the Rv. IV. 30, in a hymn celebrating the achievements of Indra, the chief solar deity of the Veda:—

'And this strong and manly deed also thou hast performed, O Indra, that thou struckest the

daughter of Dyaus (the Dawn), a woman difficult to vanquish.

'Yea, even the daughter of Dyaus, the magnified, the Dawn, thou, O Indra, a great hero, hast ground to pieces.

'The Dawn rushed off from her crushed car, fearing that Indra, the bull, might strike her.

'This her car lay there well ground to pieces; she went far away.'

In this case, Indra behaves rather unceremoniously to the daughter of the sky; but in other places she is loved by all the bright gods of heaven, not excluding her own father. The Sun, it is said, Rv. I. 115, 2, follows her from behind, as a man follows a woman. 'She, the Dawn, whose cart is drawn by white horses, is carried away in triumph by the two Asvins,' as the Leukippides are carried off by the Dioskuroi.

If now we translate, or rather transliterate, Dahanâ into Greek, Dáphne stands before us, and her whole history is intelligible. Daphne is young and beautiful—Apollo loves her—she flies before him, and dies as he embraces her with his brilliant rays. Or, as another poet of the Veda (X. 189) expresses it, 'The Dawn comes near to him—she expires as soon as he begins to breathe—the mighty one irradiates the sky.' Anyone who has eyes to sea and a heart to feel with nature, like the poets of old, may still see Daphne and Apollo—the dawn rushing and trembling through the sky, and fading away at the sudden approach of the bright sun. Thus even in so modern a poet as Swift, the old poetry of

nature breaks through when, in his address to Lord Harley on his marriage, he writes:

> So the bright Empress of the Morn
> Chose for her spouse a mortal born:
> The Goddess made advances first,
> Else what aspiring hero durst?
> Though like a maiden of fifteen
> She blushes when by mortals seen.
> Still blushes, and with haste retires
> When Sol pursues her with his fires.

The metamorphosis of Daphne into a laurel-tree is a continuation of the myth of peculiarly Greek growth. Daphne, in Greek, meant no longer the dawn, but it had become the name of the laurel.[1] Hence the tree Daphne was considered sacred to the lover of Daphne, the dawn, and Daphne herself was fabled to have been changed into a tree when praying to her mother to protect her from the violence of Apollo.

Without the help of the Veda the name of Daphne and the legend attached to her would have remained unintelligible, for the later Sanskrit supplies no key to this name. This shows the value of

[1] Professor Curtius admits my explanation of the myth of Daphne as the dawn, but he says, 'If we could but see why the dawn is changed into a laurel!' I have explained before the influence of homonymy in the growth of early myths, and this is only another instance of this influence. The dawn was called *δάφνη*, the burning; so was the laurel, as wood that burns easily. Afterwards the two, as usual, were supposed to be one, or to have some connection with each other, for how, the people would say, could they have the same name? See *Etym. M.* p. 250, 20, *δαυχμόν· εὔκαυστον ξύλον*; Hesych. *δαυχμόν· ἔνκαυστον ξύλον δάφνης* (l. *εὔκαυστον ξύλον, δάφνην*, Ahrens, *Dial. Græc.* ii. 532). Legerlotz, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. vii. p. 292. *Science of Language*, Second Series, p. 621.

the Veda for the purpose of comparative mythology—a science which, without the Veda, would have remained mere guess-work, without fixed principles and without a safe basis.[1]

In order to show in how many different ways the same idea may be expressed mythologically, I have confined myself to the names of the dawn. The dawn is really one of the richest sources of Aryan mythology; and another class of legends, embodying the strife between winter and summer, the return of spring, the revival of nature, is in most languages but a reflection and amplification of the more ancient stories telling of the strife between night and day, the return of the morn, the revival of the whole world. The stories, again, of solar heroes fighting through a thunderstorm against the powers of darkness, are borrowed from the same source; and the cows so frequently alluded to in the Veda, as carried off by Vritra and brought back by Indra, are in reality the same bright cows which the Dawn drives out every morning to their pasture-ground; sometimes the clouds which from their heavy udders send down refreshing and fertilising rain or dew upon the parched earth; sometimes the bright days themselves that seem to step out one by one from the dark stable of the night, and to be carried off from their wide pasture by the dark powers of the West. There is no sight in nature more elevating than the dawn even to us, whom philosophy would wish to teach that *nil admirari* is the highest wis-

[1] For another development of the same word Ahanâ, leading ultimately to the myth of Athene, see *Science of Language*, vol. ii. p. 621.

dom. Yet in ancient times the power of admiring was the greatest blessing bestowed on mankind; and when could man have admired more intensely, when could his heart have been more gladdened and overpowered with joy, than at the approach of

> the Lord of light,
> Of life, of love, and gladness!

The darkness of night fills the human heart with despondency and awe, and a feeling of fear and anguish sets every nerve trembling. There is man like a forlorn child fixing his eye with breathless anxiety upon the East, the womb of day, where the light of the world has flamed up so many times before. As the father waits the birth of his child, so the poet watches the dark heaving night who is to bring forth her bright son, the sun of the day. The doors of heaven seem slowly to open, and what are called the bright flocks of the Dawn step out of the dark stable, returning to their wonted pastures. Who has not seen the gradual advance of this radiant procession—the heaven like a distant sea tossing its golden waves—when the first rays shoot forth like brilliant horses racing round the whole course of the horizon—when the clouds begin to colour up, each shedding her own radiance over her more distant sisters! Not only the East, but the West, and the South, and the North, the whole temple of heaven is illuminated, and the pious worshipper lights in response his own small light on the altar of his hearth, and stammers words which express but faintly the joy that is in nature and in his own throbbing heart:—

'Rise! Our life, our spirit has come back! the darkness is gone, the light approaches!'

If the people of antiquity called these eternal lights of heaven their gods, their bright ones (deva), the dawn was the first-born among all the gods—Protogeneia—dearest to man, and always young and fresh. But if not raised to an immortal state, if only admired as a kind being, awakening every morning the children of man, her life would seem to be short. She soon fades away, and dies when the fountain-head of light rises in naked splendour, and sends his first swift glance through the vault of heaven. We cannot realise that sentiment with which the eye of antiquity dwelt on these sights of nature. To us all is law, order, necessity. We calculate the refractory power of the atmosphere, we measure the possible length of the dawn in every climate, and the rising of the sun is to us no greater surprise than the birth of a child. But if we could believe again that there was in the sun a being like our own, that in the dawn there was a soul open to human sympathy—if we could bring ourselves to look for a moment upon these powers as personal, free, and adorable, how different would be our feelings at the blush of day! That Titanic assurance with which we say, the sun *must* rise, was unknown to the early worshippers of nature, or if they also began to feel the regularity with which the sun and the other stars perform their daily labour, they still thought of free beings kept in temporary servitude, chained for a time, and bound to obey a higher will, but sure to rise, like Herakles, to a higher glory at the end of their labours. It seems to us childish when we read in the Veda such

expressions as, 'Will the Sun rise?' 'Will our old friend, the Dawn, come back again?' 'Will the powers of darkness be conquered by the God of light?' And when the Sun rose, they wondered how, but just born, he was so mighty, and strangled, as it were in his cradle, the serpents of the night. They asked how he could walk along the sky? why there was no dust on his road? why he did not fall backward?[1] But at last they greeted him like the poet of our own time—

Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!

and the human eye felt that it could not bear the brilliant majesty of Him whom they call 'the Life, the Breath, the brilliant Lord and Father.'

Thus sunrise was the revelation of nature, awakening in the human mind that feeling of dependence, of helplessness, of hope, of joy and faith in higher powers, which is the source of all wisdom, the spring of all religion. But if sunrise inspired the first prayers, called forth the first sacrificial flames, sunset was the other time when, again, the heart of man would tremble, and his mind be filled with awful thoughts. The shadows of night approach, the irresistible power of sleep grasps man in the midst of his pleasures, his friends depart, and in his loneliness his thoughts turn again to higher powers. When the day departs, the poet bewails the untimely death of his bright friend—nay, he sees in his short career the likeness of his own life. Perhaps, when he has fallen asleep, his sun may never rise again, and thus the place to which the setting sun withdraws in the

[1] *Cf. Le Mystère des Bardes*, par Henri Martin, 1869, p. 38.

far West rises before his mind as the abode where he himself would go after death, where 'his fathers went before him,' and where all the wise and the pious rejoice in a 'new life with Yama and Varuṇa.' Or he might look upon the sun, not as a short-lived hero, but as young, unchanging, and always the same, while generations after generations of mortal men were passing away: and hence, by the mere force of contrast, the first intimation of beings which do not wither and decay—of immortals, of immortality! Then the poet would implore the immortal sun to come again, to vouchsafe to the sleeper a new morning. The god of day would become the god of time, of life and death. Again, the evening twilight, the sister of the dawn, repeating, though with a more sombre light, the wonders of the morning, how many feelings must it have roused in the musing poet—how many poems must it have elicited in the living language of ancient times! Was it the dawn that came again to give a last embrace to him who had parted from her in the morning? Was she the immortal, the always returning goddess, and he the mortal, the daily dying sun? Or was she the mortal, bidding a last farewell to her immortal lover, burnt, as it were, on the same pile which would consume her, while he would rise to the seat of the gods?

Let us express these simple scenes in ancient language, and we shall find ourselves surrounded on every side by mythology full of contradictions and incongruities, the same being represented as mortal or immortal, as man or woman, as the poetical eye of man shifts its point of view and gives its own colour to the mysterious play of nature.

One of the myths of the Veda which expresses this correlation of the Dawn and the Sun, this love between the immortal and the mortal, and the identity of the Morning Dawn and the Evening Twilight, is the story of Urvasî and Purûravas. The two names Urvasî and Purûravas are to the Hindu mere proper names, and even in the Veda their original meaning has almost entirely faded away. There is a dialogue in the Rig-Veda between Urvasî and Purûravas, where both appear personified in the same manner as in the play of Kâlidâsa. The first point, therefore, which we have to prove is that Urvasî was originally an appellation, and meant dawn.

The etymology of Urvasî is difficult. It cannot be derived from urva by means of the suffix sa,[1] because there is no such word as urva, and because derivatives in sa, like romasá, yuvasá, etc., have the accent on the last syllable.[2] I therefore accept the common Indian explanation by which this name is derived from uru, wide (*εὐρυ*), and a root as, to pervade, and thus compare uru-asî with another frequent epithet of the Dawn, urûkî, the feminine of uru-ak, far-going. It was certainly one of the most striking features, and one by which the Dawn was distinguished from all the other dwellers in the heavens, that she occupies the wide expanse of the sky, and that her horses run, as it were, with the swiftness of thought round the whole horizon. Hence we find that names beginning with uru in

[1] Pâṇini, V. 2, 100.

[2] Other explanations of Urvasî may be seen in Professor Roth's edition of the Nirukta, and in the Sanskrit Dictionary published by him and Professor Boehtlingk.

Sanskrit, and with *εὐρυ* in Greek, are almost invariably old mythological names of the Dawn or the Twilight. The Earth also, it is true, claims this epithet, but in different combinations from those which apply to the bright goddess. Names of the Dawn are Euryphaessa, the mother of Helios; Eurykyde or Eurypyle, the daughter of Endymion; Eurymede the wife of Glaukos; Eurynome, the mother of the Charites; and Eurydike, the wife of Orpheus, whose character as an ancient god will be discussed hereafter. In the Veda the name of Ushas or Eos is hardly ever mentioned without some allusion to her far and wide spreading splendour; such as urviyâ vibhâti, she shines wide; urviyâ vikâkshe, looking far and wide; varîyasî, the widest,[1] whereas the light of the Sun is not represented as wide-stretching, but rather as far-darting.

But there are other indications besides the mere name of Urvasî, which lead us to suppose that she was originally the goddess of the dawn. Vasish*tha*, though best known as the name of one of the chief poets of the Veda, is the superlative of vasu, bright; and as such also a name of the Sun. Thus it hap-

[1] The name which approaches nearest to Urvasî in Greek might seem to be *Europe*, because the palatal *s* is occasionally, though irregularly, represented by a Greek *π*, as *ἀσυα* = *ἵππος*. The only difficulty is the long *ω* in Greek; otherwise Europe, carried away by the white bull (*vrishan*, man, bull, stallion, in the Veda a frequent appellation of the sun, and *sveta*, white, applied to the same deity); carried away on his back (the sun being frequently represented as behind or below the dawn, see *supra*, p. 100, and the myth of Eurydike on p. 275); again carried to a distant cave (the gloaming of the evening); and mother of Apollo, the god of daylight, or of Minos (Manu, a mortal Zeus)—all this would well agree with the goddess of the dawn.

pens that expressions which apply properly to the sun only were transferred to the ancient poet. He is called the son of Mitra and Varu*n*a, night and day, an expression which has a meaning only with regard to Vasish*th*a, the sun; and as the sun is frequently called the offspring of the dawn, Vasish*th*a, the poet, is said to owe his birth to Urvasî (Rv. VII. 33, 11). The peculiarity of his birth reminds us strongly of the birth of Aphrodite, as told by Hesiod.

Again, we find that in the few passages where the name of Urvasî occurs in the Rig-Veda, the same attributes and actions are ascribed to her which usually belong to Ushas, the Dawn.

It is frequently said of Ushas that she prolongs the life of man, and the same is said of Urvasî (V. 41, 19; X. 95, 10). In one passage (Rv. IV. 2, 18) Urvasî is even used in the plural, like ushasas, in the sense of many dawns or days increasing the life of man, which shows that the appellative power of the word was not yet quite forgotten. Again, she is called antarikshaprâ, filling the air, a usual epithet of the sun, b*ri*haddivâ, with mighty splendour, all indicating the bright presence of the dawn. However, the best proof that Urvasî was the dawn is the legend told of her and of her love for Purûravas, a story that is true only of the Sun and the Dawn. That Purûravas is an appropriate name of a solar hero requires hardly any proof. Purûravas meant the same as πολυδευκής, endowed with much light; for though rava is generally used of sound, yet the root ru, which means originally to cry, is also applied to colour[1] in the sense of a loud or crying colour, *i.e.*

[1] Thus it is said, Rv. VI. 3, 6, the fire cries with light, *so*kishâ

red (*cf. ruber, rufus*, Lith. *raûda*, O.H.G. *rôt, rudhira*, *ἐρυθρός*; also Sanskrit ravi, sun). Besides, Purûravas calls himself Vasish*tha*, which, as we know, is a name of the Sun; and if he is called Ai*da*, the son of Id*â*, the same name is elsewhere (Rv. III. 29, 3) given to Agni, the fire.

Now, the story in its most ancient form is found in the Brâhma*na* of the Ya*g*ur-Veda. There we read:—

'Urvasî, a kind of fairy, fell in love with Purûravas, the son of Id*â*, and when she met him, she said: "Embrace me three times a day, but never against my will, and let me never see you without your royal garments, for this is the manner of women." In this manner she lived with him a long time, and she was with child. Then her former friends, the Gandharvas, said: "This Urvasî has now dwelt a long time among mortals; let us see that she come back." Now, there was a ewe, with two lambs, tied to the couch of Urvasî and Purûravas, and the Gandharvas stole one of them. Urvasî said: "They take away my darling, as if I lived in a land where there is no hero and no man." They stole the second, and she upbraided her husband again. Then Purûravas looked and said: "How can that be a land without heroes or men where I am?" And

râ*r*apîti; the two Spartan Charites are called Κλητά (κλητά, *inclutа*) and Φαεννά, *i.e.* Clara, clear-shining (see Pausanias, iii. 18, 7, and Sonne, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. x. p. 363). In the Veda the rising sun is said to cry like a new-born child (Rv. IX. 74, 1). Professor Kuhn himself has evidently misunderstood my argument. I do not derive ravas from rap, but I only quote rap as illustrating the close connection between loudness of sound and brightness of light. See also Justi, *Orient und Occident*, vol. ii. p. 69.

naked, he sprang up; he thought it too long to put on his dress. Then the Gandharvas sent a flash of lightning, and Urvasî saw her husband naked as by daylight. Then she vanished; "I come back," she said—and went. Then he bewailed his vanished love in bitter grief; and went near Kurukshetra. There is a lake there, called Anyata*h*plaksha, full of lotus flowers, and while the king walked along its border, the fairies were playing there in the water, in the shape of birds. And Urvasî discovered him, and said:—

'"That is the man with whom I dwelt so long." Then her friends said: "Let us appear to him." She agreed, and they appeared before him. Then the king recognised her and said:—

'"Lo! my wife! stay, thou cruel in mind! let us now exchange some words! Our secrets, if they are not told now, will not bring us luck on any later day."

'She replied: "What shall I do with thy speech? I am gone like the first of the dawns. Purûravas, go home again! I am hard to be caught, like the wind."

'He said, in despair: "Then may thy former friend now fall down, never to rise again; may he go far, far away! May he lie down on the threshold of death, and may rabid wolves there devour him!"

'She replied: "Purûravas, do not die! do not fall down! let not evil wolves devour thee! there is no friendship with women: their hearts are the hearts of wolves. When I walked among mortals under a different form—when I dwelt with thee, four nights of the autumn, I ate once a-day a small piece of butter—and even now I feel pleasure from it."

'Thus, at last, her heart melted, and she said: "Come to me the last night of the year, and thou shalt be with me for one night, and a son will be born to thee." He went the last night of the year to the golden seats, and while he was alone, he was told to go up, and then they sent Urvasî to him. Then she said: "The Gandharvas will to-morrow grant thee a wish; choose!" He said: "Choose thou for me." She replied: "Say to them, let me be one of you." Early the next morn, the Gandharvas gave him his choice; but when he said "let me be one of you," they said: "That kind of sacred fire is not yet known among men by which he could perform a sacrifice and become one of ourselves." They then initiated Purûravas in the mysteries of a certain sacrifice, and when he had performed it, he became himself one of the Gandharvas.'

This is the simple story, told in the Brâhmana, and it is told there in order to show the importance of a peculiar rite, the rite of kindling the fire by friction, which is represented as the one by which Purûravas obtained immortality.[1] The verses quoted in the story are taken from the Rig-Veda, where we find, in the last book, together with many strange relics of popular poetry, a dialogue between the two celestial lovers. It consists of seventeen verses, while the author of the Brâhmana knew only fifteen. In one of the verses which he quotes, Urvasî says,

[1] A most interesting and ingenious explanation of this ceremony is given by Professor Kuhn, in his Essay, *Die Herabkunft des Feuers*, p. 79. The application of that ceremony to the old myth of Urvasî and Purûravas belongs clearly to a later age: it is an after-thought that could only arise with people who wished to find a symbolical significance in every act of their traditional ritual.

'I am gone for ever, like the first of the dawns,' which shows a strange glimmering of the old myth in the mind of the poet, and reminds us of the tears which the mother of Memnon shed over the corpse of her son, and which even by later poets are called morning dew. Again, in the fourth verse, Urvasî addressing herself, says: 'This person (that is to say, I), when she was wedded to him, O Dawn! she went to his house, and was embraced by him day and night.' Again, she tells Purûravas that he was created by the gods in order to slay the powers of darkness (dasyuhatyâya), a task invariably ascribed to Indra and other solar beings. Even the names of the companions of Urvasî point to the dawn, and Purûravas says:—

'When I, the mortal, threw my arms around those flighty immortals, they trembled away from me like a trembling doe, like horses that kick against the cart.'

No goddess is so frequently called the friend of man as the Dawn. 'She goes to every house' (I. 123, 4); 'she thinks of the dwelling of man' (I. 123, 1); 'she does not despise the small or the great' (I. 124, 6); 'she brings wealth' (I. 48, 1); 'she is always the same, immortal, divine' (I. 124, 4; I. 123, 8); 'she does not grow old' (I. 113, 15); 'she is the young goddess, but she makes man grow old' (I. 92, 11). Thus Purûravas called Urvasî 'the immortal among the mortals;' and, in his last verse, he addressed his beloved in the following words:—

'I, the brightest Sun, I hold Urvasî, her who fills the air (with light), who spreads out the sky. May the

blessing of thy kind deed be upon thee! Come back, the heart burns me.'

Then the poet says:—

'Thus the gods spake to thee, O son of Idâ: in order that thou, bound to death, mayest grow to be this (immortal), thy race should worship the gods with oblations! Then thou also wilt rejoice in heaven.'

We must certainly admit, that even in the Veda, the poets were as ignorant of the original meaning of Urvasî and Purûravas as Homer was of Tithonos, if not of Eos. To them they were heroes, indefinite beings—men, yet not men; gods, yet not gods. But to us, though placed at a much greater distance, they disclose their true meaning. As Wordsworth says:—

> Not unrejoiced, I see thee climb the sky
> In naked splendour, clear from mist and haze—

Antiquity spoke of the naked sun, and of the chaste dawn hiding her face when she had seen her husband. Yet she says she will come again. And after the sun has travelled through the world in search of his beloved, when he comes to the threshold of death and is going to end his solitary life, she appears again in the gloaming, the same as the dawn—as Eos in Homer begins and ends the day—and she carries him away to the golden seats of the immortals.[1]

I have selected this myth chiefly in order to show how ancient poetry is only the faint echo of ancient

[1] *Od.* v. 390, ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τρίτον ἦμαρ ἐϋπλόκαμος τέλεσ' Ἠώς. For different explanations of this and similar verses, see Völcker, *Ueber homerische Geographie und Weltkunde*, Hanover, 1830, p. 31.

language, and how it was the simple story of nature which inspired the early poet, and held before his mind that deep mirror in which he might see reflected the passions of his own soul. For the heart of man, as long as it knows but its own bitterness, is silent and sullen. It does not tell its love and its loss. There may be a mute poetry in solitary grief, but *Mnemosyne*, the musing goddess of recollection, is not a muse herself, though she is the mother of the muses. It is the sympathy with the grief of others which first gives utterance to the poet's grief, and opens the lips of a silent despair. And if his pain was too deep and too sacred, if he could not compare it to the suffering of any other human heart, the ancient poet had still the heart of nature to commune with, and in her silent suffering he saw a noble likeness of what he felt and suffered within himself. When, after a dark night, the light of the day returned, he thought of his own light that would never rise again. When he saw the Sun kissing the Dawn, he dreamt of days and joys gone for ever. And when the Dawn trembled, and grew pale, and departed, and when the Sun seemed to look for her, and to lose her the more his brilliant eye sought her, an image would rise in his mind, and he would remember his own fate and yet forget it, while telling in measured words the love and loss of the Sun. Such was the origin of poetry. Nor was the evening without its charms. And when, at the end of a dreary day, the Sun seemed to die away in the far West, still looking for his Eastern bride, and suddenly the heavens opened, and the glorious image of the Dawn rose again, her beauty deepened by a gloaming sadness—would not the poet

gaze till the last ray had vanished, and would not the last vanishing ray linger in his heart, and kindle there a hope of another life, where he would find again what he had loved and lost on earth?

> There is a radiant, though a short-lived flame,
> That burns for poets in the dawning east;
> And oft my soul has kindled at the same,
> When the captivity of sleep had ceased.

There is much suffering in nature to those who have eyes for silent grief, and it is this tragedy—the tragedy of nature—which is the lifespring of all the tragedies of the ancient world. The idea of a young hero, whether he is called Baldr, or Sigurd, or Sîfrit, or Achilles, or Meleager, or Kephalos, dying in the fullness of youth, a story so frequently told, localised, and individualised, was first suggested by the Sun, dying in all his youthful vigour either at the end of a day, conquered by the powers of darkness, or at the end of the sunny season, stung by the thorn of winter. Again, that fatal spell by which these sunny heroes must leave their first love, become unfaithful to her or she to them, was borrowed from nature. The fate of these solar heroes was inevitable, and it was their lot to die by the hand or by the unwilling treachery of their nearest friends or relatives. The Sun forsakes the Dawn, and dies at the end of the day, according to an inexorable fate, and bewailed by the whole of nature. Or the Sun is the Sun of Spring, who wooes the Earth, and then forsakes his bride and grows cold, and is killed at last by the thorn of Winter. It is an old story, but it is for ever new in the mythology and the legends of the ancient world. Thus

Baldr, in the Scandinavian Edda, the divine prototype of Sigurd and Sîfrit, is beloved by the whole world. Gods and men, the whole of nature, all that grows and lives, had sworn to his mother not to hurt the bright hero. The mistletoe alone, that does not grow on the earth, but on trees, had been forgotten, and with it Baldr is killed at the winter solstice :—

> So on the floor lay Balder, dead ; and round
> Lay thickly strewn, swords, axes, darts, and spears,
> Which all the gods in sport had idly thrown
> At Balder, whom no weapon pierced or clove :
> But in his breast stood fixt the fatal bough
> Of mistletoe, which Lok, the accuser, gave
> To Hoder, and unwitting Hoder threw :
> 'Gainst that alone had Balder's life no charm.

Thus Isfendiyar, in the Persian epic, cannot be wounded by any weapon, yet it is his fate to be killed by a thorn, which, as an arrow, is thrown into his eye by Rustem. Rustem, again, can only be killed by his brother ; Herakles, by the mistaken kindness of his wife ; Sîfrit, by the anxious solicitude of Kriemhilt, or by the jealousy of Brunhilt, whom he had forsaken. He is vulnerable in one spot only, like Achilles, and it is there where Hagene (the thorn) strikes him. All these are fragments of the universal solar tragedy. Nature was divided into two realms—the one dark, cold, wintry, and deathlike, the other bright, warm, vernal, and full of life. Sigurd, as the solar hero is called in the Edda, the descendant of Odin, slays the serpent Fafnir, and conquers the treasure on which Andvari, the dwarf, had pronounced his curse. This is the treasure of the Niflungs or Nibelungs, the treasure of the earth which the nebu-

lous powers of winter and darkness had carried away like robbers. The vernal sun wins it back, and like Demeter, rich in the possession of her restored daughter, the earth becomes for a time rich with all the treasures of spring.[1] He then, according to the Edda, delivers Brynhild, who had been doomed to a magic sleep after being wounded with a thorn by Odin, but who is now, like the spring after the sleep of winter, brought back to new life by the love of Sigurd. But he, the lord of the treasure (vasupati), is driven onward by his fate. He plights his troth to Brynhild, and gives her the fatal ring he had taken from the treasure. But he must leave her, and when he arrives at the castle of Gunnar, Gunnar's wife, Grimhild, makes him forget Brynhild, and he marries her daughter, Gudrun. Already his course begins to decline. He is bound to Gunnar, nay, he must conquer for him his own former bride, Brynhild, whom Gunnar now marries. Gunnar Gjukason seems to signify darkness, and thus we see that the awakening and budding spring is gone, carried away by Gunnar, like Proserpina by Pluto; like Sitâ by Râvaṇa. Gudrun, the daughter of Grimhild, and sometimes herself called Grimhild, whether the latter name meant summer (*cf.* gharma in Sanskrit), or the earth and nature in the latter part of the year, is a sister of the dark Gunnar, and though now married to the bright Sigurd, she belongs herself to the nebulous regions. Gunnar, who has forced Sigurd to yield him Brynhild, is now

[1] *Cf.* Rig-Veda, V. 47, 1: 'Prayuñgatî divaḥ eti bruvânâ mahî mâtâ duhituḥ bodhayantî, âvivâsantî yuvatiḥ manîshâ pitṛibhyaḥ â sadane gohuvânâ.' On mahî mâtâ = *Magna Mater*, see Grassmann, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. xvi. p. 169. Duhitur bodhayantî, inquiring for or finding her daughter.

planning the death of his kinsman, because Brynhild has discovered in Sigurd her former lover, and must have her revenge. Högni dissuades his brother Gunnar from the murder; but at last the third brother, Gudhorm, stabs Sigurd while he is asleep at the winter solstice. Brynhild has always loved him, and when her hero is killed she distributes the treasure, and is burnt, like Nanna, on the same pile with Sigurd, a sword being placed between the two lovers. Gudrun also bewails the death of her husband, but she forgets him, and marries Atli, the brother of Brynhild. Atli now claims the treasure from Gunnar and Högni, by right of his wife, and when they refuse to give it up, he invites them to his house, and makes them prisoners. Gunnar still refuses to reveal the spot where the treasure is buried till he sees the heart of Högni, his brother. A heart is brought him, but it quivers, and he says, 'This is not the heart of my brother.' The real heart of Högni is brought at last, and Gunnar says, 'Now I alone know where the treasure lies, and the Rhine shall rather have it than I will give it up to thee.' He is then bound by Atli, and thrown among serpents. But even the serpents he charms by playing on the harp with his teeth, till at last one viper crawls up to him, and kills him.

How much has this myth been changed, when we find it again in the poem of the Nibelunge as it was written down at the end of the twelfth century in Germany! All the heroes are Christians, and have been mixed up with historical persons of the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries. Gunther is localised in Burgundy, where we know that, in 435, a Gundicarius or Gundaharius happened to be a real king, the same who,

according to Cassiodorus, was vanquished first by Aetius, and afterwards by the Huns of Attila. Hence Atli, the brother of Brynhild, and the second husband of Gudrun (or Kriemhilt), is identified with Attila, the king of the Huns (453); nay, even the brother of Attila, Bleda, is brought in as Blödelin, the first who attacked the Burgundians, and was killed by Dankwart. Other historical persons were drawn into the vortex of the popular story, persons for whom there is no precedent at all in the Edda. Thus we find in the Nibelunge Dietrich von Bern, who is no other but Theodoric the Great (455–525), who conquered Odoacer in the battle of Ravenna (the famous Rabenschlacht), and lived at Verona, in German, Bern. Irenfried, again, introduced in the poem as the Landgrave of Thuringia, has been discovered to be Hermanfried, the king of Thuringia, married to Amalaberg, the niece of Theodoric. The most extraordinary coincidence, however, is that by which Sigurd, the lover of Brynhild, has been identified with Siegbert, king of Austrasia from 561 to 575, who was actually married to the famous Brunehault, who actually defeated the Huns, and was actually murdered under the most tragical circumstances by Fredegond, the mistress of his brother Chilperic. This coincidence between myth and history is so great, that it has induced some euhemeristic critics to derive the whole legend of the Nibelunge from Austrasian history, and to make the murder of Siegbert by Brunehault the basis of the murder of Sifrit or Sigurd by Brynhild. Fortunately, it is easier to answer these German than the old Greek euhemerists, for we find in contemporary history that Jornandes, who wrote his history

at least twenty years before the death of the Austrasian Siegbert, knew already the daughter of the mythic Sigurd, Swanhild, who was born, according to the Edda, after the murder of her father, and afterwards killed by Jörmunrek, whom the poem has again historicised in Hermanricus, a Gothic king of the fourth century.

Let us now apply to the Greek myths what we have learned from the gradual growth of this German myth. There are evidently historical facts round which the myth of Herakles has crystallised, only we cannot substantiate them so clearly as in the myth of the Nibelunge, because we have there no contemporaneous historical documents. Yet as the chief Herakles is represented as belonging to the royal family of Argos, there may have been a Herakles, perhaps the son of a king called Amphitryo, whose descendants, after a temporary exile, reconquered that part of Greece which had formerly been under the sway of Herakles. The traditions of the miraculous birth, of many of his heroic adventures, and of his death, were as little based on historical facts as the legends of Sîfrit. In Herakles killing the Hydra and similar monsters, we see the reflected image of the Delphian Apollo killing the worm, or of Zeus, the god of the brilliant sky, with whom Herakles shares in common the names of Idæos, Olympios, and Pangenetor. As the myth of Sigurd and Gunnar throws its last broken rays on the kings of Burgundy, and on Attila and Theodoric, the myth of the solar Herakles was realised in some semi-historical prince of Argos and Mykenæ. Herakles may have been the name of the national god of the Heraklidæ, and this

would explain the enmity of Hêrê, whose worship flourished in Argos before the Dorian immigration. What was formerly told of a god was transferred to Herakles, the leader of the Heraklidæ, the worshippers or sons of Herakles, while, at the same time, many local and historical facts connected with the Heraklidæ and their leaders may have been worked up with the myth of the divine hero. The idea of Herakles being, as it were, the bond-servant of Eurystheus is of solar origin—it is the idea of the sun fettered to his work, and toiling for men, his inferiors in strength and virtue.[1] Thus Sîfrit is toiling for Gunther, and even Apollo is for one year the slave of Laomedon—pregnant expressions, necessitated by the absence of more abstract verbs, and familiar even to modern poets:—

> 'As aptly suits therewith that modest pace
> Submitted to the chains
> That bind thee to the path which God ordains
> That thou shouldst trace.'

The later growth of epic and tragical poetry may be Greek, or Indian, or Teutonic; it may take the different colours of the different skies, the different warmth of the different climes; nay, it may attract and absorb much that is accidental and historical. But if we cut into it and analyse it, the blood that runs through all the ancient poetry is the same blood;

[1] The Peruvian Inca, Yupanqui, denied the pretension of the sun to be the doer of all things, for if he were free, he would go and visit other parts of the heavens where he had never been. He is, said the Inca, like a tied beast who goes ever round and round in the same track. *Garcilaso de la Vega*, part I. viii. 8. Acosta, *Historia del Nuevo Orbe*, cap. v. Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, p. 343. Brinton, *The Myths of the New World*, p. 55.

it is the ancient mythical speech. The atmosphere in which the early poetry of the Âryas grew up was mythological, it was impregnated with something that could not be resisted by those who breathed in it. It was like the siren voice of the modern rhyme, which has suggested so many common ideas to poets writing in a common language.

We know what Greek and Teutonic poets have made of their epic heroes; let us see now whether the swarthy Hindu has been able to throw an equally beautiful haze around the names of his mythical traditions.

The story of the loves of Purûravas and Urvasî has frequently been told by Hindu poets. We find it in their epic poems, in their Purâṇas, and in the Bṛihat-kathâ, the 'Great Story,' a collection of the popular legends of India. It has suffered many changes, yet even in Kâlidâsa's[1] play, of which I shall give a short abstract, we recognise the distant background, and we may admire the skill with which this poet has breathed new life and human feeling into the withered names of a language long forgotten.

The first act opens with a scene in the Himâlaya mountains. The nymphs of heaven, on returning from an assembly of the gods, have been attacked, and are mourning over the loss of Urvasî, who has been carried off by a demon. King Purûravas enters on his chariot, and on hearing the cause of their grief, hastens to the rescue of the nymph. He soon returns, after having vanquished the robber, and restores

[1] Professor Wilson has given the first and really beautiful translation of this play in his 'Hindu Theatre.' The original was published first at Calcutta, and has since been reprinted several times. The best edition is that published by Professor Bollensen.

Urvasî to her heavenly companions. But while he is carrying the nymph back to her friends in his chariot, he falls in love with her and she with him. He describes how he saw her slowly recovering from her terror:

'She recovers, though but faintly.
So gently steals the moon upon the night,
Retiring tardily; so peeps the flame
Of coming fires through smoky wreaths; and thus
The Ganges slowly clears her troubled wave,
Engulphs the ruin that the crumbling bank
Has hurled across her agitated course,
And flows a clear and stately stream again.'

When they part, Urvasî wishes to turn round once more to see Purûravas. She pretends that 'a straggling vine has caught her garland,' and, while feigning to disengage herself, she calls one of her friends to help her. Her friend replies,

'No easy task, I fear; you seem entangled
Too fast to be set free: but, come what may,
Depend upon my friendship.'

The eye of the king then meets that of Urvasî, and he exclaims,

'A thousand thanks, dear plant, to whose kind aid
I owe another instant, and behold
But for a moment, and imperfectly,
Those half-averted charms.'

In the second act we meet the king at Allahabad, his residence. He walks in the garden of the palace, accompanied by a Brahman, who acts the part of the gracioso in the Indian drama. He is the confidential companion of the king, and knows his love for Urvasî.

But he is so afraid of betraying what must remain a secret to everybody at court, and in particular to the queen, that he hides himself in a retired temple. There a female servant of the queen discovers him, and 'as a secret can no more rest in his breast than morning dew upon the grass,' she soon finds out from him why the king is so changed since his return from the battle with the demon, and carries the tale to the queen. In the meantime, the king is in despair, and pours out his grief—

'Like one contending with the stream,
And still borne backwards by the current's force.'

But Urvasî also is sighing for Purûravas, and we suddenly see her, with her friend, descending through the air to meet the king. Both are at first invisible to him, and listen to the confession of his love. Then Urvasî writes a verse on a birch-leaf, and lets it fall near the bower where her beloved reclines. Next, her friend becomes visible; and, at last, Urvasî herself is introduced to the king. After a few moments, however, both Urvasî and her friend are called back by a messenger of the gods, and Purûravas is left alone with his jester. He looks for the leaf on which Urvasî had first disclosed her love, but it is lost, carried away by the wind:

'Breeze of the south, the friend of love and spring,
Though from the flower you steal the fragrant down
To scatter perfume, yet why plunder me
Of these dear characters, her own fair hand,
In proof of her affection, traced? Thou knowest,
The lonely lover that in absence pines,
Lives on such fond memorials.'

But worse than this, the leaf is picked up by the queen, who comes to look for the king in the garden. There is a scene of matrimonial upbraiding, and, after a while, her majesty goes off in a hurry, like a river in the rainy season. The king is doubly miserable, for though he loves Urvasî, he acknowledges a respectful deference for his queen. At last he retires :—

> 'Tis past midday, exhausted by the heat,
> The peacock plunges in the scanty pool
> That feeds the tall tree's root: the drowsy bee
> Sleeps in the hollow chamber of the lotus,
> Darkened with closing petals; on the brink
> Of the now tepid lake the wild duck lurks
> Amongst the sedgy shades; and, even here,
> The parrot from his wiry bower complains,
> And calls for water to allay his thirst.'

At the beginning of the third act we are first informed of what befel Urvasî, when she was recalled to Indra's heaven. She had to act before Indra—her part was that of the goddess of beauty, who selects Vishnu for her husband. One of the names of Vishnu is Purushottama, and poor Urvasî, when called upon to confess whom she loves, forgetting the part she has to act, says, 'I love Purûravas,' instead of 'I love Purushottama.' The author of the play was so much exasperated by this mistake, that he pronounced a curse upon Urvasî, that she should lose her divine knowledge. But when the performance was over, Indra observing her as she stood apart, ashamed and disconsolate, called her. The mortal who engrossed her thoughts, he said, had been his friend in the hours of peril; he had aided him in conflict with the enemies of the gods, and was entitled to his

acknowledgments. She should, accordingly, repair to the monarch, and remain with him 'till he beholds the offspring she shall bear him.'

A second scene opens, in the garden of the palace. The king has been engaged in the business of the state, and retires as the evening approaches:

> 'So ends the day, the anxious cares of state
> Have left no interval for private sorrow.
> But how to pass the night? its dreary length
> Affords no promise of relief.'

A messenger arrives from the queen, apprising his majesty that she desires to see him on the terrace of the pavilion. The king obeys—and ascends the crystal steps while the moon is just about to rise, and the east is tinged with red.

> '*King.*—'Tis even so; illumined by the rays
> Of his yet unseen orb, the evening gloom
> On either hand retires, and in the midst
> The horizon glows, like a fair face that smiles
> Betwixt the jetty curls on either brow
> In clusters pendulous. I could gaze for ever.'

As he is waiting for the queen, his desire for Urvaśi is awakened again:

> 'In truth, my fond desire
> Becomes more fervid as enjoyment seems
> Remote, and fresh impediments obstruct
> My happiness—like an impetuous torrent,
> That, checked by adverse rocks, awhile delays
> Its course, till high with chafing waters swollen
> It rushes past with aggravated fury.
> As spreads the moon its lustre, so my love
> Grows with advancing night.'

On a sudden Urvasî enters on a heavenly car, acompanied by her friend. They are invisible again, and listen to the king; but the moment that Urvasî is about to withdraw her veil, the queen appears. She is dressed in white, without any ornaments; and comes to propitiate her husband, by taking a vow.

'*King.*—In truth she pleases me. Thus chastely robed
In modest white, her clustering tresses decked
With sacred flowers alone, her haughty mien
Exchanged for meek devotion—thus arrayed
She moves with heightened charms.

'*Queen.*—My gracious lord, I would perform a rite,
Of which you are the object, and must beg you
Bear with the inconvenience that my presence
May for brief time occasion you.

'*King.*—You do me wrong; your presence is a favour,
. . . . Yet trust me, it is needless
To wear this tender form, as slight and delicate
As the lithe lotus stem, with rude austerity.
In me behold your slave, whom to propitiate
Claims not your care—your favour is his happiness.

'*Queen.*—Not vain my vow, since it already wins me
My lord's complacent speech.'

Then the queen performs her solemn vow; she calls upon the god of the moon—

'Hear, and attest
The sacred promise that I make my husband!
Whatever nymph attract my lord's regard,
And share with him the mutual bonds of love,
I henceforth treat with kindness and complacency.'

The Brahman (the confidential friend of the king),

apart to Purûravas—

'The culprit that escapes before his hand is cut off determines never to run such a risk again.' (Aloud.) 'What then; is his majesty indifferent to your grace?'

'*Queen.*—Wise sir, how think you—to promote his happiness
I have resigned my own. Does such a purpose
Prove him no longer dear to me?

'*King.*—I am not what you doubt me; but the power
Abides with you: do with me as you will.
Give me to whom you please, or if you please,
Retain me still your slave.

'*Queen.*—Be what you list;
My vow is plighted—nor in vain the rite,
If it afford you satisfaction. Come
Hence, girls; 'tis time we take our leave.

'*King.*—Not so:
So soon to leave me is no mark of favour.

'*Queen.*—You must excuse me; I may not forego
The duties I have solemnly incurred.'

It does not bring out the character of the king under a very favourable light, that this scene of matrimonial reconciliation, when the queen acts a part which we should hardly expect on an Oriental stage, should be followed immediately by the apparition of Urvasî. She has been present, though invisible, during the preceding conversation between him and his queen, and she now advances behind the king, and covers his eyes with her hands.

'It must be Urvasî (the king says);
No other hand could shed such ecstasy
Through this emaciate frame. The solar ray

Wakes not the night's fair blossom ; that alone
Expands when conscious of the moon's dear presence.'[1]

Urvasî takes the resignation of the queen in good earnest, and claims the king as granted her by right. Her friend takes leave, and she now remains with Purûravas as his beloved wife.

'*Urvasî.*—I lament
I caused my lord to suffer pain so long.

'*King.*—Nay, say not so! The joy that follows grief
Gains richer zest from agony foregone.
The traveller who, faint, pursues his track
In the fierce day alone can tell how sweet
The grateful shelter of the friendly tree.'

The next act is the gem of the whole play, though it is very difficult to imagine how it was performed without a *mise en scène* such as our modern theatres would hardly be able to afford. It is a melo-dramatic intermezzo, very different in style from the rest of the play. It is all in poetry, and in the most perfect and highly elaborate metres. Besides, it is not written in Sanskrit, but in Prâkrit, the *lingua vulgaris* of India, poorer in form, but more melodious in sound than Sanskrit. Some of the verses are like airs to be performed by a chorus, but the stage directions which are given in the MSS. are so technical as to make their exact interpretation extremely difficult.

[1] This refers to a very well-known legend. There is one lotus which expands its flowers at the approach of the sun and closes them during night ; while another, the beloved of the moon, expands them during night and closes them during day-time. We have a similar myth of the *daisy*, the Anglo-Saxon *dæges eâge*, day's eye, Wordsworth's darling.

We first have a chorus of nymphs, deploring the fate of Urvasî. She had been living with the king in the groves of a forest, in undisturbed happiness —

'Whilst wandering pleasantly along the brink
Of the Mandâkinî, a nymph of air,
Who gambolled on its sandy shore, attracted
The monarch's momentary glance—and this
Aroused the jealous wrath of Urvasî.
Thus incensed
She heedlessly forgot the law that bars
All female access from the hateful groves
Of Kârtikeya. Trespassing the bounds
Proscribed, she suffers now the penalty
Of her transgression, and, to a slender vine
Transformed, there pines till time shall set her free.'

Mournful strains are heard in the air—

'Soft voices low sound in the sky,
Where the nymphs a companion deplore
And lament, as together they fly,
The friend they encounter no more.

'So sad and melodious awakes
The plaint of the swan o'er the stream
When the red lotus blossoms, as breaks
On the wave the day's orient beam.

'Amidst the lake where the lotus, shining,
Its flowers unfold to the sunny beam,
The swan, for her lost companion pining,
Swims sad and slow o'er the lonely stream.'

The king now enters, his features expressing insanity—his dress disordered. The scene represents a wild forest, clouds gathering overhead, elephants, deer, peacocks, and swans are seen. Here are rocks

and waterfalls, lightning and rain. The king first rushes frantically after a cloud which he mistakes for a demon that carried away his bride.

'Hold, treacherous friend; suspend thy flight—forbear:
Ah! whither wouldst thou bear my beauteous bride?
And now his arrows sting me; thick as hail,
From yonder peak, whose sharp top pierces heaven,
They shower upon me.'

[*Rushes forward as to the attack, then pauses, and looks upwards.*]

'It is no demon, but a friendly cloud,—
No hostile quiver, but the bow of Indra;
The cooling rain-drops fall, not barbed shafts,—
And I mistake the lightning for my love.'

These raving strains are interrupted by airs, bewailing the fate of the separated lovers; but it is impossible to give an idea of the real beauty of the whole, without much fuller extracts than we are able to give. The following passages may suffice:—

'Ah me! whatever I behold but aggravates
My woe. These bright and pendulous flowers,
Surcharged with dew, resemble those dear eyes,
Glistening with starting tears. How shall I learn
If she have passed this way?'

He addresses various birds, and asks them whether they have seen his love,—the peacock, 'the bird of the dark blue throat and eye of jet,'—the cuckoo, 'whom lovers deem Love's messenger,'—the swans, 'who are sailing northward, and whose elegant gait betrays that they have seen her,'—the *k*akravâka, 'a bird who, during the night, is himself separated from his mate,'—but none give answer. Neither he,

nor the bees who murmur amidst the petals of the lotus, nor the royal elephant, that reclines with his mate under the kadamba tree, has seen the lost one.

'*King.*—From his companion he accepts the bough,
Her trunk has snapped from the balm-breathing tree—
How rich with teeming shoots and juicy fragrance.
He crushes it.
Deep on the mountain's breast,
A yawning chasm appears—such shades are ever
Haunts of the nymphs of air and earth. Perchance,
My Urvasî now lurks within the grotto,
In cool seclusion. I will enter.—All
Is utter darkness. Would the lightning's flash
Now blaze to guide me— No, the cloud disdains—
Such is my fate perverse—to shed for me
Its many-channelled radiance. Be it so.
I will retire—but first the rock address.

Air.

'With horny hoofs and a resolute breast,
The boar through the thicket stalks;
He ploughs up the ground, as he plies his quest
In the forest's gloomiest walks.

'Say, mountain, whose expansive slope confines
The forest verge,—oh tell me, hast thou seen
A nymph, as beauteous as the bride of love,
Mounting, with slender frame, thy steep ascent
Or, wearied, resting in thy crowning woods?
How! no reply? remote, he hears me not,—
I will approach him nearer.

Air.

'From the crystal summits the glistening springs
Rush down the flowery sides,

And the spirit of heaven delightedly sings,
As among the peaks he hides.
Say, mountain so favoured,—have the feet
Of my fair one pressed this calm retreat?

'Now, by my hopes, he answers! He has seen her:
Where is she?—say. Alas! again deceived.
Alone I hear the echo of my words,
As round the cavern's hollow mouth they roll,
And multiplied return. Ah, Urvasî!
Fatigue has overcome me. I will rest
Upon the borders of this mountain torrent,
And gather vigour from the breeze that gleans
Refreshing coolness from its gelid waves.
Whilst gazing on the stream whose new swoln waters
Yet turbid flow, what strange imaginings
Possess my soul, and fill it with delight.
The rippling wave is like her arching brow;
The fluttering line of storks, her timid tongue;
The foamy spray, her white loose floating robe;
And this meandering course the current tracks,
Her undulating gait. All these recall
My soon-offended love. I must appease her . . . .
I'll back to where my love first disappeared.
Yonder the black deer couchant lies; of him
I will inquire. Oh, antelope, behold . . . .
How! he averts his gaze, as if disdaining
To hear my suit! Ah no, he, anxious, marks
His doe approach him; tardily she comes,
Her frolic fawn impeding her advance.'

At last the king finds a gem, of ruddy radiance; it is the gem of union, which, by its mighty spell, should restore Urvasî to her lover. He holds it in his hands, and embraces the vine, which is now transformed into Urvasî. The gem is placed on

Urvasî's forehead, and the king and his heavenly queen return to Allahabad.

'Yonder cloud
Shall be our downy car, to waft us swift
And lightly on our way; the lightning's wave
Its glittering banners; and the bow of Indra (the rainbow)
Hangs as its over-arching canopy
Of variegated and resplendent hues.'

[*Exeunt on the cloud. Music.*]

The fifth and last act begins with an unlucky incident. A hawk has borne away the ruby of reunion. Orders are sent to shoot the thief, and, after a short pause, a forester brings the jewel and the arrow by which the hawk was killed. An inscription is discovered on the shaft, which states that it belonged to Âyus, the son of Urvasî and Purûravas. The king is not aware that Urvasî has ever borne him a son; but while he is still wondering, a female ascetic enters, leading a boy with a bow in his hand. It is Âyus, the son of Urvasî, whom his mother confided to the pious *K*yavana, who educated him in the forest, and now sends him back to his mother. The king soon recognises Âyus as his son. Urvasî also comes to embrace him:—

'Her gaze intent
Is fixed upon him, and her heaving bosom
Has rent its veiling scarf.'

But why has she concealed the birth of this child? and why is she now suddenly bursting into tears? She tells the king herself,

'When for your love I gladly left the courts
Of heaven, the monarch thus declared his will:
"Go, and be happy with the prince, my friend;
But when he views the son that thou shalt bear him,
Then hitherward direct thy prompt return." . . . .
The fated term expires, and to console
His father for my loss, he is restored.
I may no longer tarry.

'*King.*—The tree that languished in the summer's blaze
Puts forth, reviving, as young rain descends,
Its leafy shoots, when lo! the lightning bursts
Fierce on its top, and fells it to the ground.

'*Urvasî.*—But what remains for me? my task on earth
Fulfilled. Once gone, the king will soon forget me.

'*King.*—Dearest, not so. It is no grateful task
To tear our memory from those we love.
But we must bow to power supreme: do you
Obey your lord; for me, I will resign
My throne to this my son, and with the deer
Will henceforth mourn amidst the lonely woods.'

Preparations are made for the inauguration of the young king, when a new *deus ex machina* appears—Narada, the messenger of Indra.

'*Messenger.*—May your days be many! King, attend:
The mighty Indra, to whom all is known,
By me thus intimates his high commands.
Forego your purpose of ascetic sorrow,
And Urvasî shall be through life united
With thee in holy bonds.'

After this all concludes happily. Nymphs descend from heaven with a golden vase containing the water of the heavenly Ganges, a throne, and other paraphernalia, which they arrange. The prince is in-

augurated as partner of the empire, and all go together to pay their homage to the queen, who had so generously resigned her rights in favour of Urvasî, the heavenly nymph.

Here, then, we have the full flower whose stem we trace through the Purâṇas and the Mahâbhârata to the Brâhmaṇas and the Veda, while the seed lies buried deep in that fertile stratum of language from which all the Aryan dialects draw their strength and nourishment. Mr. Carlyle had seen deep into the very heart of mythology when he said, 'Thus, though tradition may have but one root, it grows, like a banian, into a whole over-arching labyrinth of trees.' The root of all the stories of Purûravas and Urvasî, were short proverbial expressions, of which ancient dialects are so fond. Thus—'Urvasî loves Purûravas,' meant 'the sun rises;' 'Urvasî sees Purûravas naked,' meant 'the dawn is gone;' 'Urvasî finds Purûravas again,' meant 'the sun is setting.' The names of Purûravas and Urvasî are of Indian growth, and we cannot expect to find them identically the same in other Aryan dialects. But the same ideas pervade the mythological language of Greece. There one of the many names of the dawn was Eurydike (p. 406). The name of her husband is, like many Greek words, inexplicable, but Orpheus is the same word as the Sanskrit *Ri*bhu or Arbhu, which, though it is best known as the name of the three *Ri*bhus, was used in the Veda as an epithet of Indra, and a name also of the sun. The old story then, was this: 'Eurydike is bitten by a serpent (*i.e.* by the night), she dies, and descends into the lower regions. Orpheus follows her, and obtains from the

gods that his wife should follow him if he promised not to look back. Orpheus promises,—ascends from the dark world below; Eurydike is behind him as he rises, but, drawn by doubt or by love, he looks round;—the first ray of the sun glances at the dawn, —and the dawn fades away.' There may have been an old poet of the name of Orpheus,—for old poets delight in solar names; but, whether he existed or not, certain it is, that the story of Orpheus and Eurydike was neither borrowed from a real event, nor invented without a motive. In India also, the myth of the *Ri*bhus has taken a local and historical colouring by a mere similarity of names. A man, or a tribe of the name of *Bri*bu (Rv. VI. 45, 31–33),[1] was admitted into the Brahmanic community. They were carpenters, and had evidently rendered material assistance to the family of a Vedic chief, Bharadvâga. As they had no Vaidik gods, the *Ri*bhus were made over to them, and many things were ascribed to these gods which originally applied only to the mortal *Bri*bus. These historical realities will never yield to a mythological analysis, while the truly mythological answers at once if we only know how to test it. There is a way by which that ancient dialect can be retranslated into the common language of the Aryans.

I must come to a close; but it is difficult to leave a subject in which, as in an arch, each stone by itself threatens to fall, while the whole arch would stand the strongest pressure. One myth more.—We have seen how the sun and the dawn have suggested

[1] This explains the passage in *Manu* X. 107, and shows how it ought to be corrected.

so many expressions of love, that we may well ask, did the Aryan nations, previous to their separation, know the most ancient of the gods, the god of love? Was Eros known at that distant period of awakening history, and what was meant by the name by which the Aryans called him? The common etymology derives Eros from a Sanskrit root, *vri* or var, which means to choose, to select.

Now, if the name of love had first been coined in our ball-rooms, such an etymology might be defensible, but surely the idea of weighing, comparing, and prudently choosing could not have struck a strong and genuine heart as the most prominent feature of love. Let us imagine, as well as we can, the healthy and strong feelings of a youthful race of men, free to follow the call of their hearts—unfettered by the rules and prejudices of a refined society, and controlled only by those laws which nature and the graces have engraved on every human heart. Let us imagine such hearts suddenly lighted up by love,—by a feeling of which they knew not either whence it came and whither it would carry them; an impulse they did not even know how to name. If they wanted a name for it, where could they look? Was not love to them like an awakening from sleep? Was it not like a morn radiating with heavenly splendour over their souls, pervading their hearts with a glowing warmth, purifying their whole being like a fresh breeze, and illuminating the whole world around them with a new light? If it was so, there was but one name by which they could express love,—there was but one similitude for the roseate bloom that betrays the

dawn of love—it was the blush of the day, the rising of the sun. 'The sun has risen,' they said, where we say, 'I love;' 'the sun has set,' they said, where we say, 'I have loved.'

And this, which we might have guessed, if we could but throw off the fetters of our own language, is fully confirmed by an analysis of ancient speech. The name of the dawn in Sanskrit is ushas, the Greek Ἔως, both feminine. But the Veda knows also a masculine dawn, or rather a dawning sun (Agni aushasya, Ἑῷος), and in this sense Ushas might be supposed to have taken in Greek the form of Ἔρως. S is frequently changed into r. In Sanskrit it is a general rule that s followed by a media becomes r. In Greek we have the Lakonic forms in *ορ* instead of *ος* (Ahrens, 'D. D.' § 8); in Latin, an r between two vowels often exists in ancient inscriptions under the more original form of s (*asa*=*ara*). The very word ushas has in Latin taken the form of *aurora*, which is derived from an intermediate *auros*, *auroris*, like *flora*, from *flos*, *floris*.

But, however plausible such analogies may seem, it is only throwing dust in our eyes if comparative philologists imagine they can establish in this manner the transition of a Sanskrit sh into a Greek r. No, whatever analogies other dialects may exhibit, no Sanskrit sh between two vowels has ever as yet been proved to be represented by a Greek r. Therefore Eros cannot be Ushas.

And yet the name of Eros was originally that of the dawning sun. The sun in the Veda is frequently called the runner, the quick racer, or simply the horse, while in the more humanised mythology of Greece,

and also in many parts of the Veda, he is represented as standing on his cart, which in the Veda is drawn by two, seven, or ten horses, while in Greek we also have the quadriga:—

"Αρματα μὲν τάδε λαμπρὰ τεθρίππων
"Ηλιος ἤδη λάμπει κατὰ γῆν.

These horses are called haritas; they are always feminine. They are called bhadrâs, happy or joyful (I. 115, 3); *k*itrâs, many-coloured (I. 115, 3); ghr*i*tâk*i*s and ghr*i*tasnâs, bathed in dew (IV. 6, 9); svañkas, with beautiful steps; vîtapr*i*shthâs, with lovely backs (V. 45, 10). Thus we read:

Rv. IX. 63, 9. 'The Sun has yoked the ten Harits for his journey.'

Rv. I. 50, 8. 'The seven Harits bring thee, O bright Sun, on thy cart.'

Rv. IV. 13, 3. 'The seven Harits bring him, the Sun, the spy of the world.'

In other passages, however, they take a more human form, and as the Dawn which is sometimes called simply asvâ, the mare, is well known by the name of the sister, these Harits also are called the Seven Sisters (VII. 66, 15); and in one passage (IX. 86, 37) they appear as 'the Harits with beautiful wings.' After this I need hardly say that we have here the prototype of the Grecian 'Charites.'[1]

I should like to follow the track which this recognition of the Charites, as the Sanskrit Haritas,

[1] This point has been more fully discussed in the Second Series of my *Lectures on the Science of Language*, p. 408 *seq.* (1880).

opens to comparative mythology; but I must return to Eros, in whose company they so frequently appear. If, according to the laws which regulate the metamorphosis of common Aryan words adopted in Greek or Sanskrit, we try to transliterate ἔρως into Sanskrit, we find that its derivative suffix ως, ωτος is the same as the termination of the participle of the perfect. This termination is commonly represented in Sanskrit by vas, nom. masc. vân, fem. ushî, neut. vat, and this, though very different grammatically, may etymologically be considered as a parallel form of the originally possessive suffix vat, nom. masc. vân, fem. vatî, neut. vat. There being no short e in Sanskrit, and a Greek ρ corresponding to a Sanskrit r, ἔρως, ἔρωτος, if it existed at all in Sanskrit, would have had the form of ar-vas, nom. árvân, gen. ár-ushas. Now it is true that we do not find in Sanskrit ár-vân, gen. ár-ushas, with any meaning that approaches the Greek ἔρως. But we find ár-vat, gen. ár-vatas, which in the later Sanskrit means a horse, and which in the Veda has retained traces of its radical power, and still displays the sense of quick, running, vehement. This very word is applied to the Sun, so that in some passages it stands as the name of the Sun, while in others it is used as a substantive, meaning horse or rider. Thus, through the irresistible influence of the synonymous character of ancient language, and without any poetical effort on the part of the speaker, those who spoke of the sun as arvat, spoke and thought at the same time of a horse or rider. The word arvat, though intended only to express the rapid sun, set other ideas vibrating which gradually changed the

sun into a horse or a horseman. Arvat means simply horse in passages like I. 91, 20:

'The god Soma gives us the cow; Soma gives us the quick horse; Soma gives a strong son.'

It means horseman or runner, Rv. I. 152, 5:

'The rider is born without a horse, without a bridle.'

The rider who is meant here is the rising sun, and there is a whole hymn addressed to the sun as a horse. Nay, the growth of language and thought is so quick that in the Veda the myth turns, so to speak, back upon itself; and one of the poets (I. 163, 2) praises the bright Vasus, because 'out of the sun they have wrought a horse.' Thus árvat becomes by itself, without any adjective or explanation, the name for sun, like sûrya, âditya, or any other of his old titles. Rv. I. 163, 3, the poet tells the sun, 'Thou, O Arvat (horse), art Âditya' (the sun); and (VI. 12, 6), Agni, or the fire of the sun, is invoked by the same name: 'Thou, O Arvat, keep us from evil report! O Agni, lighted with all the fires! thou givest treasures, thou sendest away all evils; let us live happy for hundred winters; let us have good offspring.'

Before we can show how the threads of this name of the sun in India enter into the first woof of the god of love in Greece, we have still to observe that sometimes the horses, *i.e.* the rays of the sun, are called not only harítas, but rohítas (or róhitâs) and árushîs (or arushâs). Rv. I. 14, 12: 'Yoke the A'rushîs to thy cart, O bright Agni! the Haríts, the Rohíts! with them bring the gods to us!' These names may have been originally mere adjectives,

meaning red, bright, or brown,[1] but they soon grew into names of certain animals belonging to certain gods, according to their different colour and character. Thus we read:

Rv. II. 10, 2. 'Hear thou, the brilliant Agni, my prayer; whether the two black horses (syâvấ) bring thy cart, or the two ruddy (róhitâ), or the two red horses (arushấ).'

And again:

Rv. VII. 42, 2. 'Yoke the Haríts and the Rohíts, or the Arushâs which are in thy stable.'

A'rushî, by itself, is also used for cow; for instance, VIII. 55, 3, where a poet says that he has received four hundred cows (árushînâm *śátuh*-satam). These árushîs, or bright cows, belong more particularly to the Dawn, and instead of saying 'the day dawns,' the old poets of the Veda say frequently, 'the bright cows return' (Rv. I. 92, 1). We found that the Haríts were sometimes changed into seven sisters, and thus the A'rushîs also, originally the bright cows, underwent the same metamorphosis:

Rv. X. 5, 5. 'He brought the Seven Sisters, the A'rushîs (the bright cows):' or (X. 8, 3), 'When the sun flew up, the A'rushîs refreshed their bodies in the water.'

Sanskrit scholars need hardly be told that this árushî is in reality the feminine of a form árvas, nom. árvân, gen. árushas, while árvatî is the feminine of ár-vat, nom. árvâ, gen. árvatas. As vid-

[1] Poi che l'altro mattin la bella Aurora
L'aer seren fè bianco e rosso e giallo.—Ariosto, xxiii. 52.

Sì che le bianche e le vermiglie guance,
Là dove io era, della bella Aurora,
Per troppa etate divenivan rance.—Dante, *Purgatorio*, ii. 7.

vâ'n, knowing, forms its feminine vidúshî (*kikitvâ'n*, *kikitúshî*), so árvâ(*n*) leads to árushî, a form which fully explains the formation of the feminine of the past participle in Greek. This may be shown by the following equation:—vidvâ'n : vidúshî=*εἰδώς* : *εἰδυῖα*. This feminine árushî is important for our purpose, because it throws new light on the formation of another word, viz. arushá, a masculine, meaning bright or red, and in the Veda a frequent epithet of the sun. Arushá, gen. ásya, follows the weak declension, and árushî is by Sanskrit grammarians considered as the regular feminine of arushá. Arushá, as compared with the participial form ar-vas, is formed like *διάκτορος, ου*, instead of *διάκτωρ, ορος*; like Latin *vasum, i*, instead of *vas, vasis*; like Prâkrit *karanteshu*, instead of *karatsu*; like Modern Greek *ἡ νύκτα*, instead of *ἡ νύξ*.

This arushá, as applied in the Veda to bright and solar deities, brings us as near to the Greek Eros as we can expect. It is used in the sense of bright:

Rv. VII. 75, 6. 'The red bright horses are seen bringing to us the brilliant Dawn.'

The horses[1] of Indra, of Agni, of Bṛihaspati, as quick as the wind, and as bright as suns, who lick the udder of the dark cow, the night, are called arushá; the smoke which rises from the burning sun at daybreak, the limbs of the sun with which he climbs the sky, the thunderbolt which Indra throws,

[1] 'Arusha, si voisin d'Aruṇa (cocher du soleil), et d'Arus (le soleil), se retrouve en Zend sous la forme d'Aurusha (dont Anquetil fait Eorosh, l'oiseau), les chevaux qui traînent Serosh.'—Burnouf, Bhâgavata-Purâṇa, p. LXXIX.

the fire which is seen by day and by night, all are called arushá. 'He who fills heaven and earth with light, who runs across the darkness along the sky, who is seen among the black cows of the night,' he is called arushá or the bright hero (arushó vríshâ).

And this bright solar hero, whether Agni[1] or Sûrya, is in the Veda, as in Greek mythology, represented as a child.

Rv. III. 1, 4. 'The Seven Sisters have nursed him, the joyful, the white one, as he was born, the red one (Arusha), by growth; the horses came as to a foal that is born; the gods brought up Agni when he was born.'

Arusha is applied to the young sun in the Veda; the sun who drives away the dark night, and sends his first ray to awaken the world:

Rv. VII. 71, 1. 'Night goes away from her sister, the Dawn; the dark one opens the path for Arusha.'

Though in some of his names there is an unintentional allusion to his animal character, he soon takes a purely human form. He is called Nṛikakshâs (III. 15, 3), 'having the eyes of a man;' and even his wings, as Grimm[2] will be glad to learn, have begun to grow in the Veda, where once, at least (V. 47, 3), he is called Arushâḥ suparnás, 'the bright sun with beautiful wings:'

Τὸν δ' ἤτοι θνητοὶ μὲν Ἔρωτα καλοῦσι ποτηνόν,
Ἀθάνατοι δὲ Πτέρωτα, διὰ πτεροφύτορ' ἀνάγκην.

[1] How the god Kâma was grafted on Agni, may be seen from later passages in the Atharva-veda, the Taittiriya-sanhitâ, and some of the Gṛihya-sûtras.—*Indische Studien*, vol. v. pp. 224–226.

[2] See Jacob Grimm's *Essay on the God of Love*.

As Eros is the child of Zeus, Arusha is called the child of Dyaus (Divâḥ sísus).

Rv. IV. 15, 6. 'Him, the god Agni, they adorn and purify every day like a strong horse—like Arushá (the bright sun), the child of Dyaus (heaven).'

Rv. VI. 49, 2. 'Let us worship Agni, the child of Dyaus, the son of strength, Arushá, the bright light of the sacrifice.'

This deity is the first of the gods, for he comes (V. 1, 5) agre ahnâm, 'at the point of the days;' ushasâm agre (VII. 8, 1; X. 45, 5), 'at the beginning of the dawns;' but in one passage two daughters are ascribed to him, different in appearance—the one decked with the stars, the other brilliant by the light of the sun—Day and Night, who are elsewhere called the daughters of the Sun. As the god of love, in the Greek sense of the word, Arusha does not occur, neither has love, as a mere feeling, been deified in the Veda under any name. Kâma, who is the god of love in the later Sanskrit, never occurs in the Veda with personal or divine attributes, except in one passage of the tenth book, and here love is rather represented as a power of creation than as a personal being. But there is one other passage in the Veda, where Kâma, love, is clearly applied to the rising sun. The whole hymn (II. 38, 6) is addressed to Savitar, the sun. It is said, 'He rises as a mighty flame—he stretches out his wide arms—he is even like the wind. When he stops his horses, all activity ceases, and the night follows in his track. But before the night has half finished her weaving, the sun rises again. Then Agni goes to all men and to

all houses; his light is powerful, and his mother, the Dawn, gives him the best share, the first worship among men.' Then the poet goes on:

'He came back, with wide strides, longing for victory; the love of all men came near. The eternal approached, leaving the work (of Night) half-done; he followed the command of the heavenly Savitar.'

'The love of all men,' may mean he who is loved by all men, or who grants their wishes to all men; yet I do not think it is by accident that Kâma, love, is thus applied to the rising sun.

Even in the latest traditions of the Purâṇas, the original solar character of the god of love, the beloved of the Dawn, was not quite forgotten. For we find that one of the names given to the son of Kâma, to Aniruddha,[1] the irresistible (*ἀνίκατος μάχαν*), is Ushâpati, the lord of the Dawn.

If we place clearly before our mind all the ideas and allusions which have clustered round the names of Arvat and Arusha in the Veda, the various myths told of Eros, which at first seem so contradictory, become perfectly intelligible. He is in Hesiod the oldest of the gods, born when there exist as yet only Chaos and Earth. In the Veda we have 'Arusha born at the beginning of all the days.' He is the youngest of the gods, the son of Zeus, the friend of the Charites, also the son of the chief Charis, Aphrodite, in whom we can hardly fail to discover a female Eros (an Ushâ instead of an Agni aushasya).[2] Every one of these myths finds its

[1] The story of Ushâ, Aniruddha, and Kîtralekhâ is told by Somadeva (transl. VI. c. 27–34, p. 134; Vishṇu-purâṇa, p. 549; Harivaṃsa, sl. 9910).

[2] *Cf. Raptus Helenæ*, 16, Χαρίτων βασίλειαν Ἀφροδίτην.

key in the Veda. Eros or Arusha is the rising sun, and hence the child, the son of Dyaus; he yokes the Harits, and is, if not the son,[1] at least the beloved of the Dawn. Besides, in Greek mythology also, Eros has many fathers and many mothers; and one pair of parents given him by Sappho, Heaven and Earth, is identical with his Vaidik parents, Dyaus and Idâ.[2]

[1] *Cf.* 'Maxim. Tyr.' XXIV. τὸν Ἔρωτά φησιν ἡ Διοτίμα τῷ Σωκράτει οὐ παῖδα, ἀλλ' ἀκόλουθον τῆς Ἀφροδίτης, καὶ θεράποντα εἶναι. See Preller, *Greek Mythology*, p. 238.

[2] The objections raised by Professor Curtius (*Grundzüge der Griechischen Etymologie*, p. 114) against the common origin of ἔρως and arvat deserve careful attention. 'How can we separate Ἔρως,' he says, 'from ἔρος, ἔραμαι, ἐράω, ἐρατός, ἐρατεινός, and other words, all of ancient date, and even Homeric? They cannot have sprung from the name ἔρως, and if we suppose that they sprang from the same root ar, to which we have to assign the sense of going, running, striving, ἔρος would mean striving, or desire, and it would be difficult to prove that the cognate Ἔρως started from the meaning of horse, or solar horse, which in Sanskrit was assigned to arvat.' Professor Curtius then proceeds to urge the same objections against the etymology of Charis: 'For what shall we do,' he says, 'with χαρά, χαίρω, χαρίζομαι, χαρίεις?' With regard to Charis, I may refer to the explanations which I have given in the *Science of Language*, ii. p. 475, where I hope I have proved that Charis cannot be placed, as Professor Curtius proposes, in the same category of deities as Δειμός or Φόβος; and that there is nothing in the least improbable in certain derivatives of an ancient Aryan root taking a mythological character, while others retain an analogous appellative meaning. From the root dyu, to shine, we have Dyaus and Ζεύς: but we also have in Sanskrit diva and dina, day; and in Greek ἔνδιος, at noon day, δῆλος, bright. From the root vas or ush, to glow, to burn, we have Ἑστία, Vesta, Ushas, Eos, Aurora: but likewise Sanskrit usra, early, ushna, hot; Latin *uro*, *aurum*; Greek αὔω, αὔ-ριον, ἦρι. Unless we suppose that roots, after having given rise to a single mythological name, were struck by instantaneous sterility, or that Greek mythological names can only be derived from roots actually employed in that language, what we observe in the case of Eros and Charis is the natural and almost inevitable result of the growth of language and myth, such as we now understand it. Greek scholars have asked, 'how can we separate ἑρμηνεύω from Ἑρμῆς (*Grundzüge*, p. 312), or ἐριννύειν from

India, however, is not Greece; and though we may trace the germs and roots of Greek words and Greek

'Ερινύς (Welcker)?' Yet few have questioned Kuhn's etymology of 'Ερμῆς and 'Ερινύς, whatever difference of opinion may prevail as to the exact process by which these two deities came to be what they are. But, on the other hand, I cannot protest too strongly against the opinion that has been ascribed to me, that the Greeks were in any way conscious of the secondary or idiomatic meaning which arvat and harit had assumed in India. In India both arvat, running, and harit, bright, become recognised names for horse. As arvat was also applied to the sun, the heavenly runner, the conception of the sun as a horse became almost inevitable, and required no poetical effort on the part of people speaking Sanskrit. Nothing of the kind happened in Greek. In Greek ἔρως was never used as an appellative in the sense of horse, as little as ζεύς was used, except in later times, to signify the material sky. But unless we are prepared to look upon Eros, 'the oldest of the Greek gods,' as a mere abstraction, as, in fact, a kind of Cupid, I thought, and I still think, that we have to admit among the earliest worshippers of Eros, even on Greek soil, a faint recollection of the ancient Aryan mythology in which the same word as Eros had been applied to the sun, and especially the rising sun. All the rest is simple and easy. The root ar, no doubt, had the sense of running or rushing, and might have yielded therefore names expressive of quick motion as well as of strong desire. Not every shoot, however, that springs from such a seed, lives on, when transferred to a different soil. *Eros* might have been the name for horse in Greece as arvat was in India, but it was not; arvat, or some other derivative like artha, might have expressed desire in Sanskrit as it did in Greek, but this, too, was not the case. Why certain words die, and others live on, why certain meanings of words become prominent so as to cause the absorption of all other meanings, we have no chance of explaining. We must take the work of language as we find it, and in disentangling the curious skein, we must not expect to find one continuous thread, but rest satisfied if we can separate the broken ends, and place them side by side in something like an intelligible order. Greek mythology was not borrowed from Vedic mythology, any more than Greek words were taken from a Sanskrit dictionary. This being once understood and generally admitted, offence should not be taken if here and there a Vedic deity or a Sanskrit word is called a prototype. The expression, I know, is not quite correct, and cannot be defended, except on the plea that almost everybody knows what is meant by it. The Greek Charites are certainly not

ideas to the rich soil of India, the full flower of Aryan language, of Aryan poetry and mythology, belongs to Hellas, where Plato has told us what Eros is, and where Sophokles (*Antig.* 781) sang his

> Ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχαν,
> Ἔρως, ὃς ἐν κτήμασι πίπτεις,
> ὃς ἐν μαλακαῖς παρειαῖς
> νεάνιδος ἐννυχεύεις·
> φοιτᾷς δ' ὑπερπόντιος, ἔν τ'
> ἀγρονόμοις αὐλαῖς·
> καί σ' οὔτ' ἀθανάτων φύξιμος οὐδείς,
> οὔθ' ἁμερίων ἐπ' ἀν-
> θρώπων· ὁ δ' ἔχων μέμηνεν.

If Hegel calls the discovery of the common origin of Greek and Sanskrit the discovery of a new world, the same may be said with regard to the common origin of Greek and Sanskrit mythology. The discovery is made, and the science of comparative mythology will soon rise to the same importance as that of comparative philology. I have here explained but a few myths, but they all belong to one small cycle, and many more names might have been added. I may refer those who take an interest in this geology of language to the 'Journal of Comparative Philology,' published by my learned friend, Dr. Kuhn,

a mere modification of the Vedic Haritas, nor the Greek Eros of the Vedic Arvat. There was no recollection of an equine character in the Greek Eros or the Charites, just as, from a purely Greek point of view, no traces of a canine character could be discovered in Ἑλένη = Saramâ, or Ἑρμείας = Sârameya. Arvat and Eros are radii starting from a common central thought, and the angle of the Vedic radius is less obtuse than that of the Greek. This is all that could be meant, and I believe this is the sense in which my words have been understood by the majority of my readers. See on the whole of this subject of Arvat = Eros, E. Senart, *Légende du Buddha*, pp. 177 seq.

at Berlin, who, in his periodical, has very properly admitted comparative mythology as an integral part of comparative philology, and who has himself discovered some of the most striking parallelisms between the traditions of the Veda and the mythological names of other Aryan nations. The very 'Hippokentaurs and the Chimæra, the Gorgons and Pegasoi, and other monstrous creatures,' have apparently been set right; and though I differ from Dr. Kuhn on several points, and more particularly with regard to the elementary character of the gods, which he, like Lauer, the lamented author of the 'System of Greek Mythology,' seems to me to connect too exclusively with the fleeting phenomena of clouds and storms, and thunder, while I believe their original conception to have been almost always solar, yet there is much to be learnt from both. Much, no doubt, remains to be done, and even with the assistance of the Veda, the whole of Greek mythology will never be deciphered and translated. But can this be urged as an objection? There are many Greek words of which we cannot find a satisfactory etymology, even by the help of Sanskrit. Are we therefore to say that the whole Greek language has no etymological organization? If we find a rational principle in the formation of but a small portion of Greek words, we are justified in inferring that the same principle which manifests itself in part, governed the organic growth of the whole; and though we cannot explain the etymological origin of all words, we should never say that language had no etymological origin, or that etymology 'treats of a past which was never present.' That the later

Greeks, such as Homer and Hesiod, were ignorant of the origin and purport of their myths, I fully admit, but they were equally ignorant of the origin and purport of their words. No Greek knew that ζεύς ever meant the sky, at all events, no Greek would have used ζεύς as a noun instead of οὐρανός. And yet οὐρανός also was a mythological name, only not yet so entirely changed into a proper name as to be unfit to be used as an appellative. When in later times *Dionysos* is used for wine, and *Ceres* for bread, that is merely a poetical licence, and does not prove that there ever was a word like *Ceres* for bread, or like *Dionysos* for wine. The etymological, that is the original, meaning which we are able to discover in Greek mythological names, such as *Athene*, *Charis*, *Hera* and others, was far beyond the reach of Greek scholars. What applies to etymology, therefore, applies with equal force to mythology. It has been proved by comparative philology that there is nothing irregular in language, nay, what was formerly considered as irregular in declension and conjugation is now often recognised as the most regular and ancient stratum in the formation of grammar. The same, we hope, may be accomplished in mythology, and instead of deriving it, as heretofore, 'ab ingenii humani imbecillitate et a dictionis egestate,' it will obtain its truer solution, 'ab ingenii humani sapientia et a dictionis abundantia.' Mythology is only a dialect, an ancient form of language. Mythology, though chiefly concerned with nature, and here again mostly with those manifestations which bear the character of law, order, power, and wisdom impressed on them, was applicable to all things. Nothing is excluded from mythological expression;

neither morals nor philosophy, neither history nor religion, have escaped the spell of that ancient sibyl. But mythology is neither philosophy, nor history, nor religion, nor ethics. It is, if we may use a scholastic expression, a *quale*, not a *quid*—something formal, not something substantial, and, like poetry, sculpture, and painting, applicable to nearly all that the ancient world could admire or adore.

ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF MYTHOLOGY.

A Lecture Delivered at the Royal Institution in 1871.

WHAT can be in our days the interest of mythology? What is it to us that Kronos was the son of Uranos and Gaia, and that he swallowed his children, Hestia, Demeter, Hera, Pluton, and Poseidon, as soon as they were born? What have we to do with the stories of Rhea, the wife of Kronos, who, in order to save her youngest son from being swallowed by his father, gave her husband a stone to swallow in his stead? And why should we be asked to admire the exploits of this youngest son, who, when he had grown up, gave his father an emetic, and thus helped to deliver the stone and his five brothers and sisters from their paternal prison? What shall we think if we read in the most admired of classic poets that these escaped prisoners became afterwards the great gods of Greece, gods believed in by Homer, worshipped even by Sokrates, immortalised by Pheidias? Why should we listen to such horrors as that Tantalos killed his own son, boiled him, and placed him before the gods to eat? or that the gods collected his limbs, threw them into a caldron, and thus restored Pelops to life, *minus*, however, his shoulder, which Demeter had eaten in a

fit of absence, and which had therefore to be replaced by a shoulder made of ivory?

Can we imagine anything more silly, more savage, more senseless, anything more unworthy to engage our thoughts, even for a single moment? We may pity our children that, in order to know how to construe and understand the master-works of Homer and Virgil, they have to fill their memory with such idle tales; but we might justly suppose that men who have serious work to do in this world, would banish such subjects for ever from their thoughts.

And yet, how strange! from the very childhood of philosophy, from the first faintly-whispered Why? to our own time of matured thought and fearless inquiry, mythology has been the ever-recurrent subject of anxious wonder and careful study. The ancient philosophers, who could pass by the petrified shells on mountain-tops and the fossil trees buried in their quarries without ever asking the question how they came to be there, or what they signified, were ever ready with doubts and surmises when they came to listen to ancient stories of their gods and heroes. And, more curious still, even modern philosophers cannot resist the attraction of these ancient problems. That stream of philosophic thought which, springing from Descartes (1596–1650), rolled on through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in two beds—the *idealistic*, marked by the names of Malebranche (1638–1715), Spinoza (1632–1677), and Leibniz (1646–1716); and the *sensualistic*, marked by the names of Locke (1632–1704), David Hume (1711–1776), and Condillac (1715–1780), till the two arms united again in Kant (1724–1804), and the full stream was carried

on by Schelling (1775–1854), and Hegel (1770–1831), —this stream of modern philosophic thought has ended where ancient philosophy began—in a Philosophy of Mythology, which, as you know, forms the most important part of Schelling's final system, of what he called himself his *Positive Philosophy*, given to the world after the death of that great thinker and poet, in the year 1854.

I do not mean to say that Schelling and Aristotle looked upon mythology in the same light, or that they found in it exactly the same problems ; yet there is this common feature in all who have thought or written on mythology, that they look upon it as something which, whatever it may mean, does certainly not mean what it seems to mean ; as something that requires an explanation, whether it be a system of religion, or a phase in the development of the human mind, or an inevitable catastrophe in the life of language.

According to some, mythology is history changed into fable ; according to others, fable changed into history. Some discover in it the precepts of moral philosophy enunciated in the poetical language of antiquity ; others see in it a picture of the great forms and forces of nature, particularly the sun, the moon, and the stars, the changes of day and night, the succession of the seasons, the return of the years —all this reflected by the vivid imagination of ancient poets and sages.

Epicharmos, for instance, the pupil of Pythagoras, declared that the gods of Greece were not what, from the poems of Homer, we might suppose them to be— personal beings, endowed with superhuman powers,

but liable to many of the passions and frailties of human nature. He maintained that these gods were really the Wind, the Water, the Earth, the Sun, the Fire, and the Stars. Not long after his time, another philosopher, Empedokles, holding that the whole of nature consisted in the mixture and separation of the four elements, declared that Zeus was the element of Fire, Here the element of Air, Aidoneus or Pluton the element of Earth, and Nestis the element of Water. In fact, whatever the free thinkers of Greece discovered successively as the first principles of Being and Thought, whether the air of Anaximenes, or the fire of Herakleitos, or the Nous or Mind of Anaxagoras, was readily identified with Zeus and the other divine persons of Olympian mythology. Metrodoros, the contemporary of Anaxagoras, went even further. While Anaxagoras would have been satisfied with looking upon Zeus as but another name of his Nous, the highest intellect, the mover, the disposer, the governor of all things, Metrodorus resolved not only the persons of Zeus, Here, and Athene, but likewise those of human kings and heroes—such as Agamemnon, Achilles, and Hektor—into various combinations and physical agencies, and treated the adventures ascribed to them as natural facts hidden under a thin veil of allegory.[1]

Sokrates, it is well known, looked upon such attempts at explaining all fables allegorically as too arduous and unprofitable: yet he, too, as well as Plato, pointed frequently to what they called the *hypónoia*, the under-current, or if I may say so, the under-meaning of ancient mythology.

[1] Cf. Plutarch, *Quæst. Roman.* lxxvii.

Aristotle speaks more explicitly:—

'It has been handed down,' he says, 'by early and very ancient people, and left to those who came after, in the form of myths, that these (the first principles of the world) are the gods, and that the divine embraces the whole of nature. The rest has been added mythically, in order to persuade the many, and in order to be used in support of laws and other interests. Thus they say that the gods have a human form, and that they are like to some of the other living beings, and other things consequent on this, and similar to what has been said. If one separated out of these fables, and took only that first point, viz. that they believed the first essences to be gods, one would think that it had been divinely said, and that while every art and every philosophy was probably invented ever so many times and lost again, these opinions had, like fragments of them, been preserved until now. So far only is the opinion of our fathers, and that received from our first ancestors, clear to us.'

I have quoted the opinions of these Greek philosophers, to which many more might have been added, partly in order to show how many of the most distinguished minds of ancient Greece agreed in demanding an interpretation, whether physical or metaphysical, of Greek mythology, partly in order to satisfy those classical scholars, who, forgetful of their own classics, forgetful of their own Plato and Aristotle, seem to imagine that the idea of seeing in the gods and heroes of Greece anything beyond what they appear to be in the songs of Homer, was a mere fancy and invention of the students of Comparative Mythology.

There were, no doubt, Greeks, and eminent

Greeks too, who took the legends of their gods and heroes in their literal sense. But what do these say of Homer and Hesiod? Xenophanes, the contemporary of Pythagoras, holds Homer and Hesiod responsible for the popular superstitions of Greece. In this he agrees with Herodotus, when he declares that these two poets made the theogony for the Greeks, and gave to the gods their names, and assigned to them their honours and their arts, and described their appearances. But he then continues in a very different strain from the pious historian.[1] 'Homer,' he says,[2] 'and Hesiod ascribed to the gods whatever is disgraceful and scandalous among men, yea, they declared that the gods had committed nearly all unlawful acts, such as theft, adultery, and fraud.' 'Men seem to have created their gods, and to have given to them their own mind, voice, and figure. The Ethiopians made their gods black and

[1] Her. ii. 53, *οὗτοι δέ εἰσι οἱ ποιήσαντες θεογονίην Ἕλλησι, καὶ τοῖσι θεοῖσι τὰς ἐπωνυμίας δόντες καὶ τιμάς τε καὶ τέχνας διελόντες, καὶ εἴδεα αὐτῶν σημήναντες.*

[2] Πάντα θεοῖς ἀνέθηκαν Ὅμηρός θ' Ἡσίοδός τε
ὅσσα παρ' ἀνθρώποισι ὀνείδεα καὶ ψόγος ἐστίν.
ἁ̓ς πλεῖστ' ἐφθέγξαντο θεῶν ἀθεμίστια ἔργα,
κλέπτειν μοιχεύειν τε καὶ ἀλλήλους ἀπατεύειν.
Sext. Emp. *adv. Math.* 1,289; ix. 193.

δοκέουσι θεοὺς γεγενῆσθαι
τὴν σφετέρην τ' αἴσθησιν ἔχειν φωνήν τε δέμας τε.—
Ἀλλ' εἴτοι χεῖράς γ' εἶχον βόες ἠὲ λέοντες
ἢ γράψαι χείρεσσι καὶ ἔργα τελεῖν ἅπερ ἄνδρες,
καί κε θεῶν ἰδέας ἔγραφον καὶ σώματ' ἐποίουν
τοιαῦθ' οἷόν περ καὐτοὶ δέμας εἶχον ὁμοῖον,
ἵπποι μέν θ' ἵπποισι, βόες δέ τε βουσὶν ὁμοῖα.
Clem. Alex. Strom. v. p. 601, c.

Ὡς φησιν Ξενοφάνης· Αἰθίοπές τε μέλανας σιμούς τε, Θρᾷκές τε πυῤῥοὺς καὶ γλαυκούς.'—Clem. Alex. Strom. vii. p. 711, B. Historia Philosophiæ, ed. Ritter et Preller, cap. iii.

flat-nosed; the Thracians red-haired and blue-eyed.' This was spoken about 500 B.C. Herakleitos, about 460 B.C., one of the boldest thinkers of ancient Greece, declared that Homer deserved to be ejected from public assemblies and flogged; and a story is told that Pythagoras (about 540 B.C.) saw the soul of Homer in Hades, hanging on a tree and surrounded by serpents, as a punishment for what he had said of the gods. And what can be stronger than the condemnation passed on Homer by Plato? I shall read an extract from the 'Republic,' from the excellent translation lately published by Professor Jowett:—

'But what fault do you find with Homer and Hesiod, and the other great story-tellers of mankind?'

'A fault which is most serious,' I said: 'the fault of telling a lie, and a bad lie.'

'But when is this fault committed?'

'Whenever an erroneous representation is made of the nature of gods and heroes—like the drawing of a limner which has not the shadow of a likeness to the truth.'

'"Yes," he said, "that sort of thing is certainly very blameable; but what are the stories which you mean?"

'"First of all," I said, "there was that greatest of all lies in high places, which the poet told about Uranos, and which was an immoral lie too—I mean what Hesiod says that Uranos did, and what Kronos did to him. The fact is that the doings of Kronos, and the sufferings which his son inflicted upon him, even if they were true, ought not to be lightly told

to young and simple persons; if possible, they had better be buried in silence. But if there is an absolute necessity for their mention, a very few might hear them in a mystery, and then let them sacrifice not a common (Eleusinian) pig, but some huge and unprocurable victim; this would have the effect of very greatly reducing the number of the hearers."

'"Why, yes," said he, "these stories are certainly objectionable."

'"Yes, Adeimantos, they are stories not to be narrated in our State; the young man should not be told that in committing the worst of crimes he is far from doing anything outrageous, and that he may chastise his father when he does wrong in any manner that he likes, and in this will only be following the example of the first and greatest of the gods."

'"I quite agree with you," he said; "in my opinion those stories are *not fit to be repeated*."

'"Neither, if we mean our future guardians to regard the habit of quarrelling as dishonourable, should anything be said of the wars in heaven, and of the plots and fightings of the gods against one another, which are quite untrue. Far be it from us to tell them of the battles of the giants, and embroider them on garments; or of all the innumerable other quarrels of gods and heroes with their friends and relations. If they would only believe us, we would tell them that quarrelling is unholy, and that never up to this time has there been any quarrel between citizens; this is what old men and old women should begin by telling children, and the same when they grow up. And these are the sort of fictions which the poets should be required to com-

pose. But the narrative of Hephaestos binding Here his mother, or how on another occasion, Zeus sent him flying for taking her part when she was being beaten—such tales must not be admitted in our State, whether they are supposed to have an allegorical meaning or not. For the young man cannot judge what is allegorical and what is literal, and anything that he receives into his mind at that age is apt to become indelible and unalterable; and therefore the tales which they first hear should be models of virtuous thoughts."'

To those who look upon mythology as an ancient form of religion, such freedom of language as is here used by Xenophanes and Plato, must seem startling. If the Iliad were really the Bible of the Greeks, as it has not unfrequently been called, such violent invectives would have been impossible. For let us bear in mind that Xenophanes, though he boldly denied the existence of all the mythological deities, and declared his belief in One God, 'neither in form nor in thought like unto mortals,'[1] was not therefore considered a heretic. He never suffered for uttering his honest convictions: on the contrary, as far as we know, he was honoured by the people among whom he lived and taught. Nor was Plato ever punished on account of his unbelief, and though he, as well as his master, Sokrates, became obnoxious to the dominant party at Athens, this was due to political far more than to theological motives. At all events, Plato, the pupil, the friend, the apologist of Sokrates,

[1] Εἷς θεὸς ἔν τε θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι μέγιστος,
οὔ τι δέμας θνητοῖσι ὁμοίιος οὐδὲ νόημα.
Clem. Alex. Strom. v. p. 601, c.

was allowed to teach at Athens to the end of his life, and few men commanded greater respect in the best ranks of Greek society.

But, although mythology was not religion in our sense of the word, and although the Iliad certainly never enjoyed among Greeks the authority either of the Bible, or even of the Veda among the Brahmans, or the Zend Avesta among the Parsis, yet I would not deny altogether that in a certain sense the mythology of the Greeks belonged to their religion. We must only be on our guard, here as everywhere else, against the misleading influence of words. The word Religion has, like most words, had its history; it has grown and changed with each century, and it cannot, therefore, have meant with the Greeks and Brahmans what it means with us. Religions have sometimes been divided into *national* or *traditional*, as distinguished from *individual* or *statutable* religion. The former are, like languages, home-grown, autochthonic, without an historical beginning, generally without any recognised founder, or even an authorised code; the latter have been founded by historical persons, generally in antagonism to traditional systems, and they always rest on the authority of a written code. I do not consider this division as very useful[1] for a scientific study of religion, because in many cases it is extremely difficult, and sometimes impossible, to draw a sharp line of demarcation, and to determine whether a given religion should be considered as the work of one man, or as the combined work of those who came before him, who lived with him, nay, even of those who came after him. For

[1] See *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, p. 139.

our present purpose, however, for showing at once the salient difference between what the Greeks and what we ourselves should mean by Religion, this division is very serviceable. The Greek religion was clearly a national and traditional religion, and, as such, it shared both the advantages and disadvantages of this form of religious belief; the Christian religion is an historical and, to a great extent, an individual religion, and it possesses the advantage of an authorised code and of a settled system of faith. Let it not be supposed, however, that between traditional and individual religions the advantages are all on one, the disadvantages on the other side. As long as the immemorial religions of the different branches of the human race remained in their natural state, and were not pressed into the service of political parties or an ambitious priesthood, they certainly allowed great freedom of thought and a healthy growth of real piety, and they were seldom disgraced by an intolerant or persecuting spirit. They were generally either honestly believed, or, as we have just seen, honestly attacked, and a high tone of intellectual morality was preserved, untainted by hypocrisy, equivocation, or unreasoning dogmatism. The marvellous development of philosophy in Greece, particularly in ancient Greece, was chiefly due, I believe, to the absence of an established religion and of a too influential priesthood; and it is impossible to overrate the blessing which the fresh, pure, invigorating, and elevating air of that ancient Greek philosophy has conferred on all ages, not excepting our own. I shudder at the thought of what the world would have been without Plato and Aristotle, and I tremble

at the idea that the youth of the future should ever be deprived of the teaching and the example of these true prophets of the absolute freedom of thought. Unfortunately, we know but little of the earliest fathers of Greek philosophy; we have but fragments, and those not always trustworthy, nor easily intelligible, of what they taught on the highest questions that can stir the heart of man. We have been accustomed to call the oracular sayings of men like Thales, Pythagoras, Xenophanes, or Herakleitos, philosophy, but there was in them as much of religion as in the songs of Homer and Hesiod. Homer and Hesiod were great powers, but their poems were not the only feeders of the religious life of Greece. The stream of ancient wisdom and philosophy flowed parallel with the stream of legend and poetry; and both were meant to support the religious cravings of the soul. We have only to attend without prejudice to the utterances of these ancient prophets, such as Xenophanes and Herakleitos, in order to convince ourselves that these men spoke with authority to the people,[1] that they considered themselves the equals of Homer and Hesiod, nay, their betters, and in no way fettered by the popular legends about gods and goddesses. While modern religions assume in general a hostile attitude towards philosophy, ancient religions have either included philosophy as an integral part, or they have at least tolerated its growth in the very precincts of their temples.

[1] Empedokles, Carmina, v. 411 (*Fragm. Philos. Græc.* vol. i. p. 12):—

> *ὦ φίλοι, οἶδα μὲν οὖν ὅτ' ἀληθείη παρὰ μύθοις*
> *οὖς ἐγὼ ἐξερέω· μάλα δ' ἀργαλέη γε τέτυκται*
> *ἀνδράσι καὶ δύσζηλος ἐπὶ φοένα πίστιος ὁρμή.*

After we have thus seen what limitations we must place on the meaning of the word Religion, if we call mythology the religion of the ancient world, we may now advance another step.

We have glanced at the principal interpretations which have been proposed by the ancients themselves of the original purpose and meaning of mythology. But there is one question which none, either of the ancient or of the modern interpreters of mythology, has answered, or even asked, and on which, nevertheless, the whole problem of mythology seems to turn. If mythology is history changed into fable, why was it so changed? If it is fable represented as history, why were such fables invented? If it contains precepts of moral philosophy, whence their immoral disguise? If it is a picture of the great forms and forces of nature, the same question still returns, why were these forms and forces represented as heroes and heroines, as nymphs and shepherds, as gods and goddesses? It is easy enough to call the sun a god, or the dawn a goddess, after these predicates have once been framed. But how were these predicates framed? How did people come to know of gods and goddesses, heroes and nymphs, and what meaning did they originally connect with these terms? In fact, the real question which a philosophy of mythology has to answer is this—Is the whole of mythology an invention, the fanciful poetry of a Homer or Hesiod, or is it a growth? Or, to speak more definitely, Was mythology a mere accident, or was it inevitable? Was it only a false step, or was it a step that could not have been left out in the historical progress of the human mind?

The study of the history of language, which is only a part of the study of the history of thought, has enabled us to give a decisive answer to this question. Mythology is inevitable, it is natural, it is an inherent necessity of language, if we recognise in language the outward form and manifestation of thought: it is, in fact, the dark shadow which language throws on thought, and which can never disappear till language becomes altogether commensurate with thought, which it never will. Mythology, no doubt, breaks out more fiercely during the early periods of the history of human thought, but it never disappears altogether. Depend upon it, there is mythology now as there was in the time of Homer, only we do not perceive it, because we ourselves live in the very shadow of it, and because we all shrink from the full meridian light of truth. We are ready enough to see that if the ancients called their kings and heroes Διογενεῖς, sprung of Zeus, that expression, intended originally to convey the highest praise which man can bestow on man, was apt to lapse into mythology. We easily perceive how such a conception, compatible in its origin with the highest reverence for the gods, led almost inevitably to the growth of fables, which transferred to divine beings the incidents of human paternity and sonship. But we are not so ready to see that it is our fate, too, to move in allegories which illustrate things intellectual by visions exhibited to the fancy. In our religion, too, the conceptions of paternity and sonship have not always been free from all that is human, nor are we always aware that nearly every note that belongs to human paternity and sonship must be taken out of

these terms, before they can be pronounced safe against mythological infection. Papal decisions on immaculate conception are of no avail against that mythology. The mind must become immaculate and rise superior to itself; or it must close its eyes and shut its lips in the presence of the Divine.

If then we want to understand mythology, in the ordinary and restricted sense of the word, we must discover the larger circle of mental phenomena to which it belongs. Greek mythology is but a small segment of mythology; the religious mythologies of all the races of mankind are again but a small segment of mythology. Mythology, in the highest sense, is the power exercised by language on thought in every possible sphere of mental activity; and I do not hesitate to call the whole history of philosophy, from Thales down to Hegel, an uninterrupted battle against mythology, a constant protest of thought against language. This will require some explanation.

Ever since the time of Wilhelm von Humboldt, all who have seriously grappled with the highest problems of the Science of Language, have come to the conviction that thought and language are inseparable, that language is as impossible without thought as thought is without language; that they stand to each other somewhat like soul and body, like power and function, like substance and form. The objections which have been raised against this view arise generally from a mere misunderstanding. If we speak of language as the outward realisation of thought, we do not mean language as deposited in a dictionary, or sketched in a grammar, we mean language as an

act, language as being spoken, language as living and dying with every word that is uttered. We might perhaps call this speech, as distinguished from language.

Secondly, though if we speak of language, we mean chiefly phonetic articulate language, we do not exclude the less perfect symbols of thought, such as gestures, signs, or pictures. They, too, are language in a certain sense, and they must be included in language before we are justified in saying that discursive thought can be realised in language only. One instance will make this clear. We hold that we cannot think without language. But can we not count without language? We certainly can. We can form the conception of *three* without any spoken word, by simply holding up three fingers. In the same manner, the hand might stand for five, both hands for ten, hands and feet for twenty.[1] This is how people who possessed no organs of speech would speak; this is how the deaf and dumb *do* speak. Three fingers are as good as three strokes, three strokes are as good as three clicks of the tongue, three clicks of the tongue are as good as the sound *three*, or *trois*, or *drei*, or *shalosh* in Hebrew, or *san* in Chinese. All these are signs, more or less perfect, but being signs, they fall under the category of language; and all we maintain is, that without some kind of sign, discursive thought is impossible, and that in that sense, language, or λόγος, is the only possible realisation of human thought.

Another very common misunderstanding is this:

[1] *Daily Life and Origin of the Tasmanians*, by J. Bonwick, 1870, p. 143.

people imagine that, if it be impossible to think, except in language, language and thought must be one and the same thing. But a true philosophy of language leads to the very opposite result. Every philosopher would say that matter cannot exist without form, nor form without matter, but no philosopher would say that therefore it is impossible to distinguish between form and matter. In the same way, though we maintain that thought cannot exist without language nor language without thought, we do distinguish between thought and language, between the inward and the outward λόγος, between the substance and the form. Nay, we go a step beyond. We admit that language necessarily reacts on thought, and we see in this reaction, in this refraction of the rays of language, the real solution of the old riddle of mythology.

You will now see why these somewhat abstruse disquisitions were necessary for our immediate purpose, and I can promise those who have hitherto followed me on this rather barren and rugged track, that they will now be able to rest, and command, from the point of view which we have reached, the whole panorama of the mythology of the human mind.

We saw just now that the names of numbers may most easily be replaced by signs. Numbers are simple analytical conceptions, and for that very reason they are not liable to mythology: name and conception being here commensurate, no misunderstanding is possible. But as soon as we leave this department of thought, mythology begins. I shall try by at least one example to show how mythology

not only pervades the sphere of religion or religious tradition, but infects more or less the whole realm of thought.

When man wished for the first time to grasp and express a distinction between the body, and something else within him distinct from the body, an easy name that suggested itself was *breath*. The breath seemed something immaterial and almost invisible, and it was connected with the life that pervaded the body, for as soon as the breath ceased, the life of the body became extinct. Hence the Greek name ψυχή,[1] which originally meant breath,

[1] The word ψυχή is clearly connected in Greek with ψύχω, which meant originally blowing, and was used either in the sense of cooling by blowing, or breathing by blowing. In the former acceptation it produced ψύχος, coldness; ψυχρός, cold; ψυχάω, I cool; in the latter ψυχή, breath, then life, then soul. So far the purely Greek growth of words derived from ψύχω is clear. But ψύχω itself is difficult. It seems to point to a root *spu*, meaning to blow out, to spit; Lat. *spuo*, and *spuma*, foam; Goth. *speivan*; Gr. πτύω, supposed to stand for σπιύω. Hesychius mentions ψύττει = πτύει, ψυττόν = πτύελον. (Pott, *Etym. Forsch.* No. 355.) Curtius connects this root with Gr. φυ, in φῦσα, blowing, bellows, φυσάω, to blow, φυσιάω, to snort, ποι-φύσσω, to blow, and with Lat. *spirare* (i. e. spoisare). See E. B. Tylor, 'The Religion of Savages,' *Fortnightly Review*, 1866, p. 73. Phupphusa is a Sanskrit name for lungs.

Stahl, who rejected the division of life and mind adopted by Bacon, and returned to the Aristotelian doctrine, falls back on Plato's etymology of ψυχή as φυσέχη, from φύσιν ἔχειν or ὀχεῖν, *Crat.* 400 B. In a passage of his *Theoria Medica Vera* (Halæ, 1708), pointed out to me by Dr. Rolleston, Stahl says:—'Invenio in lexico græco antiquiore post alios, et Budæum imprimis, iterum iterumque reviso, nomenclaturam nimis quam fugitive allegatam; φυσέχη, poetice, pro ψυχή. Incidit animo suspicari, an non verum primum nomen animæ antiquissimis Græcis fuerit hoc φυσέχη, quasi ἔχων τὸ φύειν, e cuius vocis pronunciatione deflectente, uti vere familiariter solet vocalium, inprimis sub accentibus, fugitiva enunciatione, sensim natum sit φυσ-χή φσυχή, denique ad faciliorem pronunciationem in locum φσυχή, ψυχή. Quam suspicionem fovere mihi videtur illud, quod vocabuli ψυχῆς, pro anima, nulla idonea analogia in lingua

was chosen to express at first the principle of life, as distinguished from the decaying body, afterwards the incorporeal, the immaterial, the undecaying, the immortal part of man—his soul, his mind, his Self. All this was very natural. When a person dies, we too say that he has given up the ghost, and ghost, too, meant originally spirit, and spirit meant breath.

A very instructive analogous case is quoted by Mr. E. B. Tylor from a compendium of the theology of the Indians of Nicaragua, the record of question and answer in an inquest held by Father Francisco de Bobadilla in the early days of the Spanish conquest. Asked, among other things, concerning death, the Indians said: 'Those who die in their houses go underground, but those who are killed in war go to serve the gods (*teotes*). When men die, there comes forth from their mouth something which resembles a person, and is called *julio* (Aztec *yuli*, "to live"). This being is like a person, but does not die, and the corpse remains here.' The Spanish ecclesiastics inquired whether those who go on high keep the same body, features, and limbs as here below; to which the Indians answered, 'No, there is only the heart.' 'But,' said the Spaniards, 'as the hearts are torn out' (they meant in the case of warriors who fell into the hands of the enemy), 'what happens then?' Hereupon the Indians replied: 'It is not precisely the heart, but that which is in them, and makes them live, and which quits the body when they die;' and again they said, 'It is not their heart which

græca occurrat; nam quæ a ψύχω ducitur, cum verus huius et directus significatus notorie sit refrigero, indirectus autem magis, spiro, nihil certe hæc ad animam puto.' (P. 44.)

goes up on high, but that which makes them live, that is, the breath coming out from their mouth, which is called *julio*.' 'Then,' asked the Spaniards, 'does this heart, *julio* or soul, die with the body?' 'When the deceased has lived well,' replied the Indians, 'the *julio* goes up on high with our gods; but when he has lived ill, the *julio* perishes with the body, and there is an end of it.'

The Greeks expressed the same idea by saying that the ψυχή had left the body,[1] had fled through the mouth, or even through a bleeding wound,[2] and had gone into Hades, which meant literally no more than the place of the Invisible (Ἅιδης). That the breath had become invisible was matter of fact; that it had gone to the house of Hades, was mythology springing spontaneously from the fertile soil of language.

The primitive mythology was by no means necessarily religious. In the very case which we have chosen, philosophical mythology sprang up by the side of religious mythology. The religious mythology consisted in speaking of the spirits of the departed as ghosts, as mere breath and air, as fluttering about the gates of Hades, or ferried across the Styx in the boat of Charon.[3]

1 ἀνδρὸς δὲ ψυχὴ πάλιν ἐλθεῖν οὔτε λεϊστὴ,
οὔθ' ἑλετὴ, ἐπεὶ ἄρ κεν ἀμείψεται ἕρκος ὀδόντων.
Il. ix. 408.

2 διὰ δ' ἕντερα χαλκὸς ἄφυσσεν
δηώσας· ψυχὴ δὲ κατ' οὐταμένην ὠτειλὴν
ἔσσυτ' ἐπειγομένη.
Il. xiv. 517.

3 'Ter frustra compressa manu effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.'
Virg. *Æn.* ii. 792.

The philosophical mythology, however, that sprang from this name was much more important. We saw that *Psyche*, meaning originally the breathing of the body, was gradually used in the sense of vital breath, and as something independent of the body; and that at last, when it had assumed the meaning of the immortal part of man, it retained that character of something independent of the body, thus giving rise to the conception of a soul, not only as a being without a body, but in its very nature opposed to body. As soon as that opposition had been established in language and thought, philosophy began its work in order to explain how two such heterogeneous powers could act on each other—how the soul could influence the body, and how the body could determine the soul. Spiritualistic and materialistic systems of philosophy arose, and all this in order to remove a self-created difficulty, in order to join together again what language had severed, the living body and the living soul. The question whether there is a soul or spirit, whether there is in man something different from the mere body, is not at all affected by this mythological phraseology. We certainly can distinguish between body and soul, but as long as we keep within the limits of human knowledge, we have no right to speak of the living soul as a breath, or of spirits and ghosts as fluttering about like birds or fairies. The poet of the nineteenth century says :—

> 'The spirit does but mean the breath,
> I know no more.'

And the same thought was expressed by Cicero two thousand years ago : 'Whether the soul is air or fire,

I do not know.' As men, we only know of embodied spirits, however ethereal their bodies may be conceived to be, but of spirits, separate from body, without form or frame, we know as little as we know of thought without language, or of the Dawn as a goddess, or of the Night as the mother of the Day.

Though breath, or spirit, or ghost are the most common names that were assigned through the metaphorical nature of language to the vital, and afterwards to the intellectual, principle in man, they were by no means the only possible names. We speak, for instance, of the *shades* of the departed, which meant originally their shadows. Those who first introduced this expression—and we find it in the most distant parts of the world[1]—evidently took the shadow as the nearest approach to what they wished to express; something that should be incorporeal, yet closely connected with the body. The Greek εἴδωλον, too, is not much more than the shadow, while the Latin *manes* meant probably in the beginning no more than the Little Ones, the Small Folk.[2] But the curious part, as showing again the influence of language on thought, an influence more powerful even than the evidence of the senses, is this, that people who speak of the life or soul as the shadow of the body, have brought themselves to believe that a dead body casts no shadow, because the shadow has departed from it; that it becomes, in fact, a kind of Peter Schlemihl.[3]

[1] See E. B. Tylor, *Fortnightly Review*, 1866, p. 74.

[2] *Im-manis*, originally 'not small,' came to mean enormous or monstrous.—See Preller, *Römische Mythologie*, p. 72 *seq.*

[3] *Unkulunkulu; or the Tradition of Creation as existing among*

Let us now return to mythology in the narrower sense of the word. One of the earliest objects that would strike and stir the mind of man and for which a sign or a name would soon be wanted is surely the Sun. It is very hard for us to realise the feelings with which the first dwellers on the earth looked upon the sun, or to understand fully what they meant by a morning prayer, or a morning sacrifice. Perhaps there are few people here present who have watched a sunrise more than once or twice in their lives; few people who have ever known the true meaning of a morning prayer, or a morning sacrifice. But think of man at the very dawn of time: forget for a moment, if you can, after having read the fascinating pages of Mr. Darwin, forget what man is supposed to have been before he was man; forget it, because it does not concern us here whether his bodily form and frame were developed once for all in the mind of a Creator, or gradually in the creation itself, which from the first monad or protoplasm to the last of the primates, or man, is not, I suppose, to be looked on as altogether causeless, meaningless, purposeless; think of him only as man (and man means the thinker), with his mind yet lying fallow, though full of germs—germs of which I hold as strongly as ever no trace has ever, no trace will ever, be discovered anywhere but in man; think of the Sun awakening the eyes of man from sleep, and his mind from slumber! Was not the Sunrise to him the first wonder, the first beginning of all reflection, all thought, all philosophy? was it not to

the Amazulu and other Tribes of South Africa; by the Rev. J. Callaway, M.D. Natal, 1868. Part I. p. 91.

him the first revelation, the first beginning of all thought, of all religion? To us that wonder of wonders has ceased to exist, and few men now would even venture to speak of the sun as Sir John Herschel has spoken, calling him 'the Almoner of the Almighty, the delegated dispenser to us of light and warmth, as well as the centre of attraction, and as such, the immediate source of all our comforts, and, indeed, of the very possibility of our existence on earth.'[1]

Man is a creature of habit, and wherever we can watch him, we find that before a few generations have passed, he has lost the power of admiring what is regular, and that he can see signs and wonders only in what is irregular. Few nations only have preserved in their ancient poetry some remnants of the natural awe with which the earliest dwellers on the earth saw that brilliant being slowly rising from out the darkness of the night, raising itself by its own might higher and higher, till it stood triumphant on the arch of heaven, and then descended and sank down in its fiery glory into the dark abyss of the heaving and hissing sea. In the hymns of the Veda the poet still wonders whether the sun will rise again; he asks how he can climb the vault of heaven? why he does not fall back? why there is no dust on his path? And when the rays of the morning rouse him from sleep and call him back to new life; when he sees the sun, as he says, stretching out his golden arms to bless the world and rescue it from the terrors of darkness, he exclaims, 'Arise, our life, our spirit has come back! the darkness is gone, the light approaches!'

[1] See J. Samuelson, *Views of the Deity, Traditional and Scientific*, p. 144. Williams and Norgate, 1871.

For so prominent an object in the primeval picture-gallery of the human mind, a sign or a name must have been wanted at a very early period. But how was this to be achieved? As a mere sign, a circle would have been sufficient, such as we find in the hieroglyphics of Egypt, in the graphic system of China, or even in our own astronomical tables. If such a sign was fixed upon, we have a beginning of language in the widest sense of the word, for we have brought the Sun under the general concept of roundness, and we have found a sign for this concept which is made up of a large number of single sensuous impressions. With such definite signs mythology has little chance; yet the mere fact that the sun was represented as a circle would favour the idea that the sun was round; or, as ancient people, who had no adjective as yet for round or *rotundus*,[1] would say, that the sun was a wheel, a *rota*. If, on the contrary, the round sign reminded the people of an eye, then the sign of the sun would soon become the eye of heaven, and germs of mythology would spring up even from the barren soil of such hieroglyphic language.

But now, suppose that a real name was wanted for the sun, how could that be achieved?

[1] 'It has already been implied that the Aborigines of Tasmania had acquired very limited powers of abstraction or generalisation. They possessed no words representing abstract ideas; for each variety of gum-tree and wattle-tree, &c., &c., they had a name, but they had no equivalent for the expression, "a tree;" neither could they express abstract qualities, such as hard, soft, warm, cold, long, short, round, &c.; for "hard" they would say "like a stone;" for "tall" they would say "long legs," &c.; for "round" they said "like a ball," "like the moon," and so on, usually suiting the action to the word, and confirming by some sign the meaning to be understood.'—Milligan, *Vocabulary of the Dialects of some of the Aboriginal Tribes of Tasmania*, p. 34. Hobart Town, 1866.

We know that all words are derived from roots, that these roots express general concepts, and that, with few exceptions, every name is founded on a general concept under which the object that has to be named can be ranged. How these roots came to be, is a question into which we need not enter at present. Their origin and growth form a problem of psychology rather than of philology, and each science must keep within its proper bounds. If a name was wanted for snow, the early framers of language singled out one of the general predicates of snow, its whiteness, its coldness, or its liquidity, and called the snow the white, the cold, or the liquid, by means of roots conveying the general idea of whiteness, coldness, or liquidity. Not only Nix, nivis, but Niobe[1] too, was a name of the snow, and meant the

[1] If Signor Ascoli blames me for deriving *Niobe* with other names for snow from the root *snu*, instead of from the root *snigh*, this can only be due to an oversight. I am responsible for the derivation of Niobe, and for the admission of a secondary root *snyu* or *nyu*, and so far I may possibly be wrong. But Signor Ascoli ought to have known that the derivation of Gothic *snáiv-s*, Old High-German *snêo*, or *snê*, gen. *snêwe-s*, Lithuanian *snéga-s*, Slav. *snjeg*, Hib. *sneachd*, from the root *snu*, rests on the authority of Bopp (*Glossarium*, 1847, s. v. snu: see also Grimm, *Deutsche Grammatik*, ii. p. 700). He ought likewise to have known that in 1852 Professor Schweizer-Siedler, in his review of Bötticher's *Arica* (Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, i. p. 479), had pointed out that *snigh* may be considered as a secondary root by the side of *snu* and *snâ* (cf. σμάω, σμήχω; ψάω, ψήχω; νάω, νήχω). The real relation of *snu* to *snigh* had been explained as early as 1842 by Benfey, *Wurzellexicon*, ii. p. 54; and Signor Ascoli was no doubt aware of what Professor Curtius had written on the relation of *snigh* to *snu* (*Grundzüge der Griechischen Etymologie*, p. 297). Signor Ascoli has certainly shown with greater minuteness than his predecessors that not only Zend *snizh* and Lithuanian *snêga-s*, but likewise Gothic *snaiv-s*, Greek νίφει, Latin nix, nIv-is, and ninguis, may be derived from *snigh*; but if from *snigh*, a secondary development of the root *snu*, we can arrive at *νίφ-α*, and at *νίβα*, we can hardly doubt that *Niobe*, a kind of *Chione*, belongs to the same family, however anomalous the derivation.

melting; the death of her beautiful children by the arrows of Apollon and Artemis represents the destruction of winter by the rays of the sun. If the sun itself was to be named, it might be called the brilliant, the awakener, the runner, the ruler, the father, the giver of warmth, of fertility, of life, the scorcher, the destroyer, the messenger of death, and many other names; but there was no possibility of naming it, except by laying hold of one of its characteristic features, and expressing that feature by means of one of the conceptual or predicative roots.

Let us trace the history of at least one of these names. Before the Aryan nations separated, before there was a Latin, a Greek, or a Sanskrit language, there existed a root *svar* or *sval*, which meant to beam, to glitter, to warm. It exists in Greek, *σέλας*, splendour; *σελήνη*, moon; in Anglo-Saxon, as *swélan*, to burn, to sweal; in modern German, *schwül*, oppressively hot. From it we have in Sanskrit the noun *svar*, meaning sometimes the sky, sometimes the sun; and exactly the same word has been preserved in Latin, as *sol*; in Gothic as *sauil*; in Anglo-Saxon, as *sol*. A secondary form of *svar* is the Sanskrit *sûrya* for *svârya*, the sun, which is the same word as the Greek *ἥλιος*.

All these names were originally mere predicates; they meant, bright, brilliant, warm. But as soon as the name *svar* or *sûrya* was formed, it became, through the irresistible influence of language, the name, not only of a living, but of a male being. Every noun in Sanskrit must be either a masculine or a feminine (for the neuter gender was originally confined to the nominative case), and as *sûryas* had been formed as a

masculine, language stamped it once for all as the sign of a male being, as much as if it had been the name of a warrior or a king. In other languages where the name for sun is a feminine, and the sun is accordingly conceived as a woman, as a queen, as the bride of the moon, the whole mythology of the love-making of the heavenly bodies is changed.

You may say that all this shows, not so much the influence of language on thought, as of thought on language; and that the sexual character of all words reflects only the peculiarities of a child's mind, which can conceive of nothing except as living, as male or female. If a child hurts itself against a chair, it beats and scolds the chair. The chair is looked upon not as *it*, but as *he*; it is the naughty chair, quite as much as a boy is a naughty boy. There is some truth in this, but it only serves to confirm the right view of the influence of language on thought; for this tendency, though in its origin intentional, and therefore the result of thought, became soon a mere rule of tradition in language, and it then reacted on the mind with irresistible power. As soon, in fact, as *sûryas* or ἥλιος appears as a masculine, we are in the very thick of mythology. We have not yet arrived at Helios as a god—that is a much later stage of thought, which we might describe almost in the words of Plato at the beginning of the seventh book of the 'Republic,' 'And after this, he will reason that the sun is he who gives the seasons and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold.' We have not yet advanced so far, but we have

reached at least the first germs of a myth. In the Homeric hymn to Helios, Helios is not yet called an immortal, but only *ἐπιείκελος ἀθανάτοισι*, like unto immortals, yet he is called the child of Euryphaessa, the son of Hyperion, the grandson of Uranos and Gæa.[1]

All this is mythology; it is ancient language going beyond its first intention.

Nor is there much difficulty in interpreting this myth. Helios, the sun, is called the son of Hyperīon, sometimes Hyperīon himself. This name Hyperīon is derived from the preposition *ὑπέρ*, the Latin *super*, which means above. It is derived by means of the suffix *-ιων*, which originally was not a patronymic, but simply expressed belonging to. So if Helios was called Hyperion, this simply meant he who dwells on high, and corresponds to Latin *Summanus* or *Superior*, or *Excelsior*. If, on the contrary, Helios is called Hyperionides, this, too, which meant originally no more than he who comes from, or belongs to those who dwell on high,[2] led to the myth that he was the descendant of Hyperion; so that in this case, as in the case of Zeus Kronīon, the son really led to the conception of his father. Zeus Kronīon meant originally no more than Zeus the eternal, the god of ages, the ancient of days; but *-ίων* becoming usual as a patronymic suffix, Kronion was supposed

[1] At the end of the hymn the poet says:—

χαῖρε, ἄναξ, πρόφρων δὲ βίον θυμήρε' ὄπαζε·
ἐκ σέο δ' ἀρξάμενος κλήσω μερόπων γένος ἀνδρῶν
ἡμιθέων, οὓς ἔργα θεοὶ θνητοῖσιν ἔδειξαν.

This would seem to imply that the poet looked upon Helios as a half-god, almost as a hero, who had once lived on earth.

[2] Corssen, *Ueber Steigerungsendungen*, Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, iii. p. 299.

to mean the son of Kronos. Kronos, the father, was created in order to account for the existence of the name Kronion. If Hyperion is called the son of Euryphaessa, the wide-shining, this requires no commentary; for even at present a poet might say that the sun is born of the wide-shining dawn. You see the spontaneous generation of mythology with every new name that is formed. As not only the sun, but also the moon and the dawn could be called dwellers on high, they, too, took the name of Hyperionis or Hyperionides; and hence Homer called Selene, the Moon, and Eos, the Dawn, sisters of Helios, and daughters of Hyperion and Euryphaessa, the Dawn doing service twice, both as mother, Euryphaessa, and as daughter, Eos. Nay, according to Homer, Euryphaessa, the Dawn, is not only the wife, but also the sister of Helios. All this is perfectly intelligible, if we watch the growth of language and mythology; but it leads, of course, to the most tragic catastrophes as soon as it is all taken in a literal sense.

Helios is called *ἀκάμας*, the never-tiring; *παντ-ἐρκής*, the all-seeing; *φαέθων*, the shining; and also *φοῖβος*, the brilliant. This last epithet *φοῖβος* has grown into an independent deity Phœbus, and it is particularly known as a name of Apollon, Phoibos Apollon; thus showing what is also known from other sources that in Apollo, too, we have one of the many mythic disguises of the rising sun.

So far all is clear, because all the names which we have to deal with are intelligible, or, at all events, yield to the softest etymological pressure. But now if we hear the story of Phoibos Apollon falling in

love with Daphne, and Daphne praying to her mother, the Earth, to save her from Phoibos; and if we read how either the earth received her in her lap, and then a laurel tree sprang up where she had disappeared, or how she herself was changed into a laurel tree, what shall we think of this? It is a mere story, it might be said, and why should there be any meaning in it? My answer is, because people do not tell such stories of their gods and heroes, unless there is some sense in them. Besides, if Phoibos means the sun, why should not Daphne have a meaning too? Before, therefore, we can decide whether the story of Phoibos and Daphne is a mere invention, we must try to find out what can have been the meaning of the word Daphne.

In Greek it means a laurel,[1] and this would explain the purely Greek legend that Daphne was changed into a laurel tree. But who was Daphne? In order to answer this question, we must have recourse to etymology, or, in other words, we must examine the history of the word. Etymology, as you know, is no longer what it used to be; and though there may still be a classical scholar here and there who crosses himself at the idea of a Greek word being explained by a reference to Sanskrit, we naturally look to Sanskrit as the master-key to many a lock which no Greek key will open. Now Daphne, as I have shown, can be traced back to Sanskrit Ahanâ, and Ahanâ in Sanskrit means the dawn. As soon as we know this, everything becomes clear. The story of Phoibos and Daphne is no more than a description of what every one may see every day;

[1] See *Selected Essays*, vol. i. p. 399, and Preface, p. xxxiv.

first, the appearance of the Dawn in the eastern sky, then the rising of the Sun as if hurrying after his bride, then the gradual fading away of the bright Dawn at the touch of the fiery rays of the sun, and at last her death or disappearance in the lap of her mother, the Earth. All this seems to me as clear as daylight, and the only objection that could be raised against this reading of the ancient myth would be, that we can prove that Ahanâ does not mean Dawn and that Daphne cannot be traced back to Ahanâ, or that *Helios* does not mean the Sun.

I know there is another objection, but it seems to me so groundless as hardly to deserve an answer. Why, it is asked, should the ancient nations have told these endless stories about the Sun and the Dawn, and why should they have preserved them in their mythology? We might as well ask why the ancient nations should have invented so many irregular verbs, and why they should have preserved them in their grammar. A fact does not cease to be a fact, because we cannot at once explain it. As far as our knowledge goes at present, we are justified in stating that the Aryan nations preserved not only their grammatical structure, and a large portion of their dictionary, from the time which preceded their separation, but that they likewise retained the names of some of their deities, some legends about their gods, some popular sayings and proverbs, and in these, it may be, the seeds of parables, as part of their common Aryan heirloom. Their mythological lore fills in fact a period in the history of Aryan thought, half-way between the period of language and the period of literature, and it is this discovery

which gives to mythology its importance in the eyes of the student of the most ancient history and psychology of mankind.

And do not suppose that the Greeks, or the Hindus, or the Aryan nations in general were the only people who possessed such tales. Wherever we look, in every part of the world, among uncivilised as well as a civilised people, we find the same kind of stories, the same traditions, the same myths.

I shall give one story from the extreme North, another from the extreme South.

Among the Esquimaux of Repulse Bay, on the West side of Hudson's Bay, on the Arctic Circle, Mr. John Rae picked up the following story :—

'Many years ago, a great Esquimaux Conqueror gained so much power that he was able to rise unto the heavens, taking with him on one occasion a sister, a very beautiful girl, and some fire. He added much fuel to the fire, and thus formed the Sun. For some time he and his sister lived in great harmony, but after a time he became very cruel, and ill-treated his sister in many ways. She bore it at first with great patience, until at last he threw fire at her, and scorched one side of her face. This spoiling of her beauty was beyond endurance; she therefore ran away from him, and formed the Moon. Her brother then began, and still continues to chase her; but although he sometimes got near, he has not yet overtaken her, nor ever will.

'When it is New Moon, the burnt side of the face is towards us; at Full Moon it is the reverse.'

There are dialectic varieties in the Mythology of the Esquimaux as of the Greeks and Hindus, and,

with a change of gender between Sun and Moon, the same story occurs among other tribes in the following form :—

'There was a girl at a party, and some one told his love for her by shaking her shoulders, after the manner of the country. She could not see who it was in the dark hut, so she smeared her hands with soot, and when he came back she blackened his cheek with her hand. When a light was brought she saw that it was her brother and fled. He ran after her, followed her, and as she came to the end of the earth, he sprang out into the sky. Then she became the sun, and he the moon, and this is why the moon is always chasing the sun through the heavens, and why the moon is sometimes dark as he turns his blackened cheek towards the earth.'[1]

We now turn to the South, and here, among the lowest of the low, among the Hottentots, who are despised even by their black neighbours, the Zulus, we find the following gem of a fable, beaming with mingled rays of religion and philosophy :—

'The Moon, it is said, sent once an insect to men, saying, "Go thou to men, and tell them, As I die, and dying live, so ye shall also die, and dying live." The insect started with the message, but whilst on his way, was overtaken by the hare, who asked: "On what errand art thou bound?" The insect answered, "I am sent by the Moon to men, to tell them that as she dies and dying lives, they also shall die and dying live." The hare said, "As thou art an awkward runner, let me go" (to take the message). With these words he ran off, and when he reached men, he said, "I am sent by the Moon

[1] *The Childhood of the World*, by E. Clodd, p. 62.

to tell you, As I die, and dying perish, in the same manner ye also shall die and come wholly to an end." Then the hare returned to the Moon, and told her what he had said to men. The Moon reproached him angrily, saying, "Darest thou tell the people a thing which I have not said?" With these words she took up a piece of wood, and struck him on the nose. Since that day the hare's nose is slit.'

Of this story, too, there are various versions, and in one of them the end is as follows:—

'The hare, having returned to the Moon, was questioned as to the message delivered, and the Moon, having heard the true state of the case, became so enraged with him that she took up a hatchet to split his head; falling short, however, of that, the hatchet fell upon the upper lip of the hare, and cut it severely. Hence it is that we see the "hare-lip." The hare, being duly incensed at having received such treatment, raised his claws, and scratched the Moon's face; and the dark parts which we now see on the surface of the Moon are the scars which she received on that occasion.'[1]

[1] *Reynard the Fox in South Africa, or Hottentot Fables and Tales*, by W. H. I. Bleek, 1864, p. 69. Dr. Theophilus Hahn, *Die Sprache der Nama*, 1870, p. 59. As a curious coincidence it may be mentioned that in Sanskrit, too, the Moon is called *sasāṅka*, *i.e.* 'having the marks of a hare,' the black marks in the moon being taken for the likeness of the hare. Another coincidence is that the Namaqua Hottentots will not touch hare's flesh (see Sir James E. Alexander's *Expedition of Discovery into the Interior of Africa*, vol. i. p. 169), because the hare deceived men, while the Jews abstain from it, because the hare is supposed to chew the cud (Lev. xi. 6).

A similar tradition on the meaning of death occurs among the Zulus, but as they do not know of the Moon as a deity, the message that men are not to die, or that they are to die, is sent there by Unkulunkulu, the ancestor of the human race, and thus the whole

The Finns, Lapps, and Esthonians do not seem a very poetical race, yet there is poetry even in their smoky huts, poetry surrounded with all the splendour of an arctic night, and fragrant with the perfume of moss and wild flowers. Here is one of their legends :—

'Wanna Issi had two servants, Koit and Ämmarik, and he gave them a torch which Koit should light every morning, and Ämmarik should extinguish in the evening. In order to reward their faithful services, Wanna Issi told them they might be man and wife, but they asked Wanna Issi that he would allow them to remain for ever bride and bridegroom. Wanna Issi assented, and henceforth Koit handed the torch every evening to Ämmarik, and Ämmarik took it and extinguished it. Only during four weeks in summer they remain together at midnight; Koit hands the dying torch to Ämmarik, but Ämmarik does not let it die, but lights it again with her breath. Then their hands are stretched out, and their lips meet, and the blush of the face of Ämmarik colours the midnight sky.'

This myth requires hardly any commentary; yet, as long as it is impossible to explain the names, Wanna Issi, Koit, and Ämmarik, it might be said that the story was but a love story, invented by an idle Lapp, or Finn, or Esthonian. But what if Wanna Issi in Esthonian means the Old Father, and if Koit means the Dawn? Can we then doubt any longer that Ämmarik[1] must be the Gloaming, and that their

story loses its point. See Dr. Callaway, *Unkulunkulu*, p. 4; and Gray, *Polynesian Mythology*, pp. 16–58.

[1] According to a letter just received from an Esthonian lady,

meeting in the summer reflects those summer evenings when, particularly in the North, the torch of the sun seems never to die, and when the Gloaming is seen kissing the Dawn?[1]

I wish I could tell you some more of these stories which have been gathered from all parts of the world, and which, though they may be pronounced childish and tedious by some critics, seem to me to glitter with the brightest dew of nature's own poetry, and to contain those very touches that make us feel akin, not only with Homer or Shakespeare, but even with Lapps, and Finns, and Kaffirs.

I cannot resist, however, the temptation of inserting here a poetical rendering of the story of Koit and Ämmarik, sent to me from the New World, remarking only that instead of Lapland, Esthonia is really the country that may claim the original story.

A Legend of Lapland.

'Two servants were in Wanna Issi's pay;
A blazing torch their care;
Each morning Koit must light it till its ray
Flamed through the air;

ämmarik does mean the gloaming in the language of the common people of Esthonia. Bertram (*Ilmatar*, Dorpat, 1870, p. 265) remarks that *Koit* is the dawn, *Koido täht*, the morning-star, also called *eha täht*. *Ämarik*, the ordinary name for the dawn, is used as the name for the evening twilight, or the gloaming in the well-known story, published by Fählmann (*Verhandlungen der gelehrten Estnischen Gesellschaft zu Dorpat*, vol. i.). In Finnish *hämära* is twilight in general.

[1] The story was mentioned by Grimm in *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, vol. iii. p. 353 (1856). It was first published by Fählmann, 1872, in the *Verhandlungen der Estnischen Gesellschaft zu Dorpat*, more complete by Dr. Kreutzwald, 1854, in *Bulletin of St. Petersburg Academy*, tom. xii. nos. 3, 4 (*Mélanges Russes*, tom. ii. p. 409).

'And every evening Ämmarik's fair hand
Must quench the waning light;
Then over all the weary, waiting land
Fell the still night.

'So passed the time; then Wanna Issi said,
"For faithful service done,
Lo, here reward! To-morrow shall ye wed,
And so be one."

'"Not so," said Koit; "for sweeter far to me
The joy that neareth still;
Then grant us ever fast betrothed to be."
They had their will.

'And now the blazing lustre to transfer
Himself, is all his claim;
Warm from her lover's hand it comes to her,
To quench the flame.'

'Only for four times seven lengthening days,
At midnight, do they stand
Together, while Koit gives the dying blaze
To Ämmarik's hand.

'O wonder then! She lets it not expire,
But lights it with her breath—
The breath of love, that, warm with quickening fire,
Wakes life from death.

'Then hands stretch out, and touch, and clasp on high,
Then lip to lip is pressed,
And Ämmarik's blushes tinge the midnight sky
From east to west.' ANNA C. BRACKETT.

If people cannot bring themselves to believe in solar and celestial myths among the Hindus and Greeks, let them study the folklore of the Semitic and Turanian races. I know there is, on the part of some of our most distinguished scholars, the same objection against comparing Aryan to non-Aryan myths, as there is against any attempt to explain

the features of Sanskrit or Greek by a reference to Finnish or Bask. In one sense that objection is well founded, for nothing would create greater confusion than to ignore the genealogical principle as the only safe one in a scientific classification of languages, of myths, and even of customs. We must first classify our myths and legends, as we classify our languages and dialects. We must first of all endeavour to explain what wants explanation in one member of a family by a reference to other members of the same family, before we allow ourselves to glance beyond. But there is in a comparative study of languages and myths not only a philological, but also a philosophical, and more particularly, a psychological interest, and though even in this more general study of mankind, the frontiers of language and race ought never to disappear, yet they can no longer be allowed to narrow or intercept our view. How much the student of Aryan mythology and ethnology may gain for his own progress by allowing himself a wider survey over the traditions and customs of the whole human race, is best known to those who have studied the works of Klemm, Waitz, Bastian, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Tylor, and Dr. Callaway. What is prehistoric in language among the Aryan nations, is sometimes found as still historic among Turanian races. The same applies with regard to religions, myths, legends, and customs. Among Finns and Lapps, among Zulus and Maoris, among Khonds and Karens, we sometimes find the most startling analogies to Aryan traditions, and we certainly learn, again and again, this one important lesson, that as in language, so in mythology, there is nothing which

had not originally a meaning, that every name of the gods and heroes had a beginning, a purpose, and a history.

Jupiter was no more called Jupiter by accident, than the Polynesian *Maui*, the Samoyede *Num*, or the Chinese *Tien*.[1] If we can discover the original meaning of these names, we have reached the first ground of their later growth. I do not say that, if we can explain the first purpose of the mythological names, we have solved the whole riddle of mythology, but I maintain that we have gained firm ground. I maintain that every true etymology gives us an historical fact, because the first giving of a name was an historical fact, and an historical fact of the greatest importance for the later development of ancient ideas. Think only of this one fact, which no one would now venture to doubt, that the supreme deity of the Greeks, the Romans, the Germans, is called by the same name as the supreme deity of the earliest Aryan settlers in India. Does not this one fact draw away the curtain from the dark ages of antiquity, and open before our eyes an horizon which we can hardly measure by years? The Greek *Zeus* is the same word as the Latin *Ju* in *Jupiter*, as the German *Tiu*; and all these were merely dialectic varieties of the Vedic *Dyaus*.[2] Now *dyaus* in Sanskrit is the name of the sky, if used as a feminine; if used as a masculine, as it is still in the Veda, it is the sky as a man or as a god—it is Zeus, the father of gods and men. You know, of course, that the whole language of ancient India is but a sister dialect of Greek, Latin,

[1] See *Lectures on the Science of Religion*, pp. 194, 200.

[2] See my *Science of Language*, Eleventh Chapter.

of German, Celtic, and Slavonic, and that if the Greek says *es-ti*, he is, if the Roman says *est*, the German *ist*, the Slave *yesté*, the Hindu, three thousand years ago, said *as-ti*, he is. This *as-ti* is a compound of a root *as*, to be, and the pronoun *ti*. The root meant originally *to breathe*, and dwindled down after a time to the meaning of *to be*. All this must have happened before a single Greek or German reached the shores of Europe, and before a single Ârya descended into the plains of India. At that distant time we must place the gradual growth of language and ideas, of a language which we are still speaking, of ideas which we are still thinking; and at the same time only can we explain the framing of those names which were the first attempts at grasping supernatural powers, which became in time the names of the deities of the ancient world, the heroes of mythology, the chief actors in many a legend, nay, some of which have survived in the nursery tales of our own time.[1]

My time, I see, is nearly over, but before I finish, I feel that I have a duty to perform from which I ought not to shrink. Some of those who have honoured me with their presence to-night may recollect that about a year ago a lecture was delivered in this very room by Professor Blackie, in which he tried to throw discredit on the scientific method of the interpretation of popular myths, or on what I call Comparative Mythology. Had he confined his remarks to the subject itself, I should have felt most grateful for his criticisms, little minding the manner

[1] See a most interesting essay, *Le Petit Poucet* (Tom Thumb), by Gaston Paris.

in which they were conveyed—for a student of language knows what words are made of. Nor, had his personal reflections concerned myself alone, should I have felt called upon to reply to them thus publicly, for it has always seemed to me that unless we protest against unmerited praise, we have no right to protest against unmerited abuse. I believe I can appeal to all here present, that during the many years I have had the honour to lecture in this Institution, I have *not once* allowed myself to indulge in any personal remarks, or attacked those who, being absent, cannot defend themselves. Even when I had to answer objections, or to refute false theories, I have always most carefully avoided mentioning the names of living writers. But as Professor Blackie has directed his random blows, not against myself, but against a friend, the Rev. G. Cox, the author of a work on Aryan Mythology, I feel that I must for once try to get angry, and return blow for blow. Professor Blackie speaks of Mr. Cox as if he had done nothing beyond repeating what I had said before. Nothing can be more unfair. My own work in Comparative Mythology has consisted chiefly in laying down some of the general principles of that science, and in the etymological interpretation of some of the ancient names of gods, goddesses, and heroes. In fact, I have made it a rule never to interpret or to compare the legends of India, Greece, Italy, or Germany, except in cases where it was possible, first of all, to show an identity or similarity in the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, or German names of the principal actors. Mr. Cox having convinced himself that the method which I have followed in mythology

rests on sound and truly scientific principles, has adopted most, though by no means all, of my etymological interpretations. Professor Blackie, on the contrary, without attempting any explanation of the identity of mythological names in Greek and Sanskrit which must be either disproved or explained, thunders forth the following sentence of condemnation:—'Even under the scientific guidance of a Bopp, a Pott, a Grimm, and a Müller, a sober man may sometimes, even in the full blaze of the new sun of comparative philology, allow himself to drink deep draughts, if not of *maundering madness*, at least of *manifest hallucination*.'

If such words are thrown at my head, I pick them up chiefly as etymological curiosities, and as striking illustrations of what Mr. Tylor calls 'survivals in culture,' showing how the most primitive implements of warfare, rude stones and unpolished flints, which an ethnologist would suppose to be confined to prehistoric races, to the red Indians of America or the wild Picts of Caledonia, turn up again most unexpectedly at the present day in the very centre of civilised life. All I can say is, that if, as a student of Comparative Mythology, I have been drinking deep draughts of maundering madness, I have been drinking in good company. In this respect Mr. Cox has certainly given me far more credit than I deserve. I am but one out of many labourers in this rich field of scientific research, and he ought to have given far greater prominence to the labours of Grimm, Burnouf, Bopp, and, before all, of my learned friend, Professor Kuhn.

But while, with regard to etymology, Mr. Cox

contents himself with reporting the results of other scholars, he stands quite independent in his own treatment of Comparative Mythology. Of this Professor Blackie seems to have no suspicion whatever. The plan which Mr. Cox follows is to collect the coincidences in the legends themselves, and to show how in different myths the same story with slight variations is told again and again of different gods and heroes. In this respect his work is entirely original and very useful; for although these coincidences may be explained in different ways, and do not afford a proof of a common historical origin of the mythologies of India, Greece, Italy, and Germany, they are all the more interesting from a purely psychological point of view, and supply important material for further researches. Mr. Tylor has lately worked with great success in the same rich mine; extending the limits of mythological research far beyond the precincts of the Aryan world, and showing that there are solar myths wherever the sun shines. I differ from Mr. Cox on many points, as he differs from me. I shall certainly keep to my own method of never attempting an interpretation or a comparison, except where the ground has first been cleared of all uncertainty by etymological research, and where the names of different gods and heroes have been traced back to a common source. I call this the *nominalistic* as opposed to the *realistic* method of Comparative Mythology, and it is the former only that concerns the student of the Science of Language. I gratefully acknowledge, however, the help which I have received from Mr. Cox's work.

particularly as suggesting new clusters of myths that might be disentangled by etymological analysis.

But not only has Professor Blackie failed to perceive the real character of Mr. Cox's researches, but he has actually charged him with holding opinions which both Mr. Cox and myself have repeatedly disavowed, and most strenuously opposed. Again and again have we warned the students of Comparative Mythology that they must not expect to be able to explain everything. Again and again have we pointed out that there are irrational elements in mythology, and that we must be prepared to find grains of local history on which, as I said,[1] the sharpest tools of Comparative Mythology must bend or break. Again and again have we shown that historical persons[2]—not only Cyrus and Charlemagne, but Frederick Barbarossa and even Frederick the Great—have been drawn into the vortex of popular mythology. Yet these are the words of Professor Blackie: 'The cool way in which Max Müller and his English disciple, Mr. Cox, assume that there are no human figures and historical characters in the whole gallery of heroes and demi-gods in the Greek Mythology, is something very remarkable.'

[1] *Chips*, vol. iv. p. 283:—'Here then we see that mythology does not always create its own heroes, but that it lays hold of real history, and coils itself round it so closely that it is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to separate the ivy from the oak, the lichen from the granite to which it clings. And here is a lesson which comparative mythologists ought not to neglect. They are naturally bent on explaining everything that can be explained; but they should bear in mind that there may be elements in every mythological riddle which resist etymological analysis, for the simple reason that their origin was not etymological, but historical.'

[2] *Science of Language*, vol. ii. p. 657.

I readily admit that some of the etymologies which I have proposed of mythological names are open to criticism; and if, like other scholars, Professor Blackie had pointed out to me any cases where I might seem to him to have offended against Grimm's law or other phonetic rules, I should have felt most grateful; but if he tells me that the Greek Erinys should not be derived from the Sanskrit Sara*n*yû, but from the Greek verb *ἐριννύειν*, to be angry, he might as well derive *critic* from *to criticise*;[1] and if he maintains that a name may have two or three legitimate etymologies, I can only answer that we might as well say that a child could have two or three legitimate mothers.

I have most reluctantly entered upon these somewhat personal explanations, and I should not have done so if I alone had been concerned in Professor Blackie's onslaught. I hope, however, that I have avoided anything that could give just offence to Professor Blackie, even if he should be present here to-night. Though he abuses me as a German, and laughs at the instinctive aversion to external facts and the extravagant passion for self-evolved ideas as national failings of all Germans (I only wonder that the story of the camel and the inner consciousness did not come

[1] Professor Blackie quotes Pausanias in support of this etymology. He says: 'The account of Pausanias (viii. 25, 26), according to which the terrible impersonation of conscience, or the violated moral law, is derived from *ἐριννύειν*, an old Greek verb originally signifying to be angry, has sufficient probability, not to mention the obvious analogy of Ἀραί, another name sometimes given to the awful maids (*σεμναί*), from *ἀρά*, an imprecation.' If Professor Blackie will refer to Pausanias himself, he will find that the Arcadians assigned a very different cause to the anger of Demeter, which is supposed to have led to the formation of her new name Erinys.

in), yet I know that for many years German poetry and German scholarship have had few more ardent admirers, and German scholars few more trusty friends, than Professor Blackie. Nationality, it seems to me, has as little to do with scholarship as with logic. On the contrary, in every nation he that will work hard and reason honestly may be sure to discover some grains of truth. National jealousies and animosities have no place in the republic of letters, which is, and I trust always will be, the true international republic of all friends of work, of order, and of truth.

ON FALSE ANALOGIES IN COMPARATIVE THEOLOGY.

Very different from the real similarities that can be discovered in nearly all the religions of the world, and which, owing to their deeply human character, in no way necessitate the admission that one religion borrowed from the other, are those minute coincidences between the Jewish and the Pagan religions which have so often been discussed by learned theologians, and which were intended by them as proof positive, either that the Pagans borrowed their religious ideas direct from the Old Testament, or that some fragments of a primeval revelation, granted to the ancestors of the whole race of mankind, had been preserved in the temples of Greece and Italy.

Bochart, in his 'Geographia Sacra,' considered the identity of Noah and Saturn so firmly established as hardly to admit of the possibility of a doubt. The three sons of Saturn—Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto—he represented as having been originally the three sons of Noah: Jupiter being Ham; Neptune, Japhet; and Shem, Pluto. Even in the third generation the two families were proved to have been one, for

Phut, the son of Ham, or of Jupiter Hammon, could be no other than Apollo Pythius; Canaan no other than Mercury; and Nimrod no other than Bacchus, whose original name was supposed to have been Bar-chus, the son of Cush. G. J. Vossius, in his learned work, 'De Origine et Progressu Idolatriæ' (1688), identified Saturn with Adam, Janus with Noah, Pluto with Ham, Neptune with Japhet, Minerva with Naamah, Vulcan with Tubal Cain, Typhon with Og. Huet, the friend of Bochart, and the colleague of Bossuet, went still further; and in his classical work, the 'Demonstratio Evangelica,' he attempted to prove that the whole theology of the heathen nations was borrowed from Moses, whom he identified not only with ancient law-givers, like Zoroaster and Orpheus, but with gods and demigods, such as Apollo, Vulcan, Faunus, and Priapus.

All this happened not more than two hundred years ago; and even a hundred years ago, nay, even after the discovery of Sanskrit and the rise of Comparative Philology, the troublesome ghost of Huet was by no means laid at once. On the contrary, as soon as the ancient language and religion of India became known in Europe, they were received by many people in the same spirit. Sanskrit, like all other languages, was to be derived from Hebrew, the ancient religion of the Brahmans from the Old Testament.

There was at that time an enthusiasm among Oriental scholars, particularly at Calcutta, and an interest for Oriental antiquities in the public at large, of which we in these days of apathy for Eastern literature can hardly form an adequate idea. Every-

body wished to be first in the field, and to bring to light some of the treasures which were supposed to be hidden in the sacred literature of the Brahmans. Sir William Jones, the founder of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, published in the first volume of the 'Asiatic Researches' his famous essay 'On the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India;' and he took particular care to state that his essay, though published only in 1788, had been written in 1784. In that essay he endeavoured to show that there existed an intimate connection, not only between the mythology of India and that of Greece and Italy, but likewise between the legendary stories of the Brahmans and the accounts of certain historical events as recorded in the Old Testament. No doubt, the temptation was great. No one could look down for a moment into the rich mine of religious and mythological lore that was suddenly opened before the eyes of scholars and theologians, without being struck by a host of similarities, not only in the languages, but also in the ancient traditions of the Hindus, the Greeks, and the Romans; and if at that time the Greeks and Romans were still supposed to have borrowed their language and their religion from Jewish quarters, the same conclusion could hardly be avoided with regard to the language and the religion of the Brahmans of India.

The first impulse to look in the ancient religion of India for reminiscences of revealed truth seems to have come from missionaries rather than from scholars. It arose from a motive, in itself most excellent, of finding some common ground for those who wished to convert and those who were to be converted. Only,

instead of looking for that common ground where it really was to be found—namely, in the broad foundations on which all religions are built up: the belief in a divine power, the acknowledgment of sin, the habit of prayer, the desire to offer sacrifice, and the hope of a future life—the students of Pagan religion as well as Christian missionaries were bent on discovering more striking and more startling coincidences, in order to use them in confirmation of their favourite theory that some rays of a primeval revelation, or some reflection of the Jewish religion, had reached the uttermost ends of the world. This was a dangerous proceeding—dangerous because superficial, dangerous because undertaken with a foregone conclusion; and very soon the same arguments that had been used on one side in order to prove that all religious truth had been derived from the Old Testament were turned against Christian scholars and Christian missionaries, in order to show that it was not Brahmanism and Buddhism which had borrowed from the Old and New Testament, but that the Old and the New Testament had borrowed from the more ancient religions of the Brahmans and Buddhists.

This argument was carried out, for instance, in Holwell's 'Original Principles of the Ancient Brahmans,' published in London as early as 1779, in which the author maintains that 'the Brahmanic religion is the first and purest product of supernatural revelation,' and 'that the Hindu scriptures contain to a moral certainty the original doctrines and terms of restoration delivered from God himself, by the mouth of his first-created Birmah, to mankind, at his first creation in the form of man.'

Sir William Jones[1] tells us that one or two missionaries in India had been absurd enough, in their zeal for the conversion of the Gentiles, to urge 'that the Hindus were even now almost Christians, because their Brahma, Vishnu, and Mahesa were no other than the Christian Trinity;' a sentence in which, he adds, we can only doubt whether folly, ignorance, or impiety predominates.

Sir William Jones himself was not likely to fall into that error. He speaks against it most emphatically. 'Either,' he says, 'the first eleven chapters of Genesis—all due allowance being made for a figurative Eastern style—are true, or the whole fabric of our national religion is false; a conclusion which none of us, I trust, would now wish to draw. But it is not the truth of our national religion as such that I have at heart; it is truth itself; and if any cool, unbiassed reasoner will clearly convince me that Moses drew his narrative through Egyptian conduits from the primeval fountains of Indian literature, I shall esteem him as a friend for having weeded my mind from a capital error, and promise to stand amongst the foremost in assisting to circulate the truth which he has ascertained.'

But though he speaks so strongly against the uncritical proceedings of those who would derive anything that is found in the Old Testament from Indian sources, Sir William Jones himself was really guilty of the same want of critical caution in his own attempts to identify the gods and heroes of Greece and Rome with the gods and heroes of India.

[1] *Asiatic Researches*, i. p. 272; *Life of Sir W. Jones*, vol. ii. p. 240 *seq.*

He begins his essay,[1] 'On the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India' with the following remarks :—

'We cannot justly conclude, by arguments preceding the proof of facts, that one idolatrous people must have borrowed their deities, rites, and tenets from another, since gods of all shapes and dimensions may be framed by the boundless powers of imagination, or by the frauds and follies of men, in countries never connected; but when features of resemblance, too strong to have been accidental, are observable in different systems of polytheism, without fancy or prejudice to colour them and improve the likeness, we can scarce help believing that some connection has immemorially subsisted between the several nations who have adopted them. It is my design in this essay to point out such a resemblance between the popular worship of the old Greeks and Italians and that of the Hindus; nor can there be any room to doubt of a great similarity between their strange religions and that of Egypt, China, Persia, Phrygia, Phœnice, and Syria; to which, perhaps, we may safely add some of the southern kingdoms, and even islands of America; while the Gothic system which prevailed in the northern regions of Europe was not merely similar to those of Greece and Italy, but almost the same in another dress, with an embroidery of images apparently Asiatic. From all this, if it be satisfactorily proved, we may infer a general union or affinity between the most distinguished inhabitants of the primitive world at the time when they deviated, as

[1] *Asiatic Researches*, i. p. 221

they did too early deviate, from the rational adoration of the only true God.'

Here, then, in an essay written nearly a hundred years ago by Sir W. Jones, one of the most celebrated Oriental scholars in England, it might seem as if we should find the first outlines of that science which is looked upon as but of to-day or yesterday—the outlines of Comparative Mythology. But in such an expectation we are disappointed. What we find is merely a superficial comparison of the mythology of India and that of other nations, both Aryan and Semitic, without any scientific value, because carried out without any of those critical tests which alone keep Comparative Mythology from running riot. This is not intended as casting a slur on Sir W. Jones. At his time the principles which have now been established by the students of the science of language were not yet known, and as with words, so with the nāmes of deities, similarity of sound, the most treacherous of all sirens, was with him the only guide in such researches.

It is not pleasant to have to find fault with a man possessed of such genius, taste, and learning as Sir W. Jones, but no one who is acquainted with the history of these researches will be surprised at my words. It is the fate of all pioneers, not only to be left behind in the assault which they had planned, but to find that many of their approaches were made in a false direction, and had to be abandoned. But as the authority of their names continues to sway the public at large, and is apt to mislead even painstaking students and to entail upon them repeated disappointments, it is necessary that those who know

should speak out, even at the risk of being considered harsh or presumptuous.

A few instances will suffice to show how utterly baseless the comparisons are which Sir W. Jones instituted between the gods of India, Greece, and Italy. He compares the Latin Janus with the Sanskrit deity Ganesa. It is well known that Janus is connected with the same root that has yielded the names of Jupiter, Zeus, and Dyaus, while Ganesa is a compound, meaning lord of hosts, lord of the companies of gods.

Saturnus is supposed to have been the same as Noah, and is then identified by Sir W. Jones with the Indian Manu Satyavrata, who escaped from the flood. Ceres is compared with the goddess Śri, Jupiter or Diespiter with Indra or Divaspati; and, though etymology is called a weak basis for historical inquiries, the three syllables Jov in Jovis, Zeu in Zeus, and Siv in Siva are placed side by side, as possibly containing the same root, only differently pronounced. Now the s of Śiva is a palatal s, and no scholar who has once looked into a book on Comparative Philology need be told that such an s could never correspond to a Greek Zeta or a Latin J.

In Krishna, the lovely shepherd-god, Sir W. Jones recognises the features of Apollo Nomius, who fed the herds of Admetus, and slew the dragon Python; and he leaves it to etymologists to determine whether Gopâla—*i.e.* the cow-herd—may not be the same word as Apollo. We are also assured, on the authority of Colonel Vallancey, that Krishna in Irish means the sun, and that the goddess Kâlî, to whom human sacrifices were offered, as enjoined in

the Vedas (?), was the same as Hekate. In conclusion, Sir W. Jones remarks, 'I strongly incline to believe that Egyptian priests have actually come from the Nile to the Gangâ and Yamunâ, and that they visited the Sarmans of India, as the sages of Greece visited them, rather to acquire than to impart knowledge.'

The interest that had been excited by Sir William Jones's researches did not subside, though he himself did not return to the subject, but devoted his great powers to more useful labours. Scholars, both in India and in Europe, wanted to know more of the ancient religion of India. If Jupiter, Apollo, and Janus had once been found in the ancient pantheon of the Brahmans; if the account of Noah and the deluge could be traced back to the story of Manu Satyavrata, who escaped from the flood, more discoveries might be expected in this newly-opened mine, and people rushed to it with all the eagerness of gold-diggers. The idea that everything in India was of extreme antiquity had at that time taken a firm hold on the minds of all students of Sanskrit; and, as there was no one to check their enthusiasm, everything that came to light in Sanskrit literature was readily accepted as more ancient than Homer, or even than the Old Testament.

It was under these influences that Lieutenant Wilford, a contemporary of Sir William Jones at Calcutta, took up the thread which Sir William Jones had dropped, and determined at all hazards to solve the question which at that time had excited a world-wide interest. Convinced that the Brahmans possessed in their ancient literature the originals,

not only of Greek and Roman mythology, but likewise of the Old Testament history, he tried every possible means to overcome their reserve and reticence. He related to them, as well as he could, the principal stories of classical mythology, and the leading events in the history of the Old Testament; he assured them that they would find the same things in their ancient books, if they would but look for them; he held out the hopes of ample rewards for any extracts from their sacred literature containing the histories of Adam and Eve, of Deukalion and Prometheus; and at last he succeeded. The coyness of the Pandits yielded; the incessant demand created a supply; and for several years essay after essay appeared in the 'Asiatic Researches,' with extracts from Sanskrit MSS., containing not only the names of Deukalion, Prometheus, and other heroes and deities of Greece, but likewise the names of Adam and Eve, of Abraham and Sarah, and all the rest.

Great was the surprise, still greater the joy, not only in Calcutta, but in London, at Paris, and all the universities of Germany. The Sanskrit MSS. from which Lieutenant Wilford quoted, and on which his theories were based, had been submitted to Sir W. Jones and other scholars; and though many persons were surprised and for a time even incredulous, yet the fact could not be denied that all was found in these Sanskrit MSS. as stated by Lieutenant Wilford. Sir W. Jones, then President of the Asiatic Society, printed the following declaration at the end of the third volume of the 'Asiatic Researches':—

'Since I am persuaded that the learned essay on Egypt and the Nile has afforded you equal delight with that which I have myself received from it, I cannot refrain from endeavouring to increase your satisfaction by confessing openly that I have at length abandoned the greatest part of the natural distrust and incredulity which had taken possession of my mind before I had examined the sources from which our excellent associate, Lieutenant Wilford, has drawn so great a variety of new and interesting opinions. Having lately read again and again, both alone and with a Paudit, the numerous original passages in the Purâṇas, and other Sanskrit books, which the writer of the dissertation adduces in support of his assertions, I am happy in bearing testimony to his perfect good faith and general accuracy, both in his extracts and in the translation of them.'

Sir W. Jones then proceeds himself to give a translation of some of these passages. 'The following translation,' he writes, 'of an extract from the Padma-purâṇa is minutely exact:'—

'1. To Satyavarman, the sovereign of the whole earth, were born three sons; the eldest Sherma; then Charma; and thirdly, Jyapeti.

'2. They were all men of good morals, excellent in virtue and virtuous deeds, skilled in the use of weapons to strike with, or to be thrown, brave men, eager for victory in battle.

'3. But Satyavarman, being continually delighted with devout meditation, and seeing his sons fit for dominion, laid upon them the burden of government,

'4. Whilst he remained honouring and satisfy-

ing the gods, and priests, and kine. One day, by the act of destiny, the king, having drunk mead,

'5. Became senseless, and lay asleep naked; then was he seen by Charma, and by him were his two brothers called.

'6. To whom he said: What now has befallen? In what state is this our sire? By those two was he hidden with clothes, and called to his senses again and again.

'7. Having recovered his intellect, and perfectly knowing what had passed, he cursed Charma, saying, Thou shalt be the servant of servants:

'8. And since thou wast a laugher in their presence, from laughter shalt thou acquire a name. Then he gave to Sherma the wide domain on the south of the snowy mountains.

'9. And to Jyapeti he gave all on the north of the snowy mountains; but he, by the power of religious contemplation, obtained supreme bliss.'

After this testimony from Sir W. Jones—wrung from him, as it would seem, against his own wish and will—Lieutenant Wilford's essays became more numerous and more startling than ever.

At last, however, the coincidences became too great. The MSS. were again carefully examined; and then it was found that a clever forgery had been committed, that leaves had been inserted in ancient MSS., and that on these leaves the Pandits, urged by Lieutenant Wilford to disclose their ancient mysteries and traditions, had rendered in correct Sanskrit verse all that they had heard about Adam and Abraham from their inquisitive master. Lieutenant (then Colonel) Wilford did not hesitate

for one moment to confess publicly that he had been imposed upon; but in the meantime the mischief had been done, his essays had been read all over Europe, they retained their place in the volumes of the 'Asiatic Researches,' and to the present day some of his statements and theories continue to be quoted authoritatively by writers on ancient religion.

Such accidents, and, one might almost say, such misfortunes, will happen, and it would be extremely unfair were we to use unnecessarily harsh language with regard to those to whom they have happened. It is perfectly true that at present, after the progress that has been made in an accurate and critical study of Sanskrit, it would be unpardonable if any Sanskrit scholar accepted such passages as those translated by Sir W. Jones as genuine. Yet it is by no means certain that a further study of Sanskrit will not lead to similar disenchantments, and deprive many a book in Sanskrit literature which now is considered as very ancient of its claims to any high antiquity. Certain portions of the Veda even, which, as far as our knowledge goes at present, we are perfectly justified in referring to the tenth or twelfth century before our era, may some day or other dwindle down from their high estate, and those who have believed in their extreme antiquity will then be held up to blame or ridicule, like Sir W. Jones or Colonel Wilford. This cannot be avoided, for science is progressive, and does not acknowledge, even in the most distinguished scholars, any claims to infallibility. One lesson only may we learn from the disappointment that befell Colonel Wilford, and that is to be on our guard against anything which in

ordinary language would be called 'too good to be true.'

Comparative Philology has taught us again and again that when we find a word exactly the same in Greek and Sanskrit, we may be certain that it cannot be the same word; and the same applies to Comparative Mythology. The same god or the same hero cannot have exactly the same name in Sanskrit and Greek, for the simple reason that Sanskrit and Greek have deviated from each other, have both followed their own way, have both suffered their own phonetic corruptions; and hence, if they do possess the same word, they can only possess it either in its Greek or its Sanskrit disguise. And if that caution applies to Sanskrit and Greek, members of the same family of language, how much more strongly must it apply to Sanskrit and Hebrew! If the first man were called in Sanskrit Âdima, and in Hebrew Adam, and if the two were really the same word, then Hebrew and Sanskrit could not be members of two different families of speech, or we should be driven to admit that Adam was borrowed by the Jews from the Hindus, for it is in Sanskrit only that âdima means the first, whereas in Hebrew it has no such meaning.

The same remark applies to a curious coincidence pointed out many years ago by Mr. Ellis in his 'Polynesian Researches' (London, 1829, vol. ii. p. 38). We there read:—

'A very generally-received Tahitian tradition is that the first human pair were made by Taaroa, the principal deity formerly acknowledged by the nation. On more than one occasion I have listened to the

details of the people respecting his work of creation. They say that, after Taaroa had formed the world, he created man out of araea, red earth, which was also the food of man until bread first was made. In connection with this some relate that Taaroa one day called for the man by name. When he came, he caused him to fall asleep, and, while he slept, he took out one of his *ivi*, or bones, and with it made a woman, whom he gave to the man as his wife, and they became the progenitors of mankind. This,' Mr. Ellis continues, 'always appeared to me a mere recital of the Mosaic account of creation, which they had heard from some European, and I never placed any reliance on it, although they have repeatedly told me it was a tradition among them before any foreigners arrived. Some have also stated that the woman's name was *Ivi*, which would be by them pronounced as if written *Eve*. *Ivi* is an aboriginal word, and not only signifies a bone, but also a widow, and a victim slain in war. Notwithstanding the assertion of the natives, I am disposed to think that *Ivi*, or *Eve*, is the only aboriginal part of the story, as far as it respects the mother of the human race. Should more careful and minute inquiry confirm the truth of this declaration, and prove that their account was in existence among them prior to their intercourse with Europeans, it will be the most remarkable and valuable oral tradition of the origin of the human race yet known.'

In this case, I believe the probability is that the story of the creation of the first woman from the bone of a man[1] existed among the Tahitians before

[1] See *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, p. 48.

their intercourse with Christians. We have a similar idiom in Hebrew, that 'all souls came out of the loins, lit. the thigh, of Jacob' (Exod. i. 5); while in the Rig-Veda the daughter of Manu, who gave birth to twenty at once (Rv. X. 86, 23), is called Parsu or rib. The similarity between the Polynesian name for bone, *ivi*,[1] even when it was used as the name of the first woman, and the English corruption of the Hebrew חַוָּה, Chāvah, Eve, are the result of mere accident.

These principles and these cautions were hardly thought of in the days of Sir William Jones and Colonel Wilford, but they ought to be thought of at present. Thus, before Bopp had laid down his code of phonetic laws, and before Burnouf had written his works on Buddhism, one cannot be very much surprised that Buddha should have been identified with Minos and Lamech; nay, that even the Babylonian deity Belus, and the Teutonic deity Wodan or Odin, should have been supposed to be connected with the founder of Buddhism in India. As Burnouf said in his 'Introduction à l'Histoire du Buddhisme,' p. 70: 'On avait même fait du Buddha une planète; et je ne sais pas si quelques savants ne se plaisent pas encore aujourd'hui à retrouver ce sage paisible sous les traits du belliqueux Odin.' But we did not expect that we should have to read again, in a book published in 1869, such statements as these:[2]—

[1] The Rev. W. W. Gill tells me that the Maori word for bone is *iwi*, but he suspects a foreign origin for the fable founded on it.

[2] *Tree and Serpent Worship*, by James Fergusson. London, 1868. Very similar opinions had been advocated by Rajendralal Mitra, in a paper published in 1858 in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 'Buddhism and Odinism, illustrated by extracts from Professor Holmboe's Memoir on the *Traces du Buddhisme en Norvège*.' How

'There is certainly a much greater similarity between the Buddhism of the Topes and the Scandinavian mythology than between it and the Buddhism of the books; but still the gulf between the two is immense; and if any traces of the doctrines of the gentle ascetic (Buddha) ever existed in the bosom of Odin or his followers, while dwelling near the roots of the Caucasus, all that can be said is, that they suffered fearful shipwreck among the rocks of the savage superstitions of the North, and sank, never again to appear on the surface of Scandinavian mythology. If the two religions come anywhere in contact, it is at their base, for underlying both there existed a strange substratum of Tree and Serpent Worship; on this the two structures seem to have been raised, though they afterwards diverged into forms so strangely dissimilar' (p. 34).

much mischief is done by opinions of this kind when they once find their way into the general public, and are supported by names which carry weight, may be seen by the following extracts from the *Pioneer* (July 30, 1878), a native paper published in India. Here we read that the views of Holmboe, Rajendralal Mitra, and Fergusson, as to a possible connection between Buddha and Wodan, between Buddhism and Wodenism have been adopted and preached by an English bishop, in order to convince his hearers, who were chiefly Buddhists, that the religion of the gentle ascetic came originally, if not from the North-East of Scotland, at all events from the Saxons. 'Gotama Buddha,' he maintained, 'was a Saxon,' coming from 'a Saxon family which had penetrated into India.' And again: 'The most convincing proof to us Anglo-Indians lies in the fact that the Purâṇas named Varada and Matsy distinctly assert that the White Island in the West—meaning England—was known in India as Sacana, having been conquered at a very early period by the Sacas or Saks.' After this the bishop takes courage, and says: 'Let me call your attention to the Pâli word Nibban, called in Sanskrit Nirvâṇa. In the Anglo-Saxon you have the identical word—Nabban, meaning "not to have," or "to be without a thing."'

Or again (p. 32):—

'We shall probably not err far if we regard these traces of serpent worship as indicating the presence in the North-East of Scotland of the head of that column of migration, or of propagandism, which under the myth of Wodenism, we endeavoured in a previous chapter to trace from the Caucasus to Scandinavia.'

'The arbors under which two of the couples are seated are curious instances of that sort of summer-house which may be found adorning tea-gardens in the neighbourhood of London to the present day. It is scenes like these that make us hesitate before asserting that there could not possibly be any connection between Buddhism and Wodenism' (p. 140).

'One of the most tempting nominal similarities connected with this subject is suggested by the name of Mâyâ. The mother of Buddha was called Mâyâ. The mother of Mercury was also Maia, the daughter of Atlas. The Romans always called Wodin, Mercury, and *dies Mercurii* and *Wodensday* alike designated the fourth day of the week. . . . These and other similarities have been frequently pointed out and insisted upon, and they are too numerous and too distinct not to have some foundation in reality' (p. 186, note).

Statements like these cannot be allowed to pass unnoticed or uncontradicted, particularly if supported by the authority of a great name; and after having spoken so freely of the unscientific character of the mythological comparisons instituted by scholars like Sir William Jones and Lieutenant Wilford, who can no longer defend themselves, it would be mere

cowardice to shrink from performing the same unpleasant duty in the case of a living writer, who has shown that he knows how to wield the weapons both of defence and attack.

It is perfectly true that the mother of Buddha was called Mâyâ, but it is equally true that the Sanskrit Mâyâ cannot be the Greek Maiâ. It is quite true also that the fourth day of the week is called *dies Mercurii* in Latin, and Wednesday in English; nay, that in Sanskrit the same day is called Budhadina or Budha-vâra. But the origin of all these names falls within perfectly historical times, and can throw no light whatever on the early growth of mythology and religion.

First of all, we have to distinguish between Budha and Buddha. The two names, though so like each other, and therefore constantly mistaken one for the other, have nothing in common but their root. Buddha with two d's, is the participle of budh, and means awakened, enlightened.[1] It is the name given to those who have reached the highest stage of human wisdom, and it is known most generally as the title of Gotama, Śâkya-muni, the founder of Buddhism, whose traditional era dates from 543 B.C. Budha, on the contrary, with one d, means simply knowing, and it became in later times, when the Hindus received from the Greeks a knowledge of the planets, the name of the planet Mercury.

It is well known that the names of the seven days of the week are derived from the names of the

[1] See *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, translated by Captain Rogers, with an Introduction containing Buddha's Dhammapada, translated from Pâli, by M. M., 1870, p. 110, note.

planets,[1] and it is equally well known that in Europe the system of weeks and week-days is comparatively of very modern origin. It was not a Greek, nor a Roman, nor a Hindu, but a Jewish or Babylonian invention. The Sabbath (Sabbata) was known and kept at Rome in the first century B.C. with many superstitious practices. It is mentioned by Horace, Ovid, Tibullus (*dies Saturni*), Persius, Juvenal. Ovid calls it a day '*rebus minus apta gerendis*.' Augustus (Suet. 'Aug.' c. 76) evidently imagined that the Jews fasted on their Sabbath, for he said, 'Not even a Jew keeps the fast of the Sabbath so strictly as I have kept this day.' In fact, Josephus ('Contra Apion.' ii. 39) was able to say that there was no town, Greek or not Greek, where the custom of observing the seventh day had not spread.[2] It is curious that we

[1] Hare, 'On the Names of the Days of the Week (*Philol. Museum*, Nov. 1831); Ideler, *Handbuch der Chronologie*, p. 177; Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 111.

[2] A writer in the *Index* objects to my representation of what Josephus said with regard to the observance of the seventh day in Greek and barbarian towns. He writes:—

'*Washington, Nov.* 9, 1872.

'The article by Max Müller in the *Index* of this week contains, I think, one error, caused doubtless by his taking a false translation of a passage from Josephus instead of the original. "In fact," says Professor Müller, "Josephus (*Contra Apion.* ii. 39) was able to say that there was no town, Greek or not Greek, where the custom of observing the seventh day had not spread." Mr. Wm. B. Taylor, in a discussion of the Sabbath question with the Rev. Dr. Brown of Philadelphia, in 1853 (*Obligation of the Sabbath*, p. 120), gives this rendering of the passage:—"Nor is there anywhere any city of the Greeks, nor a single barbarian nation, whither the institution of the Hebdomade (*which we mark by resting*) has not travelled;" then in a note Mr. Taylor gives the original Greek of part of the passage, and adds: "Josephus does not say that the Greek and barbarian rested, but that *we* [the Jews] observe it by rest."

'The corrected translation only adds strength to Max Müller's

find the seventh day, the Sabbath, even under its new Pagan name, as *dies Saturni* or *Kronike*, mentioned by Roman and Greek writers, before the names of the other days of the week made their appearance. Tibullus speaks of the day of Saturn, *dies Saturni*; Julius Frontinus (under Nerva, 96–98) says that Vespasian attacked the Jews on the day of Saturn, *dies Saturni*; and Justin Martyr (died 165) states that Christ was crucified the day before the day of Kronos, and appeared to his disciples the day after the day of Kronos. He does not use the names of

position in regard to the very limited extent of Sabbath observance in ancient times; and Mr. Taylor brings very strong historical proof to maintain the assertion (p. 24) that "throughout all history we discover no trace of a Sabbath among the nations of antiquity."'

It seems to me that if we read the whole of Josephus' work, *On the Antiquity of the Jews*, we cannot fail to perceive that what Josephus wished to show towards the end of the second book was that other nations had copied or were trying to copy the Jewish customs. He says: *Ὑφ' ἡμῶν τε διηνέχθησαν οἱ νόμοι καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις ἅπασιν ἀνθρώποις, ἀεὶ καὶ μᾶλλον αὐτῶν ζῆλον ἐμπεποιήκασι.* He then says that the early Greek philosophers, though apparently original in their theoretic speculations, followed the Jewish laws with regard to practical and moral precepts. Then follows this sentence: *Οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ καὶ πλήθεσιν ἤδη πολὺς ζῆλος γέγονεν ἐκ μακροῦ τῆς ἡμετέρας εὐσεβείας, οὐ δ' ἔστιν οὐ πόλις Ἑλλήνων οὐδητισοῦν οὐδὲ βάρβαρος, οὐδὲ ἓν ἔθνος, ἔνθα μὴ τὸ τῆς ἑβδομάδος, ἣν ἀργοῦμεν ἡμεῖς, ἔθος οὐ διαπεφοίτηκε, καὶ αἱ νηστεῖαι καὶ λύχνων ἀνακαύσεις καὶ πολλὰ τῶν εἰς βρῶσιν ἡμῖν οὐ νενομισμένων παρατετήρηται. Μιμεῖσθαι δὲ πειρῶνται καὶ τὴν πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἡμῶν ὁμόνοιαν, κ.τ.λ.* Standing where it stands, the sentence about the *ἑβδομάς* can only mean that 'there is no town of Greeks nor of barbarians, nor one single people, where the observance of the seventh day, on which we rest, has not spread, and where fastings, and lighting of lamps, and much of what is forbidden to us with regard to food are not observed. They try to imitate our mutual concord also, &c.' Hebdomas, which originally meant the week, is here clearly used in the sense of the seventh day, and though Josephus may exaggerate, what he says is certainly 'that there was no town, Greek or not Greek, where the custom of observing the seventh day had not spread.' See also Kuenen, *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 226.

Friday and Sunday. Sunday, as *dies Solis*, is mentioned by Justin Martyr ('Apolog.' i. 67), and by Tertullian (died 220), the usual name of that day amongst Christians being the Lord's-day, Κυριακή, *dominica* or *dominicus*. Clemens of Alexandria (died 220) seems to have been the first who used the names of Wednesday and Friday, Ἑρμοῦ καὶ Ἀφροδίτης ἡμέρα.

It is generally stated, on the authority of Cassius Dio, that the system of counting by weeks and week-days was first introduced in Egypt, and that at his time, early in the third century, the Romans had adopted it, though but recently. Be this as it may, it would seem that, if Tibullus could use the name of *dies Saturni* for Saturday, the whole system of week-days must have been settled and known at Rome in his time. Cassius Dio tells us that the names were assigned to each day διὰ τεσσάρων, by fours; or by giving the first hour of the week to Saturn, then giving one hour to each planet in succession, till the twenty-fifth hour became again the first of the next day. Both systems lead to the same result, as will be seen from the following table:—

Planets.	*Latin.*	*French*	*Sanskriẓ.*
1 Saturn 1	Dies Saturni	Samedi (dies sabbati)	Śani-vāra
2 Jupiter 6	,, Solis	Dimanche (dominicus)	Ravi-vāra
3 Mars 4	,, Lunæ	Lundi	Soma-vāra
4 Sun 2	,, Martis	Mardi	Bhauma-vāra
5 Venus 7	,, Mercurii	Mercredi	Budha-vāra
6 Mercury 5	,, Jovis	Jeudi	Bṛihaspati-vāra
7 Moon 3	,, Veneris	Vendredi	Śukra-vāra

Planets.	*Old Norse.*	*Anglo-Saxon.*	*English.*
1 Saturn 1	laugardagr (washing day)	sätres däg	Saturday
2 Jupiter 6	sunnudagr	sunnan däg	Sunday
3 Mars 4	mânadagr	monan däg	Monday
4 Sun 2	tysdagr	tives däg	Tuesday
5 Venus 7	odhinsdagr	vôdenes däg	Wednesday
6 Mercury 5	thôrsdagr	thunores däg	Thursday
7 Moon 3	frîadagr	frige däg	Friday

	Old-High German.	*Middle-High German.*	*German.*
1 Saturn 1	sambaztag (sunnûn âband)	samztac (sunnen âbent)	Samstag (Sonnabend)
2 Jupiter 6	sunnûn dag	sunnen tac	Sonntag
3 Mars 4	mânin tac (?)	mân tac	Montag
4 Sun 2	ziuwes tac (cies dac)	zies tac (eritic)	Dienstag
5 Venus 7	wuotanes tac (?) (mittawecha)	mittwoch	Mittwoch
6 Mercury 5	donares tac	donres tac	Donnerstag
7 Moon 3	fria dag	fritac	Freitag

After the names of the week-days had once been settled, we have no difficulty in tracing their migration towards the East and towards the West. The Hindus had their own peculiar system of reckoning days and months, but they adopted at a later time the foreign system of counting by weeks of seven days, and assigning a presiding planetary deity to each of the seven days, according to the system described above. As the Indian name of the planet Mercury was Budha, the *dies Mercurii* was naturally called Budha-vâra but never Buddha-vâra; and the fact that the mother of Mercury was called Maia, and the mother of Buddha Mâyâ, could, therefore, have had no bearing whatever on the name assigned to the Indian Wednesday.[1] The very Buddhists, in Ceylon, distinguish between buddha, the enlightened, and budha, wise, and call Wednesday the day of Budha, not of

[1] Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 118, note.

Buddha.[1] Whether the names of the planets were formed in India independently, or after Greek models, is difficult to settle. The name of Budha, the knowing or the clever, given to the planet Mercury, seems, however, inexplicable except on the latter hypothesis.

Having traced the origin of the Sanskrit name of the *dies Mercurii*, Budha-vâra, let us now see why the Teutonic nations, though perfectly ignorant of Buddhism, called the same day the day of Wodan.

That the Teutonic nations received the names of the week-days from their Greek and Roman neighbours admits of no doubt. For commercial and military arrangements between Romans and Germans, some kind of *lingua franca* must soon have sprung up, and in it the names of the week-days must have found their place. There would have been little difficulty in explaining the meaning of Sun-day and Mon-day to the Germans, but in order to make them understand the meaning of the other names, some explanations must have been given on the nature of the different deities, in order to enable the Germans to find corresponding names in their own language. A Roman would tell his German friend that *dies Veneris* meant the day of a goddess who represented beauty and love, and on hearing this the German would at once have thought of his own goddess of love, *Freyja*, and have called the *dies Veneris* the day of *Freyja* or Friday.[2]

If *Jupiter* was described as the god who wields

[1] In Singalese Wednesday is Badâ, in Tamil Budau. See Kennet, in *Indian Antiquary*, 1874, p. 90; D'Alwis, *Journal of Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1870, p. 17.

[2] Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 276.

the thunderbolt, his natural representative in German would be *Donar*,[1] the Anglo-Saxon *Thunar*, the Old Norse *Thor*; and hence the *dies Jovis* would be called the day of *Thor*, or Thursday. If the fact that Jupiter was the king of the gods had been mentioned, his proper representative in German would, no doubt, have been *Wuotan* or *Odin*.[2] As it was, *Wuotan* or *Odin* was chosen as the nearest approach to *Mercury*, the character which they share in common, and which led to their identification, being most likely their love of travelling through the air,[3] also their granting wealth and fulfilling the wishes of their worshippers, in which capacity Wuotan is known by the name of *Wunsch*[4] or *Wish*. We can thus understand how it happened that father and son changed places, for while *Mercurius* is the son of *Jupiter*, *Wuotan* is the father of *Donar*. *Mars*, the god of war, was identified with the German *Tiu* or *Ziu*, a name which, though originally the same as *Zeus* in Greek or Dyaus in Sanskrit, took a peculiarly national character among the Germans, and became their god of war.[5]

There remained thus only the *dies Saturni*, the day of Saturn, and whether this was called so in imitation of the Latin name, or after an old German deity of a similar name and character, is a point which for the present we must leave unsettled.

[1] Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 151.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 120.

[3] *Ibid.* pp. 137–148.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 126. Oski in Icelandic, the god Wish, one of the names of the highest god.

[5] Tacit. *Hist.* iv. 64: 'Communibus Diis et præcipuo Deorum Marti grates agimus.'

What, however, is not unsettled is this, that if the Germans, in interpreting these names of Roman deities as well as they could, called the *dies Mercurii*, the same day which the Hindus had called the day of Budha (with one *d*), their day of *Wuotan*, this was not because 'the doctrines of the gentle ascetic existed in the bosom of Odin or his followers, while dwelling near the roots of the Caucasus,' but for very different and much more tangible reasons.

But, apart from all this, by what possible process could Buddha and Odin have ever been brought together in the flesh? In the history of ancient religions, Odin belongs to the same stratum of mythological thought as Dyaus in India, *Zeus* in Greece, *Jupiter* in Italy. He was worshipped as the supreme deity during a period long anterior to the age of the Veda and of Homer. His travels in Greece, and even in Tyrkland,[1] and his half-historical character as a mere hero and a leader of his people, are the result of the latest Euhemerism. Buddha, on the contrary, is not a mythological, but a personal and historical character, and to think of a meeting of Buddha and Odin, or even of their respective descendants, at the roots of Mount Caucasus, would be like imagining an interview between Cyrus and Odin, between Mohammed and Aphrodite.

A comparative study of ancient religions and mythologies, as will be seen from these instances, is not a subject to be taken up lightly. It requires not only an accurate acquaintance with the minutest details of comparative philology, but a knowledge of the history of religions which can hardly be gained

[1] Grimm, *l.c.* p. 148

without a study of original documents. As long, however, as researches of this kind are carried on for their own sake, and from a mere desire of discovering truth, without any ulterior objects, they deserve no blame, though, for a time, they may lead to erroneous results. But when coincidences between different religions and mythologies are searched out simply in support of preconceived theories, whether by the friends or enemies of religion, the sense of truth, the very life of all science, is sacrificed, and serious mischief will follow without fail. Here we have a right, not only to protest, but to blame. There is on this account a great difference between the books we have hitherto examined, and a work lately published in Paris by M. Jacolliot, under the sensational title of 'La Bible dans l'Inde, Vie de Jeseus Christna.' If this book had been written with the pure enthusiasm of Lieutenant Wilford, it might have been passed by as a mere anachronism. But when one sees how its author shuts his eyes against all evidence that would tell against him, and brings together, without any critical scruples, whatever seems to support his theory that Christianity is a poor copy of the ancient religion of India, mere silence would not be a sufficient answer. Besides, the book has lately been translated into English, and will be read, no doubt, by many people who cannot test the evidence on which it professes to be founded. We learn that M. Jacolliot was some years ago appointed President of the Court of Justice at Chandernagore, and that he devoted the leisure left him from the duties of his position to studying Sanskrit and the holy books of the Hindus. He is said to

have put himself in communication with the Brahmans, who had obtained access to a great number of MSS. carefully stored up in the depths of the pagodas. 'The purport of his book is' (I quote from a friendly critic), 'that our civilisation, our religion, our legends, our gods, have come to us from India, after passing in succession through Egypt, Persia, Judæa, Greece, and Italy.' This statement, we are told, is not confined to M. Jacolliot, but has been admitted by almost all Oriental scholars. The Old and New Testaments are found again in the Vedas, and the texts quoted by M. Jacolliot in support of his theory are said to leave it without doubt. Brahma created Adima (in Sanskrit, the first man) and gave him for companion Heva (in Sanskrit, that which completes life). He appointed the island of Ceylon for their residence. What follows afterwards is so beautifully described that I may be pardoned for quoting it. Only I must warn my readers, lest the extract should leave too deep an impression on their memory, that what M. Jacolliot calls a simple translation from Sanskrit is, as far as I can judge, a simple invention of some slightly mischievous Brahman, who, like the Pandits of Lieutenant Wilford, took advantage of the zeal and credulity of a French judge:—

'Having created the Man and the Woman (*simultaneously*, not one after the other), and animated them with the divine afflatus—the Lord said unto them: "Behold, your mission is to people this beautiful Island [Ceylon], where I have gathered together everything pleasant and needful for your subsistence—the rest of the Earth is as yet uninhabitable, but should your progeny so increase as to render the

bounds of paradise too narrow a habitation, let them inquire of me by sacrifice and I will make known my will."

'And thus saying, the Lord disappeared. . . .

'Then Adam and Eve dwelt together for a time in perfect happiness; but ere long a vague disquietude began to creep upon them. . . . The Spirit of Evil, jealous of their felicity and of the work of Brahma, inspired them with disturbing thoughts;—"Let us wander through the Island," said Adam to his companion, "and see if we may not find some part even more beautiful than this." . . .

'And Eve followed her husband. . . wandering for days and for months; . . . but as they advanced the woman was seized with strange and inexplicable terrors: "Adam," said she, "let us go no farther: it seems to me that we are disobeying the Lord; have we not already quitted the place which he assigned us for a dwelling and forbade us to leave?"

'"Fear not," replied Adam; "this is not that fearful wilderness of which he spake to us." . . .

'And they wandered on. . . .

'Arriving at last at the extremity of the Island, they beheld a smooth and narrow arm of the sea, and beyond it a vast and apparently boundless country, connected with their Island only by a narrow and rocky pathway arising from the bosom of the waters.

'The two wanderers stood amazed: the country before them was covered with stately trees, birds of a thousand colours flitting amidst their foliage.

'. . . "Behold, what beautiful things!" cried Adam, "and what good fruit such trees must produce;

. . . let us go and taste them, and if that country is better than this, we will dwell there."

'Eve, trembling, besought Adam to do nothing that might irritate the Lord against them. "Are we not well here? Have we not pure water and delicious fruits? Wherefore seek other things?"

'"True," replied Adam, "but we will return; what harm can it be to visit this unknown country that presents itself to our view?" . . . And as he approached the rocks, Eve, trembling, followed.

'Placing his wife upon his shoulders, he proceeded to cross the space that separated him from the object of his desires, but no sooner did he touch the shore than trees, flowers, fruits, birds, all that they had perceived from the opposite side, in an instant vanished amidst terrific clamour; . . . the rocks by which they had crossed sunk beneath the waters, a few sharp peaks alone remaining above the surface, to indicate the place of the bridge which had been destroyed by Divine displeasure.

'The vegetation which they had seen from the opposite shore was but a delusive mirage raised by the Spirit of Evil to tempt them to disobedience.

'Adam fell, weeping, upon the naked sands, . . . but Eve throwing herself into his arms, besought him not to despair; . . . "let us rather pray to the Author of all things to pardon us." . . .

'And as she spake there came a voice from the clouds, saying,

'"Woman! *thou* hast only sinned from love to thy husband, whom I commanded thee to love, and thou hast hoped in me.

'"I therefore pardon thee—and I pardon him also

for *thy* sake: . . . but ye may no more return to paradise, which I had created for your happiness: . . . through your disobedience to my commands the Spirit of Evil has obtained possession of the Earth. . . . Your children reduced to labour and to suffer by your fault will become corrupt and forget me. . .

'"But I will send Vishnu, who will be born of a woman, and who will bring to all the hope of a reward in another life, and the means by prayer of softening their sufferings."'

The translator from whom I have quoted exclaims at the end, as well he might:—

'What grandeur and what simplicity is this Hindu legend! and at the same time how simply logical! . . . Behold here the veritable Eve—the true woman.'

But much more extraordinary things are quoted by M. Jacolliot, from the Vedas and the commentaries.

On p. 63 we read that Manu, Minos, and Manes, had the same name as Moses; on p. 73, the Brahmans who invaded India are represented as the successors of a great reformer called Christna. The name of Zoroaster is derived from the Sanskrit Sûryastara (p. 110), meaning 'he who spreads the worship of the Sun.' After it has been laid down (p. 116) that Hebrew was derived from Sanskrit, we are assured that there is little difficulty in deriving Jehovah from Zeus.[1] Zeus, Jezeus, Jesus, and Isis are all declared to be the same name, and later on (p. 130) we learn that 'at present the Brahmans who

[1] P. 125. 'Pour quiconque s'est occupé d'études philologiques, Jéhova dérivé de Zeus est facile à admettre.'

officiate in the pagodas and temples give this title of Jeseus—*i.e.* the pure essence, the divine emanation—to Christna only, who alone is recognised as the Word, the truly incarnated, by the worshippers of Vishnu and the freethinkers among the Brahmans.'

We are assured that the Apostles, the poor fishermen of Galilee, were able to read the Veda (p. 356); and it was their greatest merit that they did not reject the miraculous accounts of the Vedic period, because the world was not yet ripe for freedom of thought. Kristna, or Christna, we read on p. 360, signified in Sanskrit, sent by God, promised by God, holy; and as the name of Christ or *Christos* is not Hebrew, whence could it have been taken except from Krishna, the son of Devakî, or, as M. Jacolliot writes, Devanaguy?

It is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to criticise or refute such statements, and yet it is necessary to do so; for such is the interest, or I should rather say the feverish curiosity, excited by anything that bears on ancient religion, that M. Jacolliot's book has produced a very wide and very deep impression. It has been remarked with some surprise that Vedic scholars in Europe had failed to discover these important passages in the Veda which he has pointed out, or, still worse, that they had never brought them to the knowledge of the public. In fact, if anything was wanting to show that a general knowledge of the history of ancient religion ought to form part of our education, it was the panic created by M. Jacolliot's book. It is simply the story of Lieutenant Wilford over again, only far less excusable

now than a hundred years ago. Many of the words which M. Jacolliot quotes as Sanskrit are not Sanskrit at all; others never have the meaning which he assigns to them; and as to the passages from the Vedas (including our old friend the Bhagaveda-gîta), they are not from the Veda, they are not from any old Sanskrit writer—they simply belong to the second half of the nineteenth century. What happened to Lieutenant Wilford has happened again to M. Jacolliot. He tells us the secret himself:—

'One day,' he says (p. 280), 'when we were reading the translation of Manu, by Sir W. Jones, a note led us to consult the Indian commentator, Kullûka Bhatta, when we found an allusion to the sacrifice of a son by his father prevented by God himself after he had commanded it. We then had only one *idée fixe*—namely, to find again in the dark mass of the religious books of the Hindu, the original account of that event. We should never have succeeded but for "the complaisance" of a Brahman with whom we were reading Sanskrit, and who, yielding to our request, brought us from the library of his pagoda the works of the theologian Ramatsariar, which have yielded us such precious assistance in this volume.'

As to the story of the son offered as a sacrifice by his father, and released at the command of the gods, M. Jacolliot might have found the original account of it from the Veda, both text and translation, in my 'History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature.' He would soon have seen that the story of Sunahsepa being sold by his father in order to be sacrificed in the place of an Indian prince, has very little in common

with the intended sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham. M. Jacolliot has, no doubt, found out by this time that he has been imposed upon; and if so, he ought to follow the example of Colonel Wilford, and publicly state what has happened. Even then, I doubt not that his statements will continue to be quoted for a long time, and that Adima and Heva, thus brought to life again, will make their appearance in many a book and many a lecture-room.

Lest it be supposed that such accidents happen to Sanskrit scholars only, or that this fever is bred only in the jungles of Indian mythology, I shall mention at least one other case which will show that this disease is of a more general character, and that want of caution will produce it in every climate.

Before the discovery of Sanskrit, China had stood for a long time in the place which was afterwards occupied by India. When the ancient literature and civilisation of China became first known to the scholars of Europe, the Celestial Empire had its admirers and prophets as full of enthusiasm as Sir W. Jones and Lieutenant Wilford, and there was nothing, whether Greek philosophy or Christian morality, that was not supposed to have had its first origin among the sages of China. The proceedings of the Jesuit missionaries in China were most extraordinary. They had themselves admitted the antiquity of the writings of Confucius and Lao-tse, both of whom lived in the sixth century B.C.[1] But in their zeal to show that the sacred books of the Chinese contained numerous passages borrowed from

[1] Stanislas Julien, *Le Livre de la Voie et de la Vertu*. Paris, 1842, p. iv.

the Bible, nay, even some of the dogmas of the later Church, they hardly perceived that, taking into account the respective dates of these books, they were really proving that a kind of anticipated Christianity had been accorded to the ancient sages of the Celestial Empire. The most learned advocate of this school was Father Prémare. Another supporter of the same view, Montucci,[1] speaking of Lao-tse's Tao-te-king, says:—

'We find in it so many sayings clearly referring to the triune God, that no one who has read this book can doubt that the mystery of the most holy Trinity was revealed to the Chinese more than five centuries before the advent of Christ. Everybody, therefore, who knows the strong feeling of the Chinese for their own teachers, will admit that nothing more efficient could be found in order to fix the dogmas of the Christian religion in the mind of the Chinese than the demonstration that these dogmas agree with their own books. The study, therefore, and the translation of this singular book (the Tao-te-king) would prove most useful to the missionaries, in order to bring to a happy issue the desired gathering in of the Apostolic harvest.'

What followed is so extraordinary that, though it has often been related, it deserves to be related again, more particularly as the whole problem which was supposed to have been solved once for all by M. Stanislas Julien, has of late been opened again by Dr. von Strauss, in the 'Journal of the German Oriental Society,' 1869.

There is a passage at the beginning of the

[1] Montucci, *De studiis sinicis.* Berolini, 1808.

fourteenth chapter of the Tao-te-king in which Father Amyot felt certain that the three Persons of the Trinity could be recognised. He translated it:—

'He who is as it were visible but cannot be seen is called Khi.

'He whom we cannot hear, and who does not speak to our ear, is called Hi.

'He who is as it were tangible, but cannot be touched, is called Wei.'

Few readers, I believe, would have been much startled by this passage, or would have seen in it what Father Amyot saw. But more startling revelations were in store. The most celebrated Chinese scholar of his time, Abel Rémusat, took up the subject; and after showing that the first of the three names had to be pronounced, not Khi, but I, he maintained that the three syllables I Hi Wei, were meant for Je-ho-vah. According to him, the three characters employed in this name have no meaning in Chinese; they are only signs of sounds foreign to the Chinese language; and they were intended to render the Greek Ἰαώ, the name which, according to Diodorus Siculus, the Jews gave to their God. Rémusat goes on to remark that Lao-tse had really rendered this Hebrew name more accurately than the Greeks, because he had preserved the aspiration of the second syllable, which was lost in Greek. In fact, he entertained no doubt that this word, occurring in the work of Lao-tse, proves an intellectual communication between the West and China, in the sixth century B.C.

Fortunately, the panic created by this discovery did not last long. M. Stanislas Julien published in

1842 a complete translation of this difficult book; and here all traces of the name of Jehovah have disappeared.

'The three syllables,' he writes, 'which Abel Rémusat considered as purely phonetic and foreign to the Chinese language, have a very clear and intelligible meaning, and have been fully explained by Chinese commentators. The first syllable, I, means without colour; the second, Hi, without sound or voice; the third, Wei, without body. The proper translation therefore is:—

'You look (for the Tao, the law) and you see it not: it is colourless.

'You listen and you hear it not: it is voiceless.

'You wish to touch it and you reach it not: it is without body.'

Until, therefore, some other traces can be discovered in Chinese literature, proving an intercourse between China and Judæa in the sixth century B.C., we can hardly be called upon to believe that the Jews should have communicated this one name, which they hardly trusted themselves to pronounce at home, to a Chinese philosopher; and we must treat the apparent similarity between I-Hi-Wei and Jehovah as an accident, which ought to serve as a useful warning, though it need in no way discourage a careful and honest study of Comparative Theology.

BELLEROPHON.

What was the original intention of the name of *Bellerophon*? That *bellero*, the first part of the word, represents some power of darkness, drought, cold, winter, or of moral evil, is easy to guess. The Greeks say that there was a word τὰ ἔλλερα, which signified anything evil or hateful,[1] and was used in that sense by Kallimachos.[2] Nay Bellerophon or Bellerophontes is said to have been called also Ellerophontes. That the Greeks in general, however, were no longer conscious of the appellative power of Belleros, is best proved by the fact that, in order to explain the myth of Bellerophon, they invented, very late, it would seem, a legend, according to which Bellerophon had killed a distinguished Corinthian, of the name of Belleros, and had fled to Argos or Tyrins to be purified by Prœtos from the stain of that murder. Nothing, however, is known about this Belleros, and as the ordinary accounts represent Bellerophon as flying to Argos after having killed his brother Deliades, or, as he is also called, Peiren or Alkimenes, there can be little doubt that the Corinthian nobleman of the name of Belleros

[1] Preller, *Griechische Mythologie*, vol. ii. p. 55.
[2] Eustath. ad Il. p. 635; Naeke, *Opusc.* vol. ii. p. 167.

owes his origin entirely to a desire of later mythologists, who felt bound to explain the no longer intelligible name of Bellerophon or Bellerophontes.

Such a name, it is quite clear, was not originally without some meaning, and without attempting to unravel the whole tragedy of Hipponoos, who afterwards monopolised the name of Bellerophon, it may be possible to discover by a strict observance of etymological laws, the original form and the original purport of this peculiar name.

With regard to the second half of the name, there can be little doubt that in Bellerophon and Bellerophontes, *phôn* and *phontês* had one and the same meaning. Now *phon-tês* at the end of compounds means the killer, the Sanskrit han-tâ, killer; and therefore *phôn* can, in our name, hardly mean anything else, and would correspond exactly with the Sanskrit han, nom. hâ, killing.

From the reported change in the initial letter of Bellerophon, it is easy to see that it represents a labial liquid, and is in fact the well-known digamma Æolicum. But it is more difficult to determine what letters we ought to look for as corresponding in other languages to the λλ of the Greek word *bellero*. In many cases Greek λλ represents a single l, followed originally by a sibilant or a liquid.[1] In this manner we can account for the single l in πολύς and the double l in πολλοί. Πολύς corresponds to the Sanskrit pulú (Rv. I. 179, 5), or purú, gen. puros, whereas the oblique cases would represent a Sanskrit adjective pŭrvá, gen. pŭrvásya. As πολλοί points to a Sanskrit purvé, ὅλοι points to the Sanskrit sárve.

[1] See Ahrens, *Dial. Dor.* p. 60.

In Latin, too, a double l owes its origin not unfrequently to an original single l or r followed by v.[1] Thus the double l in *mellis*, the gen. of *mel*, honey, is explained by the Sanskrit madhu, raised to madhv-i, and regularly changed to madv-i, malv-i, mall-i. *Fel*, gen. *fellis*, is explained by *haru* in *haru-spex*,[2] raised to *harv-i*, *halv-i*, *hall-i*, *fall-i*.[3] *Mollis* corresponds to Sanskrit mridu, through the intermediate links, mardv-i, maldv-i, malv-i, mall-i;[4] nay, if we consider the Vedic word for bee, *ri*du-pá (Rv. VIII. 77, 11), *mel*, *mellis*, too, should be derived from mridu (which does not occur in the Rig-Veda), and not from madhu. According to these analogies, then, the Greek βέλλερο would lead us back to a Sanskrit word varvara. This word actually occurs in the Sanskrit language, and means hairy, woolly, shaggy, rough. It is applied to the negro-like aboriginal inhabitants of India who were conquered and driven back by Aryan conquerors, and it has been identified with the Greek βάρβαρος. Sandal-wood, for instance, which grows chiefly on the Malabar coast, is called in Sanskrit barbarottha, sprung up among Barbaras, because that coast was always held by Tamulian or non-Aryan people. Professor Kuhn, identifying barbara and βάρβαρος, refers the meaning of both words, not to the shaggy or woolly hair, but to the confused speech (*balbutire*) of non-Aryan tribes. It will be difficult to prove with what intent the Greeks and the Hindus

[1] Corssen, *Kritische Beiträge*, p. 385.

[2] Aufrecht, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. iii. p. 198.

[3] As to the interchange of h and f in Latin, see Corssen, *Kritische Beiträge*, p. 208; as to the etymology of *fel*, ibid., p. 318.

[4] Corssen, *Kritische Beiträge*, p. 323.

first applied *βάρβαρος* and barbara to tribes differing from themselves both in speech and aspect. It is true that in Greek the word occurs for the first time in Homer with a special reference to language ('Iliad,' ii. 876, *Κᾶρες βαρβαρόφωνοι*); and in Sanskrit also the earliest passage in which barbara is found, refers to speech (Rig-Veda Prâtiśâkhya, Sûtra 784; XIV. 6). But the barbaratâ there mentioned as a fault of pronunciation, is explained by the same word (asaukumâryam) which in Sûtra 778 serves as an explanation of lomasya; and this lomasya, meaning shagginess, is, like the Greek *δασύτης*, clearly transferred from the shagginess of hair (loman, hair) to the shagginess of pronunciation, so that after all, in Sanskrit at least, the original conception of the adjective barbara seems to have been shaggy or rough.

However that may be, it is clear that many words for wool are derived from the same root var which yielded varvara or barbara. This root means originally to cover, and it yielded in Sanskrit ura in ura-bhra, ram, *i.e. laniger*; in Greek *εἶρος* and *ἔρ-ιον*. In the Veda we have likewise the feminine úrâ, sheep, Rv. VIII. 34, 3,

úrâm ná dhûnute vṛíkaḥ,

'(the stone tears the Soma plant) as the wolf tears the sheep,' or, it may be, 'the wool.' The wolf is called urâmathi (Rv. VIII. 66, 8), literally the sheep-shaker, or sheep-lifter.

From the same root are formed, by means of the suffix na, the Sanskrit ûrnâ, wool, particularly of sheep; afterwards ûrnâyu, a goat, and a spider; the

one from wearing, growing, or supplying wool; the other from, as it were, spinning or weaving it. Thus the spider is also called in Sanskrit ûrna-nâbhi and ûrna-vâbhi, literally the wool-weaver; and one of the enemies killed by Indra is Aurnavâbha, which seems to mean a ram rather, a wool-provider, than a spider. This ûrnâ, as Bopp has shown, appears again in Russian as *vòlna*, in Gothic as *vulla*, r having been changed to l, and ln into ll. The same assimilation is found in Latin *villus*, gen. *villi*, and *vellus*, gen. *velleris*. It might be difficult to convince a classical scholar that *vellus* was not derived from the Latin *vellere*, particularly as Varro himself gives that etymology; but it would be equally difficult to establish such an etymology by any analogies. It is curious, however, to remark—for reasons to be explained hereafter—that *vellera* in Latin signifies light, fleecy clouds. (Virg. 'Georg.' i. 397; Luc. iv. 124.)

Ura, therefore, from a root var, to cover, meant originally cover, then skin, fleece, wool. In its derivatives, too, these various meanings of the root var appear again and again. Thus úranah means ram, uranî, sheep; but urânáh, quite a different formation, means protector or guardian. For instance, with the genitive :—

Rv. I. 173, 7. samátsu tvâ śûra satâm urânám prapathíntamam,

'Thee, O hero, in battles the protector of the brave, the best guide!'

Rv. VII. 73, 3. áhema yagñám pathâm urânâh,

'Let us speed the sacrifice, as keepers of the (old) ways!'

With the accusative:—

Rv. III. 19, 2. (Agni*h*) devá-tâtim urâ*n*á*h*,
'Agni, who protects the gods.'
Rv. IX. 109, 9. índu*h* punânâ*h* pra*g*ấm urâ*n*á*h*,
'The purified Soma, protecting the people.'

Without any case:—

Rv. IV. 6, 4. (Agni*h*) pra-díva*h* urâná*h*,
'Agni, the old guardian.' See also Rv. IV. 7, 3; VI. 63, 4.

Now, if ur*n*â, wool, meant originally a covering, var-*n*a also, which now means colour, would seem to have started from the same conception. Colour might naturally be conceived as the covering, the outside, as χρώς and χρῶμα in Greek combine the meanings of skin and colour. From var*n*a, colour (brightness), we have in Sanskrit var*n*i, gold, as from rûpa, form (beauty), we have rûpya, silver, from which *Rupee*; for we can on no account derive the name of silver, the metal, from the figure (rûpa) that was stamped on a silver coin.

In the Veda var*n*a appears in the sense of colour, of bright colour or light, and of race.

In the sense of colour in general, var*n*a occurs,

Rv. I. 73, 7. *k*rish*n*ám *k*a vár*n*am aru*n*ám *k*a sám dhu*h*,
'They placed together the dark and the bright colour (of night and day).'
Rv. I. 113, 2. dyấvâ vár*n*am *k*aratha*h* â-minâné,
'Day and night move on destroying their colour.'

Frequently var*n*a is used in the Veda as implying bright colour or light:—

Rv. II. 34, 13. ni-méghamânâ*h* átyena pấ*g*asâ su-*sk*andrám vár*n*am dadhire su-pésasam,

'They (the Rudras) strongly showering down on their horse, made shining, beautiful light.' (On *pâgas* and its supposed connection with Pegasos, see Kuhn, in his 'Zeitschrift,' vol. i. p. 461; and Sonne, ibid. vol. x. p. 174 *seq.*)

Rv. II. 1, 12. táva spârhé várne,
'In thy sparkling light, O Agni.'

Rv. III. 34, 5. prá imám várnam atirat *s*ukrám âsâm,
'He, Indra, spread out the bright light of the dawn.'

In the ninth Mandala the colour (varna) of the Soma juice is frequently mentioned, as hári, rúsat, *s*úki, also as asúrya:—

Rv. X. 3, 3. Agníh vi-tísh*th*an rúsadbhih várnaih,
'Agni far-striding with shining colours.'

Even without determining adjectives, várna has occasionally the sense of light:—

Rv. I. 92, 10. samânám várnam abhí *s*umbhamânâ,
'The old Dawn that clothes herself in the same light.'

Rv. X. 124, 7. tâh asya várnam *s*úkaya*h* bharibhrati,
'They (the dawns), the bright ones, carry always the light of the sun.' See also Rv. II. 4, 5; II. 5, 5; IV. 15, 3.

Hence we may take varna in the same sense in another passage, where the commentator explains it as Indra, the protector:—

Rv. I. 104, 2. devâsah manyúm dâsasya *s*kamnan
té nah â vakshan suvitâya várnam,
'The gods broke the pride of Dâsa (the enemy); may they bring to us light for the sacrifice.'

Lastly, varna means colour, or tribe, or caste, the difference in colour being undoubtedly one of the principal causes of that feeling of strangeness and

heterogeneousness which found expression in the name of tribe, and, in India, of caste.[1] The commentators generally take varna in the technical sense of caste, and refer it to the three highest castes (traivarnika) in opposition to the fourth, the Sûdras.

Rv. III. 34, 9. hatvî dásyûn prá âryam várnam âvaḥ,
'Indra, killing the Dasyus (the enemies), has protected the Aryan colour.'

Rv. II. 12, 4. yáḥ dásam várnam ádharam gúhâ ákar,
'Indra, who brought the colour of the Dâsas low in secret.'

Rv. II. 3, 5. várnam punânâḥ yasásam su-vîram,
'(The heavenly gates) which illuminate the glorious colour (race), rich in heroes.'

But to return to varvara, to which on etymological grounds we should assign the meaning of shaggy, hairy, *villosus*, it need hardly be said that such a word, though it supplies an intelligible meaning of the Greek myth of Belleros, as slain by Bellerophon, does not occur in the Veda among the numerous names of the demons slain by Indra, Agni, and other bright gods. The same happens very frequently, viz. that Sanskrit supplies us with the etymological meaning of a term used in Greek mythology, although the corresponding word does not occur in the actual or mythological language of India. Thus the Greek *Hérâ* is easily explained by Svârâ, and not, according to Sonne (Kuhn, 'Zeitschrift,' vol. x. p. 366, vol. ix. p. 202), by Vasrâ; but neither of these words occurs in the mythological phraseology of the Veda. There remains, however, a question

[1] See my letter to Chevalier Bunsen, 'On the Turanian Languages, p. 84.

which has still to be answered, viz. Do we find among the demons slain by solar deities, one to whom the name of varvara,[1] in the sense of shaggy, would be applicable? and this question we may answer with a decided Yes.

One of the principal enemies or dâsas conquered by Indra is the black cloud. This black cloud contains the rain or the fertilising waters which Indra is asked to send down upon the earth, and this he can only do by slaying the black demon that keeps them in prison. This black cloud itself is sometimes spoken of in the Veda as the black skin:—

Rv. IX. 41, 1. ghnántaḥ kṛishṇā́m ápa tvā́kam,
'Pushing away the black skin, *i.e.* cloud.'

In other places the cloud is called the rain-giving and fertilising skin:—

Rv. I. 129, 3. dasmáḥ hí sma vṛishaṇam pínvasi tvā́kam,
'For thou, the strong one, fillest the rainy skin.'

While thus the cloud itself is spoken of as a black skin, the demon of the cloud, or the cloud personified, appears in the Veda as a ram, *i.e.* as a shaggy, hairy, animal, in fact, as a Βέλλερος.

Thus Úraṇa, which, as we saw before, meant ram or *laniger*, is a name of a demon, slain by Indra:—

Rv. II. 14. Ye priests, bring hither Soma for Indra, pour from the bowls the delicious food! The hero

[1] Βέλλερος may either be simply identified with varvara, in the sense of shaggy, or by taking ϝελλος as representing the Latin *villus*, an adjective ϝελλερος might have been formed, like φθονε-ρός from φθόνος. The transition into λλ appears also in μάλλος, sheep's-wool, where the μ represents the labial liquid. See Lobeck, *De Prothesi et Aphæresi*, p. 111 *seq.*; and Curtius, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. iii. p. 410: μαρπ = vṛik; μέλδων = ϝέλδων; μάτην = vṛithâ.

truly always loves to drink of it; sacrifice to the strong, for he desires it!

Ye priests, he who struck down *Vritra*, when he had hid the waters, as a tree is struck by lightning—to him who desires this Soma, offer it; for that Indra desires to drink it!

Ye priests, he who slew *Dṛibhîka*, who drove out the cows, for he had opened the stable, to him offer this Soma! Cover him with Somas as the wind in the sky, as an old woman covers herself with clothes!

Ye priests, he who slew *Urana*, who had shown his ninety-nine arms,—he who slew down to the ground Arbuda, that Indra call hither to the offering of Soma!

Here *Urana* is no doubt a proper name, but the idea which it suggested originally, could only have been that of u r a *n* a, meaning ram or some other shaggy animal. And the same applies to the Greek Βέλλερος. Though in Greek it has become a mere proper name, its original meaning was clearly that of the shaggy ram as the symbol of the shaggy cloud, a *monstrum villosum*, this being the very adjective which Roman poets like to apply to monsters of the same kith and kin, such as Gorgo or Cacus; e.g. Ov. 'Met.' x. 21:

> Nec uti villosa colubris
> Terna Medusæi vincirem guttura monstri.

'Æn.' viii. 266 (of Cacus):

> Terribiles oculos, vultum, villosaque setis
> Pectora semiferi . . . .

We cannot therefore claim the name of Belleros or Bellerophon for that period of mythology which preceded the Aryan separation, a period during

which such names as Dyaus = Ζεύς, Varuna = Οὐρανός, Ushas = Ἠώς, Saranyû = Ἐρινύς, Ahanâ = Ἀάφνη and Ἀθήνη, Ribhu = Ὀρφεύς, Haritas = Χάριτες were current among the ancient worshippers of the Devas or bright gods. But we can see at least this, that Bellerophontes had an intelligible meaning, and a meaning analogous to that of other names of solar heroes, the enemies of the dark powers of nature, whether in the shape of night, or dark clouds, or winter. In the Veda one of the principal representatives of that class of demons is Vritra, literally the coverer, the hider, whether of light or rain. Indra, the great celestial deity of the Veda, is emphatically called Vritrahan, the killer of Vritra. It is well known that the name of Indra, as the supreme deity of the Vedic pantheon, is a name of Indian growth. Derived from the same root as indu, drop, it represents the Jupiter *pluvius*, whose supremacy among the gods of India is fully accounted for by the climatic character of that country. Dyaus, *i.e.* Ζεύς, the god of the bright sky, the original supreme deity of the undivided Aryans, was replaced in India by Indra, who is sometimes called the son of Dyaus, so that in India the prophecy of Prometheus may be said to have been fulfilled, even before it was uttered under a Greek sky.

But though we must not look in Greek mythology for traces of a name like Indra, which did not spring into existence before the separation of the Aryans, it is not impossible that some of the names of Indra's enemies may have been preserved in other countries. These enemies were the enemies of Dyaus and other gods as well as of Indra; and as they belong to an

earlier period, the appearance of their names in the new homes of the Aryan emigrants could have nothing to surprise us.

One of the names belonging to this class of beings, hostile to men and the bright gods, and common to India and Greece, I observed many years ago, and having communicated my observation to several of my friends, it was mentioned by them even before I myself found an opportunity of laying it before the public, and supporting it by sufficient proof. My excellent friend, Professor Trithen, whose early death has deprived Sanskrit scholarship of a man of real genius and high promise, mentioned my identification of Kerberos with the Sanskrit *sarvara* in a Paper read in April 1848,[1] and published in the 'Transactions of the Philological Society;' and another learned friend of mine, Professor Weber, referred to it with approval a few years later, though neither of them represented correctly the steps by which I had arrived at my conclusion.

My first point was that, as *sárvarî* in the Veda

[1] See Benfey, *Nachrichten der K. G.d. W. zu Göttingen*, January 17, 1877, p. 8; and particularly February 7, 1877, p. 66, where he recognises that the identification of Kerberos with *sabala* was first proposed by me, and afterwards adopted by others. Honour, however, to whom honour is due. Wilford in his essay on 'Egypt and the Nile,' *Asiat. Researches*, iii. p. 405 (1792) has anticipated us all. 'Yama,' he writes, 'the regent of hell, has two dogs, according to the Purâṇas, one of them named Kerbura and *Ś*abala, or varied; the other *Ś*yâma, or black; the first of whom is also called Triśiras, or with three heads, and has the additional epithet of Kalmâsha, *K*itra, and *K*irmîra, all signifying stained or spotted: in Pliny the words Cimmerian and Cerberian seem used as synonymous; but however that may be, the Cerbura of the Hindus is indubitably the Cerberus of the Greeks. The Dragon of Serapis I suppose to be the *Ś*eshanâga, which is described as in the infernal regions by the author of the Bhâgavata.'

means the night, sarvara[1] must have had the original sense of dark or pale:—

Rv. V. 52, 3. té syandrâso ná ukshánah áti skandanti sárvarîh,

'These (the Storm-gods), like powerful bulls, rise over the dark nights (or the dark clouds?).'

My second point was that the r in sarvara may be dropt, and this I proved by comparing sarvarîka, a low, vile man, with savara, a barbarian; or sârvara,[2] mischievous, nocturnal, with sâvara, low, vile. I thus arrived at savara, as a modified form of sarvara, in the sense of dark, pale, or nocturnal. Lastly, by admitting the frequent change of r into l, I connected sabála, the Vedic epithet of the dog of Yama, the son of Saramâ, with Kérberos, though I drew attention to the difference in the accent as a point that still required explanation. Kerberos, therefore, in Greek, would have meant originally the dark one, the dog of night, watching the path to the lower world. In the Veda we find two such dogs, but they have not yet received any proper names, and are without that individuality which was imparted to them by later legends. All we learn of them from the Veda is that they have four eyes and broad snouts, that their colour is dark or tawny, that they guard the road to the abode of Yama, the king of the departed, and that the dead must pass by them before they can come to Yama and the Fathers. They are also said to move about among men, as the

[1] *Cf.* Rv. III. 9, 7; VIII. 1, 29, apisarvare, by night.

[2] Durga, in his Commentary on the Nirukta (MS. E. I. H. 357, p. 223), says of the Dawn: 'sârvarena tamasâ digdhâni sarvadravyân prakâsodakena dhautânîva karoti.'

messengers of Yama, to feast on the life of men, so that Yama is implored to protect men from their fury, while, in other places, they themselves are invoked, like Yama and Mṛityu, to grant a long life to man. As the offspring of Saramâ, they are called Sârameya; but they have, as yet, no real proper names. The same applies to Kerberos. His proper name does not occur in Homer, but the dog of Hades in Erebos is mentioned by him without further particulars. Hesiod is the first who mentions the name and genealogy of Kerberos, and with him he is already fifty-headed, brazen-voiced, and furious. Later poets speak of him as three-headed, with serpents for his tail and mane; and at last he becomes hundred-headed. This Kerberos, as we know, is seized by Herakles and brought up to the daylight, though thrown back again into Hades.

But, besides Kerberos, there is another dog conquered by Herakles, and as he, like Kerberos, is born of Typhaon and Echidna, we may well look upon him as the brother or ditto of Kerberos. He is the dog of Geryones, sometimes called Kerberos himself (Palæph. 40); and as Herakles, before conquering Kerberos, has first to struggle with Menœtios, the cow-herd, we find that in his eighth labour, too, Herakles has to struggle with the cow-herd Eurytion and his dog; nay, according to some authorities, Menœtios himself takes part again in this struggle. This second dog is known by the name of Orthros, the exact copy, I believe, of the Vedic Vṛitra. That the Vedic Vṛitra should appear in Greece in the shape of a dog, need not surprise us, particularly as there are traces to show that in Greek mythology also he was originally a

monster of a less definite character. We find him, in Hesiod's 'Theogony,' v. 308 *seq.*, among the children of Echidna and Typhaon:

> ἡ δ' ὑποκυσαμένη τέκετο κρατερόφρονα τέκνα,
> Ὄρθρον μὲν πρῶτον κύνα γείνατο Γηρυονῆϊ.
> δεύτερον αὖτις ἔτικτεν ἀμήχανον, οὔτι φατειόν
> Κέρβερον, ὠμηστήν, Ἀΐδεω κύνα χαλκεόφωνον,
> πεντηκοντακάρηνον, ἀναιδέα τε κρατερόν τε.

Soon after, Ὄρθρος, for this is, no doubt, the right reading, instead of Ὄρθος, is called the parent of the Nemæan lion. And what indicates still more the original meaning of Ὄρθρος as a representative of darkness struggling with light, is the idiomatic use of ὄρθρος as signifying the time before sunrise. Thus we read in Hesiod, 'O. D.' 575, ὄρθρου ἀνιστάμενος, rising early, *i.e.* while the darkness still reigns, and while the last portion of the night is not yet driven away by the dawn (*entre chien et loup*). The swallow, too, is called ὀρθρογόη (568), literally the early wailing; the cock ὀρθροβόας, the early caller. Thus we read in Hom. 'Hymn. Merc.' 98,

> ὀρφναίη δ' ἐπίκουρος ἐπαύετο δαιμονίη νύξ,
> ἡ πλείων, τάχα δ' ὄρθρος ἐγίγνετο δημιοεργός,

where ὄρθρος might simply be translated by Vritra, if we consider how, in Vedic phraseology, Vritra is the thief who keeps the cows or the rays of the morning shut up in his stable, and how the first peep of day is expressed by Saramâ discovering the dark stables of Vritra and the Panis. Of Hermês (the Sârameya) it is said (v. 145) that he comes ὄρθριος, *i.e.* with Vritra, at the time of the final

discomfiture of Vritra,[1] and that he comes silently, so that not even the dogs bark at him, *οὔτε κύνες λελάκοντο.*

Thus we discover in Herakles, the victor of Orthros, a real Vritrahan, what might have been in Greek an Ὀρθροφῶν or Ὀρθροφόντης; and, though the names may differ, we now see in Βελλεροφῶν or Βελλεροφόντης, who killed, if not a he-goat (Urana), at least a she-goat, *i.e.* Χίμαιρα, a mere variation of the same solar hero, and a reflection of the Vedic Indra Vritrahan. Chimæra, like Orthros and Kerberos, is a being with three heads or three bodies (*τρικέφαλος* and *τρισώματος*); nay, like Orthros and Kerberos, Chimæra, too, is the offspring of Typhaon and Echidna.

Nay, further, although the name of Ὀρθροφῶν or Ὀρθροφόντης has not been preserved in Greek mythology, it is possible, I think, to discover in Greek traces of another name, having the same import in Sanskrit, and frequently used as a synonyme of vritrahan. This is dasyuhan, the killer of Dasyu. Dasyu or dâsa is in the Veda the general name of the enemies of the bright gods, as well as of their worshippers, the Aryan settlers of India. Dasyu-hantâ or dâsa-hantâ would in Greek assume the form of *δεωφόντης*, or, as in some places of ancient Greece δ was pronounced like λ,[2] this might assume

[1] The same place where Vritra lies (i. 52, 6, rágasaḥ budhnám) is also called the birth-place of Indra, iv. 1, 11.

[2] That d and l are interchangeable letters is perfectly true, but this general rule is liable to many limitations as applied to different languages. An original l, for instance, is hardly ever changed to d, and hence the derivation of *lingua* from lih, to lick, is very doubtful; for *dingua*, which is mentioned as the older form of *lingua*, could well have been changed to *lingua*, but not *vice versâ*. On the same ground I doubt whether in *adeps* the d represents an origi-

the form of λεωφόντης. Now this Leophontes occurs in Greek mythology as another name of Bellerophon, and it is clear that the meaning of that name could not have been lion-killer, for that would have been Leontophontes, but that it could only signify killer of whatever is expressed by λεω or δεω.

It is perfectly true that the change of d into l is in Greek restricted to certain dialects, and that it cannot be admitted as a general rule, unless there be some new evidence to that effect. Were it not so, one might feel inclined to trace even the common Greek word for people, λαός, back to the same source as the Sanskrit dâsa. For dasyu, meaning originally enemies, *hostes*, assumed in Zend danhu and daqyu, the sense of province—a transition of meaning which is rendered intelligible by the use of dahyu in the cuneiform inscriptions, where Darius calls himself king of Persia and king of the Dahyus, *i.e.* of the conquered people or provinces.[1] The same transition of meaning would have to be admitted in Greek, if, as Pro-

nal Aryan l, although the Greek ἄλειφα or ἄλειφαρ, ointment, λίπα, fat, and Sanskrit lip, to anoint, would seem to support this view. My former identification of μελετάω and *meditor* is equally untenable. All we can say for certain is that an original or Aryan d may become l in Latin: *e.g.* Sansk. devara, Greek δάηρ = Lat. *levir*; Sansk. dih, Goth. *deiga* = Lat. *pol-lingo*; Greek δάκρυ, Goth. *tagr* = Lat. *lacru-ma*; Greek Ὀδυσσεύς = Lat. *Ulyxes*. In Latin itself an original d changes dialectically with l, as in *odor* and *olfacit*; *impedimenta* and *impelimenta*; *sedere* and *solium*; *præsidium* and *præsilium*, and *sul* in *præsul*, &c.; *dautia* and *lautia*; *dingua* (*tuggô* Goth.) and *lingua*; *Medicæ* and *Melicæ*; *rediria* and *reluvium*, if from *reduo*, like *induviæ*, and not from *luo*, as proposed by Festus; *Diumpais* (Osc.) and *lymphis*; *Akudunnia* (Osk.) and *Aquilonia*, of unknown origin, but with original d, as proved even by the modern name *Lacedogna*. In Greek the same dialectic change is recorded in λάφυη = δάφνη, λίσκος = δίσκος, Ὀλυσσεύς = Ὀδυσσεύς.

[1] Lassen, *Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, vol. vi. p. 12

fessor Pott suggests, the Greek δεσ-πότης and δέσ-ποινα correspond to Sanskrit dâsa-pati and dâsá-patnî, in the sense of lord of subjects. The only difficulty here would be the retention of the s of dâsá, which, according to general practice, would have been dropt between two vowels. It is therefore now generally admitted that δεσπότης corresponds to Sanskrit dám-pati, Hausherr, for dam*s*-pati. The true form of dâsá in Greek would be δᾱός or δεώς. Δᾱός is well known as a name of slaves, but it admits of a different explanation.[1] The adjective δάϊος, however, or δήϊος, hostile, is clearly derived from the same source, the root being das, to perish; though it is true that in its frequent application to fire, the adjective δάϊος might also be referred to the root du, to burn.[2] After we have once discovered on Greek soil the traces of dâsa in the sense of enemy, we see clearly that Leophontes, as the name of Bellerophon, could not have meant originally the killer of the people, but only the killer of enemies. And if Leophontes meant the killer of enemies or fiends, it can only be explained as corresponding to the Sanskrit dâsahantâ, the destroyer of enemies, these enemies being the very Dâsas or demons of the Veda, such as *V*ritra (Ὄρθρος), Namu*k*i,[3] *S*ambara,[4] and others.[5]

[1] See Niebuhr, *Kleinere Schriften*, vol. i. p. 377.

[2] See Aufrecht, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. vii. p. 312; Pott, *ibid.* vol. viii. p. 428.

[3] A. Fick, in Benfey's *Orient und Occident*, vol. iii. p. 126.

[4] *S*ambara, a very common name of a demon slain by Indra, invites comparison with *s*abara and *s*arbara, the Sanskrit original of Kerberos. In the Zend-Avesta, too, *s*rvara occurs as the name of a serpent (azhi).

[5] Some critical remarks on the subject of this article may be seen in Professor Pott's *Etymologische Forschungen*, second edition, vol. ii. p. 744.

GREEK MYTHOLOGY.[1]

It does not happen very often that we take up a German book of more than eight hundred pages, closely printed, and bristling with notes and quotations, and feel unwilling to put it down again before having finished the whole of it. However, this is what has happened to us, and will happen to many a reader of Professor Welcker's 'Greek Mythology,' if he is capable of entering with a real and human interest into the life and thoughts and feelings of the ancient Greeks, and more particularly into the spirit of their religion, their worship, and sacred traditions. To those who require any preliminary information respecting the author, we may say, first of all, that Welcker is a very old man, a man belonging almost to an age gone by, one of the few men remaining of the heroic age of German scholarship. The present generation, a race not quite contemptible in itself, looks up to him as the Greeks looked up to Nestor. He knew old Voss, the translator of Homer, when he was a young man fighting the battle of rational mythology against the symbolic school of Creuzer. He was the friend of Zoëga. He speaks

[1] *Griechische Götterlehre.* Von F. G. Welcker. Erster Band. Göttingen, 1857.

of Buttmann, of Lexilogus Buttmann, as a scholar who had felt the influence of his teaching; and he looks upon Otfried Müller, the Dorian Müller, as belonging originally to his school, though afterwards carrying out the views of his master in an independent, and sometimes too independent a spirit. Welcker has been lecturing and writing on mythology for many years, and he finds, not without satisfaction, that many of the views which he first propounded in his lectures, lectures open to any one who liked to listen, have become current, and, as it were, public property, long before his book was published. He is not a man to put forward any claims of priority; and if he dwells at all on the subject, it is rather in self-defence. He wishes to remind his readers that if he propounds certain views with the warmth of a discoverer, if he defends them strenuously against all possible objections, it is because he has been accustomed to do so for years, and because it was necessary for him to do so, at the time when he first elaborated his system, and explained it in his lectures. Welcker's 'Mythology' has been expected for many years. It has been discussed long before it appeared. 'It is to my great regret, and certainly without my fault,' the author says, 'that so great expectations have been raised.' However, if the expectations have been great among the professors in Germany, they will admit that they have not been disappointed, and that the promise given by young Welcker has been fulfilled by the veteran.

'The science of the Greek Gods' ('die Griechische Götterlehre'), which is the title of the book, though it carries the reader along most rapidly, exciting curiosity at every page, and opening new views in

every chapter, is nevertheless a book which requires more than one perusal. It may be read, with the exception of some less finished chapters, for pleasure; but it deserves to be studied, to be thought over, examined and criticised, and it is then only that its real value is discovered. There have been many books published lately on mythology. Preller, Gerhard, Schelling, Maury, have followed each other in rapid succession. Preller's 'Greek Mythology' is a useful and careful compendium. Gerhard's 'Greek Mythology' is a storehouse, only sometimes rather a labyrinth, of mythological lore. On Schelling's 'Philosophy of Mythology,' published in his posthumous works, we hardly dare to pronounce an opinion. And yet, with all due respect for his great name, with a sincere appreciation, too, of some deep thoughts on the subject of mythology, and more particularly with a full acknowledgment of his merits in having pointed out more strongly than anybody else the inevitable character of mythological thought and language in the widest sense of the word, we must say, as critics, that his facts and theories defy all rules of sound scholarship, and that his language is so diffuse and vague, as to be unworthy of the century we live in. To one who knows how powerful and important an influence Schelling's mind exercised on Germany at the beginning of this century, it is hard to say this. But if we could not read his posthumous volumes without sadness, and without a strong feeling of the mortality of all human knowledge, we cannot mention them, when they must be mentioned, without expressing our conviction that though they are interesting on account of their author, they are disappointing in

every other respect. Maury's 'Histoire des Religions de la Grèce Antique' is, like all the works of that industrious writer, lucid and pleasing. It does not profess to add many results of independent research to what was known before on the various subjects on which he writes. The gifted author has thus escaped much of that violent criticism to which Welcker has been subjected, and only carried away the thanks of all who read his careful manuals.

What distinguishes Welcker from all his predecessors is, that with him mythology is not only a collection of fables, to be described, sifted, and arranged, but a problem to be solved, and a problem as important as any in the history of the world. His whole heart is in his work. He wants to know, and wants to explain what mythology means, how such a thing as Greek mythology could ever have existed. It is the origin of every god which he tries to discover, leaving everything else to flow naturally from the source once opened and cleared.

A second feature, which is peculiar to his treatment of mythology, is that he never looks on the Greek fables as a system. There were myths before there was a mythology, and it is in this, their original and unsystematic form alone, that we may hope to discover the genuine and primitive meaning of every myth.

A third distinguishing feature of Welcker's book consists in the many things he leaves out. If a myth had once been started, poets, artists, philosophers, and old women might do with it whatever they pleased. If there was once a Herakles travelling all over the earth, killing monsters, punishing every kind

of wickedness, and doing what no one else could do, the natural result would be that, in every town and village, whatever no one else could have done would be ascribed to Herakles. The little stories invented to account for all these Heraklean doings may be very interesting to the people of the village, but they have as little right to a place in Greek mythology as the Swiss legends of the Devil's bridges have to a place in a work on Swiss theology or history. To be able to distinguish between what is important and essential and what is not, requires a peculiar talent, and Professor Welcker possesses it.

A fourth point which is of characteristic importance in Welcker's manner of handling Greek mythology is the skill with which he takes every single myth to pieces. When he treats of Apollo, he does not treat of him as one person, beginning with his birth, detailing his various exploits, accounting for his numerous epithets, and removing the contradictory character of many of his good or bad qualities. The birth of the god is one myth, his association with a twin sister another, his quarrel with Hermes a third—each intelligible in itself, though perplexing when gathered up into one large web of Apollonic mythology.

Nowhere, again, have we seen the original character of the worship of Zeus, as the God, or, as he is called in later times, as the Father of the Gods, as the God of Gods, drawn with so sure and powerful a hand as in Welcker's 'Mythology.' When we ascend with him to the most distant heights of Greek history, the idea of God, as the supreme Being, stands before us as a simple fact. Next to this adoration of One

God, the father of heaven, the father of men, we find in Greece a worship of nature. The powers of nature, originally worshipped as such, were afterwards changed into a family of gods, of which Zeus became the king and father. This third phase is what is generally called Greek mythology; but it was preceded in time, or at least rendered possible in thought, by the two prior conceptions, a belief in a supreme God, and a worship of the powers of nature. The Greek religions, says Welcker, if they are analysed and reduced to their original form, are far more simple than we think. It is so in all great things. And the better we are acquainted with the variety and complications of all that has grown up around them, the more we feel surprised at the smallness of the first seeds, the simplicity of the fundamental ideas The divine character of Zeus, as distinct from his mythological character, is most carefully brought out by Welcker. He avails himself of all the discoveries of comparative philology in order to show more clearly how the same idea which found expression in the ancient religions of the Brâhmans, the Slaves, and the Germans, had been preserved under the same simple, clear, and sublime name by the original settlers of Hellas. We are not inclined to be too critical when we meet with a classical scholar who avails himself of the works of Sanskrit philologists. It does him credit if he only acknowledges that the beginnings of Greek language, Greek thought and tradition, lie beyond the horizon of the so-called classical world. It is surprising to find, even at the present day, men of the highest attainments in Greek and Latin scholarship, intentionally shutting their eyes

to what they know to be the light of a new day. Unwilling to study a new subject, and unable to confess their ignorance on any subject, they try to dispose of the works of a Humboldt, Bopp, or Bunsen by pointing out a few mistakes, perhaps a wrong accent or a false quantity—which 'any schoolboy would be ashamed of.' They might as well scoff at Wyld's Globe because it has not the accuracy of an Ordnance survey. So, if we find in a work like Welcker's, little slips, such as devas, sky, instead of god, dyavî, a Sanskrit dative, instead of divê, the dative, or dyavi, the locative, we just mark them on the margin, but we do not crow over them like schoolmasters or rather schoolboys. We should sometimes like to ask a question, for instance, how Professor Welcker could prove that the German word God has the same meaning as good? He quotes Grimm's 'History of the German Language,' p. 571, in support of this assertion, but we have looked in vain for any passage where Grimm gives up his former opinion, that the two words *God* and *good* run parallel in all the Teutonic dialects, and never converge towards a common origin. However, Welcker's example, we hope, will have its good effect among classical scholars. What could have been a greater triumph for all who take an interest in comparative philology and in a more comprehensive study of ancient humanity, than to find in a work on Greek mythology, written by one of the most famous classical scholars, the fundamental chapter, the chapter containing the key to the whole system, headed, 'The Vedas'?

But even Welcker is not without his backslidings. In some parts of his work, and particularly in his

chapter on Zeus, he admits implicitly the whole argument of comparative mythology. He admits that the first beginnings of Zeus, the god of gods, must be studied in the ancient songs of the Veda, and in the ancient traditions of the chief members of the Aryan family. But afterwards he would like to make his reserves. He has been studying the Greek gods all his life, and the names and natures of many of them had become clear and intelligible to him without the help of Sanskrit or the Veda. Why should they be handed over to the Aryan crucible? This is a natural feeling. It is the same in Greek etymology. If we can fully explain a Greek word from the resources of the Greek language, why should we go beyond? And yet it cannot be avoided. Some of the most plausible Greek etymologies have had to give way before the most unlikely, and yet irrefragable, derivations from Sanskrit.

Many a Greek scholar may very naturally say, why, if we can derive *θεός* from *θέειν*, or from *τιθέναι*, should we go out of our way and derive it from any other root?[1] Any one acquainted with the true principles of etymology will answer this question; and Welcker himself would be the first to admit, that from whatever source it may be derived, it cannot be derived from *θέειν* or *τιθέναι*. But the same argument holds good with regard to the names of the gods. *Ζής*, the old nominative, of which we have the accusative *Ζῆν* ('Iliad,' viii. 206, formerly *Ζῆν'*),

[1] The latest defence of the etymology of *θεός* as not to be separated from the cluster of words which spring from the root div, may be seen in Ascoli, 'Frammenti Linguistici,' *Rendiconti*, i. (1864), pp. 185–200. See also *Chips*, vol. iii. p. 215.

and Ζήν, of which we have the accusative Ζῆνα, might well have been derived by former Greek etymologists from ζῆν, to live. But Professor Welcker knows that, after etymology has once assumed an historical and scientific character, a derivation, inapplicable to the cognate forms of Ζεύς in Sanskrit, is inapplicable to the word itself in Greek. There are, no doubt, words and mythological names peculiar to Greece, and framed in Greece after the separation of the Aryan tribes. Κρονίων, for instance, is a Greek word, and a Greek idea, and Professor Welcker was right in explaining it from Greek sources only. But wherever the same mythological name exists in Greek and Sanskrit, no etymology can be admitted which would be applicable to the Greek only, without being applicable to the Sanskrit word. There is no such being as Κρόνος in Sanskrit. Κρόνος, as Welcker shows, did not exist till after Ζεύς. Ζεύς was called by the Greeks the son of time. This is a simple and very common form of mythological expression. It meant originally, not that time was the origin or the source of Zeus, but Κρονίων or Κρονίδης was used in the sense of 'connected with time, representing time, existing through all time.' Derivatives in ιων and ιδης took, in later times, the more exclusive meaning of patronymics, but originally they had a more general qualifying sense, such as we find still in our own, originally Semitic, expressions, 'son of pride,' 'sons of light,' 'son of Belial.' Κρονίων is the most frequent epithet of Ζεύς in Homer; it frequently stands by itself instead of Ζεύς. It was a name fully applicable to the supreme God, the God of time, the eternal God. Who does not think of the Ancient of

Days? When this ceased to be understood, particularly as in the current word for time the κ had become aspirated (*κρόνος* had become *χρόνος*), people asked themselves the question, why is *Ζεύς* called *Κρονίδης*? And the natural and almost inevitable answer was, because he is the son, the offspring of a more ancient god, *Κρόνος*. This may be a very old myth in Greece; but the misunderstanding which gave rise to it, could have happened in Greece only. We cannot expect, therefore, a god *Κρόνος* in the Veda. When this myth of *Κρόνος* had once been started, it would roll on irresistibly. If *Ζεύς* had once a father called *Κρόνος*, *Κρόνος* must have a wife. Yet it should be remembered as a significant fact, that in Homer *Ζεύς* is not yet called the son of Rhea, and that the name of *Κρονίδης* belongs originally to *Ζεύς* only, and not to his later brothers, Poseidon and Hades. Myths of this kind can be analysed by Greek mythologists, as all the verbs in *έω*, *άω*, and *όω* can be explained by Greek etymologists. But most other names, such as Hermes, Eos, Eros, Erinys require more powerful tests; and Professor Welcker has frequently failed to discover their primitive character, because he was satisfied with a merely Greek etymology. He derives Erinys, or Erinnys, from a verb *ἐριννύειν*, to be angry, and gives to her the original meaning of Conscience. But *ἐριννύειν* is clearly derived from *Ἐρίννυς*. Others have derived it from the same root as *ἔρις*, strife: others again from *ἐρεείνω*, to ask. But Erinys is too old a god for so modern a conception. Erinys is, in fact, the Vedic Saranyû, the dawn; and even in Greek she is still called *ἠεροφοῖτις*, hovering in the gloom. There is no word expressive of any

abstract quality, which had not originally a material meaning; nor is there in the ancient language of mythology any abstract deity which does not cling with its roots to the soil of nature. Professor Welcker is not the man to whom we need address this remark. He knows the German proverb:

> 'Kein Faden ist so fein gesponnen
> Er kommt doch endlich an der Sonnen.'

He also knows how the sun is frequently represented as the avenger of dark crimes. The same idea is expressed by the myth of Erinys. Instead of our lifeless and abstract expression, 'a crime is sure to be discovered,' the old proverbial and poetical expression was, the Dawn, the Erinys, will bring it to light. Crime itself was called, in the later mythologising language, the daughter of Night, and her avenger therefore could only be the Dawn. Was not the same Dawn called the bloodhound? Could she not find the track of the cattle stolen from the gods? She had a thousand names in ancient language, because she called forth a thousand different feelings in ancient hearts. A few only of these names became current appellatives; others remained as proper names unintelligible in their etymological meaning and their poetical conception. The Greeks knew as little that Erinys meant the Dawn, as Shakespeare knew the meaning of the Weird Sisters. Weird, however, was originally one of the three Nornes, the German Parcæ. They were called *Vurdh*, *Verdhandi*, and *Skuld*—Past, Present, and Future; and the same idea is expressed more graphically by the thread that is spun, the thread passing through the fingers, and

the thread which is still on the distaff; or by Lachesis singing the past (*τὰ γεγονότα*), Klotho singing the present (*τὰ ὄντα*), and Atropos singing the future (*τὰ μέλλοντα*). The most natural expression for to-morrow was the morn; for the future, the dawn. Thus Sara*n*yû, as one of the names of the dawn, became the name of the future, more especially of the coming avenger, the inevitable light. Homer speaks of the Erinys in the plural, and so do the poets of the Veda. Neither of them, however, know as yet their names and parentage. Hesiod calls them the daughters of the Earth, conceived of the drops of the blood of Uranos. Sophokles claims the same freedom as Hesiod, he calls them the daughters of Skotos, or Darkness. Thus a mere proverb would supply in time a whole chapter of mythology, and furnish an Æschylus and Plato with subjects for the deepest thought and the most powerful poetry.

Into these, the earliest strata of mythological language and thought, no shaft can reach from the surface of Greece or Italy, and we cannot blame Professor Welcker for having failed in extricating the last roots and fibres of many a mythological name. He has done his work; he has opened a mine, and, after bringing to light the treasures he was in search of, he has pointed out the direction in which that mine may be worked with safety. If new light is to be thrown on the most ancient and the most interesting period in the history of the human mind, the period in which names were given and myths were formed, that light must come from the Vedas; and we trust that Professor Welcker's book, by its weak as well as by its strong points, will impress on every

classical scholar what Otfried Müller perceived many years ago, 'that matters have come to such a point that classical philology must either resign altogether the historical understanding of the growth of language, as well as all etymological researches into the shape of roots and the organism of grammatical forms, or trust itself on these points entirely to the guidance and counsel of comparative philology.'

GREEK LEGENDS.[1]

If the stories of the Greek gods and heroes, as told by Mr. Cox in his 'Tales from Greek Mythology,' the 'Tales of Gods and Heroes,' and the 'Tales of Thebes and Argos,' do not quite possess in the eyes of our children the homely charm of Grimm's Mährchen or Dasent's Norse Tales, we must bear in mind that at heart our children are all Goths or Northmen, not Greeks or Romans; and that, however far we may be removed from the times which gave birth to the stories of Dornröschen, Schneewittchen, and Rumpelstilzchen, there is a chord within us that answers spontaneously to the pathos and humour of those tales, while our sympathy for Hecuba is acquired, and more or less artificial. If the choice were left to children whether they would rather have a story about the Norse trolls read out to them or the tale of the Trojan war as told by Mr. Cox, we fully believe—in fact we know—that they would all clamour for Dasent or Grimm. But if children are told that they cannot always be treated to trolls and fairies, and that they must learn something about the Greek gods and goddesses, we like-

[1] *A Manual of Mythology, in the Form of Question and Answer.* By the Rev. G. W. Cox. London: Longmans and Co 1867.

wise know that they will rather listen to Mr. Cox's tales from Greek fairyland than to any other book that is used at lessons.

The 'Manual of Mythology' which Mr. Cox has just published is meant as a lesson-book, more so than any of his former publications. If we add that the whole of Greek and Roman mythology is told in two hundred pages, in the somewhat cumbrous form of question and answer, we need not say that we have only a meagre abstract of classical mythology, a minimum, a stepping-stone, a primer, a skeleton, or whatever unpleasant name we like to apply to it. We wish indeed that Mr. Cox had allowed himself more ample scope, yet we feel bound to acknowledge that, having undertaken to tell what can be told of classical mythology in two hundred pages, he has chosen the most important, the most instructive, and the most attractive portions of his subject. Though necessarily leaving large pieces of his canvas mere blanks or covered with the faintest outlines, he has given to some of his sketches more life and expression than can be found in many a lengthy article contributed to cyclopædias and other works of reference.

But while Mr. Cox has thus stinted himself in telling the tales of Greek and Roman mythology, he has made room for what is an entirely new feature in his Manual—namely, the explanations of Greek and Roman myths, supplied by the researches of comparative mythologists. From the earliest philosophers of Greece down to Creuzer, Schelling, and Welcker, everybody who has ever thought or written on mythology has freely admitted that mythology

requires an explanation. All are agreed that a myth does not mean what it seems to mean; and this agreement is at all events important, in spite of the divergent explanations which have been proposed by different scholars and philosophers in their endeavours to find sense either in single myths or in the whole system of ancient mythology.

There is also one other point on which of late years a general agreement has been arrived at among most students of mythology, and this is that all mythological explanations must rest on a sound etymological basis. Comparative philology, after working a complete reform in the grammar and etymology of the classical languages, has supplied this new foundation for the proper study of classical mythology, and no explanation of any myth can henceforth be taken into account which is not based on an accurate analysis of the names of the principal actors. If we read in Greek mythology that Helios was the brother of Eos and Selene, this needs no commentary. Helios means the sun, Eos the dawn, Selene the moon; nor does it require any great stretch of poetical imagination to understand how these three heavenly apparitions came to be called brothers and sisters.

But if we read that Apollo loved Daphne, that Daphne fled before him and was changed into a laurel-tree, we have here a legend before us which yields no sense till we know the original meaning of Apollo and Daphne. Now Apollo was a solar deity, and although comparative philologists have not yet succeeded in finding the true etymology of Apollo, no doubt can exist as to his original character. The

name of Daphne, however, could not have been interpreted without the aid of comparative philology, and it is not till we know that Daphne was originally a name of the dawn, that we begin to understand the meaning of her story. It was by analysing myths which were still half intelligible, like those of Apollo and Daphne, Selene and Endymion, Eos and Tithonos, that the first advance was made towards a right interpretation of Greek and Roman legends.

If we read that Pan was wooing Pitys, and that Boreas, jealous of Pan, cast Pitys from a rock, and that in her fall she was changed into a pine-tree, we need but walk along the cliffs of Bournemouth in order to see and hear the true meaning of that legend. Boreas is the Greek for north-wind, Pitys for pine-tree. But what is Pan? Clearly another deity representing the wind in its less destructive character. The same Pan is called the lover of the nymph Echo, and of Syrinx. Why Pan, the wind, should be called the lover of Echo, requires no explanation. As to the nymph Syrinx—a name which means, in Greek, the shepherd's pipe—she is further fabled to have thrown herself into the river Ladon in order to escape from Pan, and to have been changed into a reed. Here mythology has simply inverted history; and while, in an account of the invention of musical instruments, we should probably be told that the wind whistling through the river reeds led to the invention of the shepherd's pipe, the poet tells us that Pan, the wind, played with Syrinx, and that Syrinx was changed into a reed. The name of Pan is probably connected with the Sanskrit name for wind—namely, pavana. The root from which it is derived

means, in Sanskrit, to purify; and as from the root dyu, to shine, we have in Greek *Zén*, *Zénós* (Aesch. *Supp.* 162), corresponding to a Sanskrit derivative, *dyav-an, the bright god, we have from pû, to purify, the Greek *Pân*, *Pânos*, the purifying or sweeping wind, strictly corresponding to a possible Sanskrit form pav-an. If there was anywhere in Greece a sea-shore covered with pine-forests, like the coast of Dorset, any Greek poet who had ears to hear the sweet and plaintive converse of the wind and the trembling pine-trees, and eyes to see the havoc wrought by a fierce north-easter, would tell his children of the wonders of the forest, and of poor Pitys, the pine-tree wooed by Pan, the gentle wind, and struck down by jealous Boreas, the north-wind.

It is thus that mythology arose, and thus that it must be interpreted if it is to be more than a mere conglomerate of meaningless or absurd stories. This has been felt by Mr. Cox; and feeling convinced that, particularly for educational purposes, mythology would be useless—nay, worse than useless—unless it were possible to impart to it some kind of rational meaning, he has endeavoured to supply for nearly every important name of the Greek and Roman pantheon an etymological explanation and a rational interpretation. In this manner, as he says in his preface, mythology can be proved to be 'simply a collection of the sayings by which men once upon a time described whatever they saw and heard in countries where they lived. These sayings were all perfectly natural, and marvellously beautiful and true. We see the lovely evening twilight die out before the coming night, but when they saw this,

they said that the beautiful Eurydike had been stung by the serpent of darkness, and that Orpheus was gone to fetch her back from the land of the dead. We see the light which had vanished in the west reappear in the east; but they said that Eurydike was now returning to the earth. And as this tender light is seen no more when the sun himself is risen, they said that Orpheus had turned round too soon to look at her, and so was parted from the wife whom he loved so dearly.' And not only do meaningless legends receive by this process a meaning and a beauty of their own, but some of the most revolting features of classical mythology are removed, and their true purport discovered. Thus Mr. Cox remarks:—

'And as it is with this sad and beautiful tale of Orpheus and Eurydike, so it is with all those which may seem to you coarse or dull or ugly. They are so only because the real meaning of the names has been half-forgotten or wholly lost. Œdipus and Perseus, we are told, killed their parents, but it is only because the sun was said to kill the darkness from which it seems to spring. So, again, it was said that the sun was united in the evening to the light from which he rose in the morning; but in the later story it was said that Œdipus became the husband of his mother Iocaste, and a terrible history was built upon this notion. But none of these fearful stories were ever made on purpose. No one ever sat down to describe gods and great heroes as doing things which all decent men would be ashamed to think of. There can scarcely be a greater mistake than to suppose that Greeks were suddenly

seized with a strange madness which drove them to invent all sorts of ridiculous and contemptible tales, and that every nation has at some time or other gone mad in this way.'

That the researches of comparative mythologists, so well summed up in Mr. Cox's 'Manual of Mythology,' are in the main tending in the right direction, is, we believe, admitted by all whose opinion on such matters carries real weight. It has been fully proved that mythology is simply a phase, and an inevitable phase, in the growth of language; language being taken in its proper sense, not as the mere outward symbol, but as the only possible embodiment of thought. Everything, while language passes through that peculiar phase, may become mythology. Not only the ideas of men as to the origin of the world, the government of the universe, the phenomena of nature, and the yearnings and misgivings of the heart, are apt to lose their natural and straightforward expression, and to be repeated in a more or less distorted form, but even historical events, the exploits of a powerful man, the destruction of wild animals, the conquest of a new country, the death of a beloved leader, may be spoken of and handed down to later ages in a form decidedly mythological. After the laws that regulate the growth and decay of words have once been clearly established, instead of being any longer surprised at the breaking out of mythological phraseology, we almost wonder how any language could have escaped what may really be called an infantine disease, through which even the healthiest constitution ought to pass sooner or later. The origin of mytho-

logical phraseology, whatever outward aspects it may assume, is always the same; it is language forgetting herself. Nor is there anything strange in that self-forgetfulness, if we bear in mind how large a number of names ancient languages possessed for one and the same thing, and how frequently the same word was applied to totally different subjects. If we take the sun, or the dawn, or the moon, or the stars, we find that even in Greek every one of them is still polyonymous, *i.e.* has different names, and is known under various *aliases*. Still more is this the case in Sanskrit, though Sanskrit too is a language which, to judge from its innumerable rings, must have passed through many summers and winters before it grew into that mighty stem which fills us with awe and admiration, even in the earliest relics of its literature. Now, after a time, one out of many names of the same subject necessarily gains a preponderance; it becomes the current and recognised name, while the other names are employed less and less frequently, and at last become obsolete and unintelligible. Yet it frequently happens that, either in proverbs, or in idiomatic phrases, or in popular poetry, some of these obsolete names are kept up, and in that case mythological decay at once sets in. It requires a certain effort to see this quite clearly, because in our modern languages, where everything has its proper name, and where each name is properly defined, a mythological misunderstanding is almost impossible.

But suppose that the exact meaning of the word 'gloaming' had been forgotten, and that a proverbial expression such as 'The gloaming sings the sun to

sleep' had been preserved, would not the gloaming very soon require an explanation? and would nurses long hesitate to tell their children that the gloaming was a good old woman who came every night to put the sun into his bed, and who would be very angry if she found any little children still awake? The children would soon talk among themselves about Nurse Gloaming, and as they grew up would tell their children again of the same wonderful old nurse. It was in this and in similar ways that in the childhood of the world many a story grew up which, when once repeated and sanctioned by a popular poet, became part and parcel of what we are accustomed to call the mythology of ancient nations.

The mistake most commonly committed is to suppose that mythology has necessarily a religious character, and that it forms a whole or a system, taught in ancient times and believed in as we believe in our Articles, or even as the Roman Catholics believe in the legends of their saints. Religion, no doubt, suffered most from mythological phraseology, but it did not suffer alone. The stories of the Argonauts, or of the Trojan war, or of the Calydonian boar-hunt had very little to do with religion, except that some of the heroes engaged in them were called either the sons or the favourites of some of the so-called gods of Greece. No doubt we call them all gods, Vulcan and Venus, as well as Jupiter and Minerva; but even the more thoughtful among the Greeks would hardly allow the name of gods to all the inhabitants of Olympus, at least not in that pregnant sense in which Zeus and Apollo and Athene may fairly claim it. If children asked

who was the good Nurse Gloaming that sang the sun to sleep, the answer would be easy enough, that she was the daughter of the sky or of the sea, in Greek the daughter of Zeus or of Nereus; but this relationship, though it might give rise to further genealogical complications, would by no means raise the nurse to the rank of a deity. We speak of days and years as perfectly intelligible objects, and we do not hesitate to say that a man has wasted a day or a year, or that he has killed time. To the ancient world days and nights were still more of a problem; they were strangers that came and went, brothers, or brother and sister, who brought light and darkness, joy and sorrow, who might be called the parents of all living things, or themselves the children of heaven and earth. One poetical image, if poetical it can be called, which occurs very frequently in the ancient language of India, is to represent the days as the herd of the sun, so that the coming and going of each day might be likened to the stepping forth of a cow, leaving its stable in the morning, crossing the heavenly meadows by its appointed path, and returning to its stable in the evening. The number of this solar herd would vary according to the number of days ascribed to each year. In Greek that simple metaphor was no longer present to the mind of Homer; but if we find in Homer that Helios had seven herds of oxen, fifty in each herd, and that their number never grows and never decreases, surely we can easily discover in these 350 oxen the 350 days of the primitive year.[1] And if

[1] In the Veda 720 twins are mentioned, *i.e.* 360 days and 360 nights. Rv. I. 164, 11.

we read again, that the foolish companions of Ulysses did not return to their homes because they had killed the oxen of Helios, may we not here too recognise an old proverbial or mythological expression, too literally interpreted even by Homer, and therefore turned into mythology? If the original phrase ran, that while Ulysses, by never-ceasing toil, succeeded in reaching his home, his companions wasted their time, or killed the days, *i.e.* the cattle of Helios, and were therefore punished, nothing would be more natural than that after a time their punishment should have been ascribed to their actually devouring the oxen in the island of Thrinakia; just as St. Patrick, because he converted the Irish and drove out the venomous brood of heresy and heathenism, was soon believed to have destroyed every serpent in that island, or as St. Christopher was represented as actually having carried on his shoulders the infant Christ.

All mythology of this character must yield to that treatment to which Mr. Cox has subjected the whole Greek and Roman pantheon. But there is one point that seems to us to deserve more consideration than it has hitherto received at the hands of comparative mythologists. We see that, for instance, in the very case of St. Patrick, mythological phraseology infected the perfectly historical character of an Irish missionary. The same may have taken place—in fact, we need not hesitate to say the same has constantly taken place—in the ancient stories of Greece and Rome, as well as in the legends of the Middle Ages. Those who analyse ancient myths ought, therefore, to be prepared for this historical

or irrational element, and ought not to suppose that everything which has a mythical appearance is thoroughly mythical or purely ideal. Mr. Cox has well delineated the general character of the most popular heroes of ancient mythology :—

'In a very large number of legends [he says], the parents, warned that their own offspring will destroy them, expose their children, who are saved by some wild beast and brought up by some herdsman. The children so recovered always grow up beautiful, brave, strong and generous; but, either unconsciously or against their will, they fulfil the warnings given before their birth, and become the destroyers of their parents. Perseus, Œdipus, Cyrus, Romulus, Paris, are all exposed as infants, are all saved from death, and discovered by the splendour of their countenances and the dignity of their bearing. Either consciously or unconsciously Perseus kills Akrisios, Œdipus kills Laios, Cyrus kills Astyages, Romulus kills Amulius, and Paris brings about the ruin of Priam and the city of Troy.'

Mr. Cox supposes that all these names are solar names, and that the mythical history of every one of these heroes is but a disguise of language. Originally there must have existed in ancient languages a large number of names for the sun, and the sky, and the dawn, and the earth. The vernal sun returning with fresh vigour after the deathlike repose of winter had a different name from the sun of summer and autumn; and the setting sun with its fading brilliancy was addressed differently from the 'bridegroom coming forth out of his chamber,' or 'the giant rejoicing to run his course.' Certain names,

expressions, and phrases sprang up, originally intended to describe the changes of the day and the seasons of the year; after a time these phrases became traditional, idiomatic, proverbial; they ceased to be literally understood, and were misunderstood and misinterpreted into mythical phraseology. At first the phrase 'Perseus will kill Akrisios' meant no more than that light will conquer darkness, that the sun will annihilate the night, that the morn is coming. If each day was called the child of the night, it might be truly said that the young child was destined to kill its parents, that Œdipus must kill Laios.[1] And if the violet twilight, Iokaste, was

[1] Professor Comparetti, in his Essay *Edipo e la Mitologia Comparata* (Pisa, 1867), has endeavoured to combat M. Bréal's explanation of the myth of Œdipus. His arguments are most carefully chosen, and supported by much learning and ingenuity which even those, who are not convinced by his able pleading, cannot fail to appreciate. It is not for me to defend the whole theory proposed by M. Bréal in his *Mythe d'Œdipe* (Paris, 1863). But as Professor Comparetti, in controverting the identification of *Laios* with the Sanskrit dâsa or dâsya, denies the possibility of an Aryan d appearing in Greek as l, I may, in defence of my own identification of dâsahantâ with λεωφόντης (Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. v. p. 152), be allowed to remark that I had supported the change of d into l in Greek by instances taken from Ahrens, *De Dialecto Dorica*, p. 85, such as λάφνη = δάφνη, Ὀλυσσεύς = Ὀδυσσεύς, and λίσκος = δίσκος. If in any of the local dialects of Greece the dental media could assume the sound of l, the admission of the change of a Greek d into a Greek l was justified for the purpose of explaining the name of one or two among the local heroes of ancient Greece, though I grant that it might be open to objections if admitted in the explanation of ordinary Greek words, such as λαός or μελετάω. If therefore Professor Curtius (*Grundzüge der Griechischen Etymologie*, p. 325) calls the transition of d into l unheard of in Greek, he could only have meant the classical Greek, and not the Greek dialects, which are nevertheless of the greatest importance in the interpretation of the names of local gods and heroes, and in the explanation of local legends. See also before, p. 254.

called the wife of the nocturnal Laios, the same name of Iokaste, as the violet dawn, might be given to the wife of Œdipus. Hence that strangely entangled skein of mythological sayings which poets and philosophers sought to disentangle as well as they could, and which at last was woven into that extraordinary veil of horrors which covers the sanctuary of Greek religion.

But if this be so—and, strange as it may sound at first, the evidence brought in support of this interpretation of mythology is irresistible—it would seem to follow that Perseus, and Œdipus, and Paris, and Romulus could none of them claim any historical reality. Most historians might be prepared to give up Perseus, Œdipus, and Paris, perhaps even Romulus and Remus; but what about Cyrus? Cyrus, like the other solar heroes, is known to be a fated child; he is exposed, he is saved, and suckled, and recognised, and restored to his royal dignity, and by slaying Astyages he fulfils the solar prophecy as completely as any one of his compeers. Yet, for all that, Cyrus was a real man, an historical character, whose flesh and bone no sublimating process will destroy. Here then we see that mythology does not always create its own heroes, but that it lays hold of real history, and coils itself round it so closely that it is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to separate the ivy from the oak, or the lichen from the granite to which it clings. And here is a lesson which comparative mythologists ought not to neglect. They are naturally bent on explaining everything that can be explained; but they should bear in mind that there may be elements in every mythological riddle which resist etymological analysis, for the simple reason that their origin was not etymological, but historical.

The name of Cyrus or Koresh has been supposed to have some affinity with the Persian name of the sun, khvar or khor; and, though this is wrong, it can hardly be doubted that the name of Astyages, the Median king, the enemy of Cyrus, doomed to destruction by a solar prophecy, is but a corruption of the Zend name Azhi dahâka,[1] the destructive serpent, the offspring of Ahriman, who was chained by Thraêtaona, and is to be killed at the end of days by Keresâspa. Mr. Cox refers several times to this Azhi dahâka and his conqueror Thraêtaona, and he mentions the brilliant discovery of Eugène Burnouf, who recognised in the struggle between Thraêtaona and Azhi dahâka the more famous struggle celebrated by Firdusi in the Shahnameh between Feridun and Zohak. If, then, the Vedic Ahi, the serpent of darkness destroyed by Trita, Indra, and other solar heroes, is but a mythological name, and if the same applies to Azhi dahâka, conquered by Thraêtaona, and to the Echidna slain by Phœbus, and to Fafnir slain by Sigurd, what shall we say of Astyages killed by Cyrus? We refer those who take an interest in these questions to a posthumous work of one of the most learned dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, the 'Zoroastrische Studien' of F. Windischmann. The historical character of Cyrus can hardly be doubted by any one, but the question whether Astyages was assigned to him as his grandfather

[1] See 'Essay on the Zend-Avesta,' *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. i. p. 98. If Istuvegu, the name of Astyages in the Non-Aryan inscriptions, could be proved to have been his original name, the identification with Azhi dahâka would have to be surrendered. But, as yet, not only the name of Astyages, but those of Cyrus and Cambyses also, seem to me to admit of a better etymology from Aryan than from Non-Aryan sources. See Spiegel, *Beiträge zur vergl. Sprachforschung*, i. p. 32; Sayce, *Academy*, October 1880.

merely by the agency of popular songs, or whether Astyages too was a real king, involves very important issues, particularly if, according to Windischmann, there can be no doubt as to the identity of Darius, the Median, of the Book of Daniel, and Astyages. What is called the history of Media before the time of Cyrus is most likely nothing but the echo of ancient mythology repeated by popular ballads. Moses of Khorene distinctly appeals to popular songs which told of Ajdahak, the serpent,[1] and, with regard to the changes of the name, Modjmil[2] says that the Persians gave to Zohak the name of Dehak, *i.e.* ten evils, because he introduced ten evils into the world. In Arabic his name is said to have been Dechak, the laugher, while his other name Azdehak is explained as referring to the disease of his shoulders, where two serpents grew up which destroyed men.[3] All this is popular mythology, arising from a misunderstanding of the old name, Azhi dahâka; and we should probably not be wrong in supposing that even Dejoces was a corruption of Dehak, another ancestor in that Median dynasty which came to an end in Astyages the reputed grandfather of Cyrus. We can here only point to the problem as a warning to comparative mythologists, and remind them, in parting, that as many of the old German legends were transferred to the Apostles, as some of the ancient heathen prophecies were applied to the emperor Barbarossa, as tricks performed by solar archers were told again of a William Tell, and Robin

[1] Windischmann, *Zoroastrische Studien*, p. 138.
[2] *Journal Asiatique*, vol. xi. p. 156.
[3] Windischmann, *l. c.* p. 37.

Hood, and Friar Tuck—nay, as certain ancient legends are now told in Germany of Frederick the Great—it does not always follow that heroes of old who performed what may be called solar feats are therefore nothing but myths. We ought to be prepared, even in the legends of Herakles or Meleagros or Theseus, to find some grains of local history on which the sharpest tools of comparative mythology must bend or break.

SOLAR MYTHS.

If it is difficult to the best of classical scholars fully to understand the meaning and the origin of many an ancient custom of the Romans, or to grasp the whole purpose of every Greek myth, we need not be surprised if even the most careful students of anthropology have sometimes lost themselves in the mazes of Maori or Hottentot traditions, unless they possessed a thorough knowledge of the language to guide them safely through the labyrinth of ancient mythology. If Gottfried Hermann, to whom Greek was as familiar as German, if Creuzer, Welcker, Gerhardt, Preller and others have frequently failed to discover the true germinal ideas of Homeric gods and heroes, what wonder if anthropologists, who have never looked at a grammar of Hottentot or Zulu, should now and then have blundered over Tsui-goab, 'Lame Knee,' the supreme God of the Khoi-Khoi, over Unkulunkulu, 'the great-great-grandfather' of the Zulus, or over Maui, the solar hero of the Maoris?

By all means, therefore, let anthropologists study the grammar of the languages before they meddle with customs and myths, but do not let us make the study of ethnological mythology impossible by requiring that no one should pronounce an opinion on

the Patagonians who cannot write Patagonian verse with the same facility and correctness with which Munro wrote Latin elegiacs. Why should we deprive ourselves of the few rays of collateral light which a comprehensive study of the mythology of uncivilised races supplies, by pronouncing a general *tabu* on this promising branch of human archæology? Many things in ethnological mythology must for the present, no doubt, be accepted as provisional only, but even in this provisional state the subject itself is far too important to justify its peremptory exclusion from the pale of true science. Ethnological research cannot solve all the problems of mythology, but it may help to solve a few.

It has been asked why we should ever go beyond the limits of the Aryan family of speech for finding the solution to the riddle of Aryan mythology, and Professor Sayce has laid it down as a general rule that we must never compare non-Aryan with Aryan myths. All students of etymological mythology will no doubt agree with him, for with them to compare means to identify, and to identify a Greek god with a Semitic god, or a German hero with a Bushman hero, is of course impossible, both etymologically and genealogically. Professor Sayce, however, would probably be the very last to deny that *fas est et ab hoste doceri*, and that there is much to be learnt by Aryan mythologists, not only from Semitic, but from Bushman folk-lore also.

We may learn, first of all, that there is beneath the diversity of human speech that one common human nature which makes the whole world akin, and which is well worth the serious study of our age. However

different the different families of language may be, so far as their material is concerned, let us not forget that their intention is always the same, and that if there are forms of thought common to all mankind, there must be forms of grammar too, shared in common by all who speak. We may not find, for instance, what we call the masculine, feminine, and neuter gender in all non-Aryan languages, but we find what is analogous to gender, and what gives us perhaps the right understanding of all gender; for instance, in the determinative hieroglyphics of Egypt, and in the numerous classificatory prefixes of the Bântu languages. We then understand that what we call gender is but a survival of that far wider process of generic classification which all languages have to carry out in order to be languages.

And if a study of non-Aryan as well as Aryan languages is not only useful, but necessary for a discovery of the true nature and the real origin of human speech, a study of non-Aryan as well as Aryan religions and mythologies promises, and has even yielded us already, equally valuable results. Is it not something to have gained the conviction, in spite of all that has been said and written to the contrary, that there is no race on earth without what seems to many so peculiar an intellectual excrescence, namely religion? It is quite true that this does not prove in the least either the theory of a primitive revelation or the existence of religious necessities in primitive man, whatever 'Primitive Man' may mean. But it encourages, nay, it even compels us to ask, whether there may not have been the same causes at work in order to produce, under the most different circum-

stances, the same result—a result from one point of view so irrational, so marvellous, so unexpected as religion. Whatever form religions may have assumed, there is one strange feature in all of them, in the lowest and in the highest, in the most modern and the most ancient, *a belief in the Infinite or the Invisible*—meaning by infinite whatever is not purely finite, and therefore not entirely within the cognisance of the senses. It does not matter whether that belief in the Infinite appears as a belief in gods or ancestors, in odds and ends, in causes, or powers, or tendencies, in a Beyond or in the Unknown and the Unknowable. The highest generalisation of which all these beliefs admit is a belief in the Infinite or the Non-Finite. This fact must form the foundation of the whole science of religion, and may possibly give new life even to the science of thought.

Secondly, if we meet all over the world with the same or with very similar stories, full of incredible and impossible matter—of giants and dwarfs, of beasts behaving like men, and men behaving like beasts, of trees changed into men and men changed into trees—we are not only amused, like children when reading for the first time Grimm's *Märchen*, but we begin to wonder whether for so general, not to say so universal, an epidemic, we may not discover some general predisposing causes, some intellectual *microbes*, of the greatest interest to the psychologist. It is true that the mere fact that the same irrational thing occurs in two places or in many places does not yet explain it, but at all events it makes us look at it with different eyes. It makes us feel that the irrational cannot be entirely irrational, and that what

exists under very similar conditions among Patagonians and Eskimos, among Greeks and Maoris, must possess some *raison d'être*.

Now there are certainly very surprising coincidences in the folk-lore, the superstitions and customs of the most remote races, and they exist under circumstances which make the admission of borrowing, whether in historic or prehistoric times, almost impossible. That within historic or prehistoric times some animals should really have spoken, those only could believe who believe in a descent, not in an ascent, of living beings; yet speaking animals meet us among the Jews as well as among Hottentots. That men should have been changed into stars is a startling idea, yet it is believed in by men on the highest and on the lowest steps of the ladder of human intellect. What can be more incredible than the custom of the Couvade, the husband taking to his bed whenever his wife has been delivered of a child? Yet this custom has been traced in China, in ancient and modern Spain, in France, in Corsica, on the Black Sea, and elsewhere.[1]

Now to a student of folk-lore the chapter of accidents, the number of accidental coincidences in the legends and customs of men, seems to grow larger and larger, the wider his sphere of observation becomes; but at the same time he cannot resist a growing conviction that there must be different kinds of accidents, and that there may be some kind of method in what seems at first a universal madness. That different nations, for instance, should see in the dark spots of the moon a certain likeness to a man

[1] *Indian Antiquary*, 1874, May, p. 151.

or a woman or an animal, is intelligible enough. But that the Hindus should believe in a hare in the moon, and that the Mongolians should have discovered exactly the same likeness, is at first hardly credible.[1] Here, however, we must remember that the Mongolians were for a long time under the sway of Buddhist missionaries, and that the Buddhists, coming from India, called the moon *Śaśin*, i.e. having a hare. In this way we shall, no doubt, be able to account for a large class of coincidences, but not for all; and, for the present at least, we shall often have to be satisfied with the cold comfort that what is humanly possible in one place is humanly possible in another.

One principle, however, of explaining what seems at first sight purely irrational in the legends and customs of the world has been established, and a wider acquaintance with the traditions and customs of the various races of mankind has only served to confirm it—namely, that there is something in the very nature of language, and of custom too, which favours the growth of what seems irrational. In order to rouse opposition and attention, I ventured many years ago to call mythology a 'disease of language,' though I am quite willing to admit that it might have sounded more philosophical to call it a modification, an affection, a *πάθος* of language, so as to exclude the idea that such a modification was always a change for the worse. It might have sounded still more philosophical if I had said that 'the expression of our ideas is dependent on the capabilities of each language, and that it is hardly possible, in giving utterance to our meaning, to avoid using words

[1] See before, p. 187.

which language has coined to express a more or less cognate thought.'[1] I might also have adopted the metaphorical language of ethnologists and physiologists and called these various and but half intelligible myths and customs *survivals,* considering that in many cases disease also is the effect of a survival or of the existence within our physical organism of something that ought to have been assimilated, digested, and carried off, instead of remaining as a strange or hard element beyond the time when it was wanted. What we must hold fast, however, is that every myth and legend was at first an intelligible utterance of an intelligible thought. When Greeks or Melanesians spoke of the night as covering, hiding, or swallowing everything, and particularly the sun or the day, there was nothing irrational in it, at least hardly more than when we say that day and night follow one another, instead of saying that they are successive joint effects of the earth's revolution round its axis. But when that saying survived after the names given to night, sun, and day had ceased to be intelligible, then the Melanesian story that Qong (night) came creeping up from the sea, and that after a time Qat cut the darkness open with a piece of red obsidian till the dawn came out, had become unintelligible, and may be called a myth.[2]

In the same manner, so long as *Daphne* was understood as a name of the dawn, and *Phœbos* as the name of the morning sun, nothing could be more rational than to say that *Daphne* fled from the embraces of *Phœbos.* But when the name of *Daphne* had become

[1] Lotze, *Logic,* p. 441.

[2] Codrington, *Journ. Anthrop. Inst.* Feb. 1881.

hardened and non-transparent, when it was a mere survival of an earlier stage of language, then the story that *Daphne* fled before *Phœbos* became a legend, half intelligible, so long as Phœbos at least was understood, but quite unintelligible and irrational when Phœbos too had been changed into a beautiful youth whose beloved could be nothing but an equally beautiful girl.

It has often been asserted that such legends about people being swallowed could have arisen only among savages who indulged in cannibalism, or to whom at all events such a custom was not unfamiliar. It is difficult to disprove such assertions, or to bring any evidence against those who maintain that at a very early time the Greeks and even the mild Hindus were cannibals, because the Greeks believed that Kronos swallowed his children, and the Hindus thought that at an eclipse Rahu ate the moon. All I venture to say is that there is no real necessity for such a theory, and that it would explain but the smallest portion of what we wish to see explained. The assertion of certain anthropologists that at a very early period our ancestors were in the habit of swallowing their children and bringing them up again, does hardly enlighten us on what we really want to know, namely, why one of those early swallowers should have been called *Kronos*, and his swallowed offspring should rejoice in such names as *Hestia*, *Demeter*, *Hera*, *Pluton*, and *Poseidon*; still less, why, instead of *Zeus*, he should have swallowed a stone. Anyhow, there are other explanations which ought not to be entirely neglected. To swallow or to eat is a verb which admits of many more or less general

applications. We speak of men not being able to swallow a story, of others swallowing an insult, and of fortunes being swallowed up; why must the ancients have been cannibals before they could speak of the day being swallowed up by the night, or of dawn being swallowed by the sun, or of clouds being swallowed by the storm, or of the moon being swallowed by an enemy called Rahu? We say the moon is eclipsed, the Esthonians say it is being eaten, and I doubt whether the one expression is more fully realised by the speakers than the other. After a time, no doubt, the question will arise, Who then eats the moon? and no grandmother would be at a loss to say, as the Guaranis say, that a jaguar or a great dog tries to swallow the moon, or, as the savages of Nootka Sound say, that a great codfish tries to devour it. All this is nothing but a survival in language, or an artificial restoration of suspended animation. Every one of these expressions was intelligible in the beginning. It became less and less intelligible with the progress of language, and it provoked at last such *ex post* interpretations as we meet with in the myths and legends of all peoples, whether ancient or modern. Whether the German story of the *Wolf and the Kid* or that of *Red Riding Hood* has the same origin as the Greek Myth of Kronos and his offspring, is a question which, in the absence of any proper names in the German story, I should rather decline to answer, nor do I think that the legend of Jonah being swallowed by a whale can be really explained by being referred to the large class of Swallow Myths. But the idea that men and beasts could be swallowed and disgorged at ease, which crops up in every part of the

world, seems to me to admit of a very easy explanation, namely, that the verbs 'to swallow' and 'to eat' can be used in a general and metaphorical sense. In Hindustani 'to eat' has become so faded that it can be used almost as an auxiliary verb, so that 'to eat a beating' stands for the passive, and means no more than 'to be flogged.'

And as there are survivals in language, so there are survivals in customs. Of customs, too, I hold, as of words, that originally they were intelligible, but that after a time they were often repeated thoughtlessly, and thus became what we call fashions, and what among other nations we often qualify as superstitions or savage customs. What is commonly called a fetish admits, I believe, in every case of some explanation. Some stones have medicinal powers, and if a jade stone (*hijada*) was originally believed, whether rightly or wrongly, to cure liver complaints, need we wonder if in the next generation the same stone was trusted to cure fever, and, in the end, to remove any complaint, or to guard against any danger? Mr. Andrew Lang gives us a most instructive instance in his charming work on *Custom and Myth* (p. 230).

A friend of mine (he writes), Mr. J. J. Atkinson, who has for many years studied the manners of the people of New Caledonia, asked a native *why* he treasured a certain fetish-stone. The man replied that in one of the vigils which are practised beside the corpses of deceased friends he saw a lizard. The lizard is a totem, a worshipful animal, in New Caledonia. The native put out his hand to touch it, when it disappeared and left a stone in its place. This stone he therefore held sacred in the highest degree.

Who could have guessed the reason why, unless the

native had still remembered it? And how are his children or grandchildren to know, among whom, no doubt, the stone will survive long after the reason of its sacredness has been forgotten?

But though the principle of explaining what is unintelligible in myths and customs as a survival of what was once intelligible has solved many riddles, it has not solved all, for the simple reason that, when a story has once become miraculous, and a custom purely unmeaning, the people themselves, who believe and practise these irrational things, do not wish to keep alive the memory of their rational meaning. Here then, where the antecedents of myths and customs are beyond our reach, we must trust to those world-wide parallels which, though they are not always convincing, possess nevertheless a strong persuasive power. Here is the true domain of ethnopsychological mythology, which starts with the conviction that if nations, widely separated in space and time, agree in myths or customs which to us seem irrational, we ought to feel convinced that originally there was something rational and truly human in them. This is, as yet, a postulate only, but it is a postulate which, I feel convinced, will receive from year to year a more encouraging response.

Let us take one point only. How often have we felt incredulous when, in tracing Greek, Roman, and Vedic myths back to their original source, we always found that they applied to the sun in his ever varying aspects! It seemed almost disheartening to say again and again, 'This is another solar myth, this is another story of the dawn!' But when we follow the advice of the founders of the ethnological school

of comparative mythology, when we explore the folk-lore of Hottentots, Red Indians, Mexicans, Samoyedes, and Andaman Islanders, and find everywhere the same story, the same worship of the sun, myths of the sun, legends of the sun, riddles of the sun, we begin to reflect and to take courage, and we are at all events less surprised at the fact that the sun should have seemed so very prominent a subject of early thought among the inhabitants of India and Greece also. We, with our modern ways of life, are not aware how everything we think or speak or do is dependent on the sun, and it is only the true man of science who by the latest discoveries has been brought back to that full conviction of his solar dependence which the son of nature had not yet lost.[1] When a Jesuit missionary preached to the Moluches, they replied: 'Till this hour we never knew nor acknowledged anything greater than the sun.'[2] The Shawnees in North America used the same argument, namely, that 'the sun animates everything, and therefore must be the master of life, or the Great Spirit.'[3]

Two hundred years ago Scheffer in his *Cælum Poeticum* (Prag, 1646, p. 33) had arrived at a conclusion which at the time was received with great scepticism, but which modern researches have tended to a great extent to confirm, viz.: *Omnis gentilium deus est solus sol, pro diversa operatione sua acceptus, v. g. ut in aura operans est Jupiter, ut in aqua Neptunus, ut in subterraneis Pluto, et sic de aliis.* It was at that time argued by others that the worship

[1] See *Chips*, vol. iv. p. 178.
[2] Dobrizhoffer, *Abipones*, ii. 89.
[3] Sagard, *Hist. du Canada*, p. 490.

of the sun required already a certain advance in abstract thought, but Bastholm, the greatest authority on anthropology at the beginning of our century (1740–1819), refuted this opinion by appealing to the case of the Andaman islanders, the lowest of savages, who, as he had been informed, worship nevertheless sun, moon, spirits of forests, water, mountains, and storms.[1]

That all nations, without any exception, originally worshipped the sun, would, no doubt, be far too sweeping an assertion. Bastholm himself (iv. 169 seq.) mentions tribes who worship the moon without worshipping the sun, though there are few, if any, who worship the sun without worshipping the moon.[2] Still, if ethnological researches prove anything, they prove that *Heliolatry*, not of course in the sense of a worship paid to a ball of fire, but as a recognition of the supernatural character of the sun as the source of light, warmth, and life, is the most widely spread form of early faith, meeting us at the Equator as well as near the Pole, among the Indians of the West, as well as among the Indians of the East, and therefore not so entirely strange, as classical scholars imagine, when it greets us again and again from behind the thin veil of Greek and Roman mythology also.

I pleaded as yet somewhat hesitatingly for this truth in my *Hibbert Lectures* of 1875, but ethnological research has since that time made such rapid progress that the solar theory is no longer a theory, but has now become a generally recognised fact.

[1] See *Chips*, vol. i. p. 252.

[2] Miss A. Swanwick, *Æschylus Translated*, introd. p. xxxvii.

Nor have scholars been slow to profit by this. Each successive volume of the *Hibbert Lectures*, entrusted to the best scholars that could be found in each special branch of comparative theology, has brought the most unexpected and at the same time the most decided confirmation of the solar theory.

Mr. Le Page Renouf's volume on the *Religion of Egypt* is one of the most deeply interesting books on religion and mythology that I know of. After dwelling on the bewildering mass of Egyptian gods, if gods they are to be called, he shows how that mass can be simplified and reduced to some kind of order, till at last the whole mythology of Egypt seems to turn upon the histories of *Râ* and *Osiris*, and even these are recognised as mere personifications of the attributes, characters, and offices of one supreme god. This, at least, is the decided opinion, not only of Mr. Le Page Renouf, but likewise of one of the greatest of Egyptian scholars, the late Vicomte de Rougé, who expressed his conviction that, so far as the monuments allow us to judge, the most ancient form of religion in Egypt was pure monotheism (more properly, as I should say, henotheism), and that this in course of time developed into the most extravagant polytheism. Mr. Le Page Renouf strongly supports the same opinion, that the sublimer portions of Egyptian religion are demonstrably the most ancient, but he believes that the doctrine of one god and that of many gods were taught by the same men, and that no inconsistency between the two doctrines was thought of. And when he proceeds to analyse what we should call the religious mythology of ancient Egypt, he finds that almost every atom of it is solar.

If we turn our eyes from Egypt to Mexico and Peru—a journey to another planet, as M. Réville truly calls it—we find in the New World what we found in the Old, behind a bewildering mass of deities, the Sun as the hidden life of all religion and of all mythology.

There is no trace, it is true, of an original monotheism, preceding, as in Egypt, the actual polytheism of the people,

But one of the fundamental traits of the Central American religion (I quote from M. Réville's *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 35) is the pre-eminence of the sun, regarded as a personal and animated being, over all other divinities. The sun was generally associated with the moon, as his spouse, and they were called *Grandfather* and *Grandmother*. . . . Often the sun is represented as having a child, who is no other than a double of himself, but conceived in human form as the civiliser, legislator, and conqueror, bearing divers names according to the peoples whose hero-god and first king he is represented as being.

M. Réville sums up the characteristic features of the Central American religion in almost the same words in which Mr. Le Page Renouf traced the fundamental outline of the Egyptian religion:—

The only notable difference (he says) between the polytheism of the ancient world and that of Central America is, that the god of heaven, Dyaus, Varuṇa, Zeus, Ahura Mazda, or, in China, Tien, does not occupy the same prominent place in the American mythology that he takes in its European and Asiatic counterparts. For the rest the processes of the human spirit are absolutely identical in the two continents. In both alike it is the phenomena of nature, regarded as animated and conscious, that wake and stimu-

late the religious sentiment, and become the objects of the adoration of man. At the same time, and in virtue of the same process of internal logic, these personified beings come to be regarded more and more as possessed of a nature superior in power indeed, but in all other respects closely conforming, to that of men. If nature-worship, with the animism that it engenders, shapes the first law to which natural religion submits in the human race, anthropomorphism furnishes the second, disengaging itself ever more and more completely from the zoomorphism which generally occurs as an intermediary. This is so *everywhere*.

And as in Mexico, so in Peru the religion and mythology of the Incas were solar. The Incas claimed direct descent from the sun, and, to quote once more M. Réville's words:—

> The sun has never been worshipped more directly or with more devotion than in Peru. It was he whom the Peruvians regarded as sovereign-lord of the world, king of heaven and earth. His Peruvian name was *Inti*—light. The villages were usually built so as to look eastward, in order that the inhabitants might salute the supreme god as soon as he appeared in the morning. . . . The great periodic fêtes of the year, the imperial and national festivals in which every one took part, were those held in honour of the sun.

As the sun must have a wife, the moon was naturally chosen for that honour in Peru, *Mama Quilla*; and when once these great phenomena of nature had been deified, other natural events, rain, storm, thunder, and lightning, followed the same current of thought. Like the Mexicans who worshipped a storm-god *Tlaloc*, the Peruvians had their god of rain, *Viracocha*,[1]

[1] *l.c.* p. 188.

and likewise gods of fire, of the rainbow, of thunder, &c. 'In tropical countries,' thus M. Réville sums up,[1] 'at once warm and fertile, it is the sun that reigns supreme, though not without leaving a very exalted place to other phenomena, such as wind, rain, vegetation, and so on, personified as so many special deities.'

But is this true in tropical countries only? I doubt it. It may be that in the extreme polar regions the moon is considered of more importance than the sun, but with the exception of the Eskimos and some Athapascan tribes, of whom we know very little, the Red Race everywhere seems to have worshipped as their highest deity 'an impersonation of Light, a hero of the Dawn.'[2] Dr. Brinton's work, *On the Myths of the New World*, is a rich mine for studying the earliest thoughts of the North American tribes, both in religion and mythology. It is an excellent book, and would have been more excellent still if the religious and mythological ideas of each tribe or each group of tribes had been kept more distinct. Still his summaries are useful, and as trustworthy as summaries can be, and it must be quite clear to every reader of his book that its author approached the subject without any preconceived ideas. As he had evidently seen very little of what I had written on solar myths, I have the less hesitation in quoting the conclusions at which he himself arrived after a careful analysis of American folk-lore:—

When the day begins (he says)[3] the man wakes from his slumbers, faces the rising sun, and prays. The east is

[1] *l.c.* p. 248. [2] Brinton, p. 83. [3] *l.c.* p. 91.

before him; by it he learns all other directions. It is to him what the north is to the needle; with reference to it he assigns in his own mind the position of the three other cardinal points. There is the starting-place of the celestial fires, the home of the sun, the womb of the morning. It represents in space the beginning of things in time, and as the bright and glorious creatures of the sky come forth thence, man conceives that his ancestors also in remote ages wandered from the orient. There, in the opinion of many, in both the old and new world was the cradle of the race; there in Aztec legend was the fabled land of Tapallan, and the wind from the east was called the wind of Paradise—Tlalocavitl.

From this direction came, according to the almost unanimous opinion of the Indian tribes, those hero-gods who taught them arts and religion; thither they returned, and from thence they would again appear to resume their original sway. As the dawn brings light, and with light are associated in every human mind the ideas of knowledge, safety, protection, majesty, divinity, as it dispels the spectres of night, as it defines the cardinal points, and brings forth the sun and the day, it occupied the primitive mind to an extent that can hardly be magnified beyond the truth. It is, in fact, the central figure in most natural religions.

The west, as the grave of the heavenly luminaries, or rather as their goal and place of repose, brings with it thoughts of sleep, of death, of tranquillity, of rest from labour. When the evening of his days was come, when his course was run, and man had sunk from sight, he was supposed to follow the sun and find some spot of repose for his tired soul in the distant west. There, with general consent, the tribes north of the Gulf of Mexico supposed the happy hunting-grounds; there, taught by the same analogy, the ancient Aryans placed the *Nirriti*—the exodus, the land of the dead. 'The old notion among us,' said, on one occasion,

a distinguished chief of the Creek nation, 'is that when we die the spirit goes the way the sun goes, to the west, and then joins its family and friends who went before it.'

When copying these lines, I felt almost as if copying what I had written myself, and it is therefore all the more satisfactory to me to know that what I had written on this subject could in no way have influenced the conclusions of this eminent American writer.

Still more instructive, however, and I might almost say startling, are Dr. Brinton's discoveries as to the origin of the popular legends of America.[1] Most American tribes have legends of certain heroes who taught them what they knew, the tillage of the soil, the properties of plants, the art of picture-writing, the secrets of magic, who founded their institutions, established their religions, who governed them long with glory abroad and peace at home, and finally did not die, but vanished mysteriously, and are often believed to return once more as the deliverers of their people. We know that such heroes, like King Arthur, Theseus, Romulus, Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, and others, even though they have an historical reality, have often gathered round themselves the glories of solar mythology. We find the same in America, and often under very strange disguises. 'From the remotest wilds of the north-west to the coast of the Atlantic, from the southern boundaries of Carolina to the cheerless swamps of Hudson's Bay, the Algonkins were never tired of gathering around the winter fire and repeating the story of *Manibozho* or *Michabo*, the 'Great Hare.' He was their common

[1] *l.c.* p. 160.

ancestor, and the clan or totem which bore his name was looked up to with peculiar respect.' In many stories he is no better than Reinecke Fox, delighting in practical jokes and abusing his superhuman powers for selfish and ignoble ends; they are stories such as we are familiar with from Uncle Remus's Stories of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, which, however, have passed through a negro channel. But in the solemn mysteries of their religion that self-same hare is the founder of their religion, the father, guardian of their nation, the ruler of the winds, and even the maker and preserver of the world and the creator of the sun and moon. Under the name of the 'Great Hare,' who created the earth, *Michabo Owisaketchek*, he was originally the highest divinity of the Algonkins, though he appears to them likewise in their dreams as a mighty hunter of old, who in the moon of the falling leaf, ere he composes himself to his winter's sleep, fills his great pipe and takes a godlike smoke. The balmy clouds float over the hills and woodlands, filling the air with the haze of the 'Indian summer.' His real home is in the East, and there 'at the edge of the earth, where the sun rises, on the shore of the infinite ocean that surrounds the land, he has his house and sends the luminaries forth on their daily journeys.'

It is very easy to say that all this is a remnant of totemism, one of those many words that sound so grand, and mean so little, at least so little that is definite. Suppose totemism to be a good name for a belief in brute ancestors, do we not explain *ignotum per ignotius*, if we say that the Algonkins believed their ancestor and their chief deity to have been

a rabbit or a hare, because their totem or crest was a hare or a rabbit? But why was their crest a hare? This is what requires an explanation quite as much as why their supreme deity was supposed to be a hare. Before we go any further, our first question surely ought to be, what is the meaning of the Algonkin name which they understand as, and which we translate by, the 'Great Hare or Rabbit'?

This is a rule which applies to all mythological research. As soon, for instance, as we know that the Persian heroes Jemshid and Feridun were originally the Vedic Yama and Traitana in Sanskrit, we understand many of the legends which are told of them. It sounds strange, no doubt, that the supreme deity of the Hottentots should be called *Tsui Goab*, and should be fabled to have been 'a quack doctor with a broken knee.' Tsui Goab means 'broken knee,' and the modern Hottentots know no other meaning of the name. Dr. Hahn, however, the highest authority on the Hottentot language, has shown that *Goab* meant not only knee, but also the comer—he who approaches —and that *goa-ra* means 'the day dawns, while *Tsu*, though it means sore, meant originally bloody or red. Tsui Goab, therefore, which now conveys the meaning of broken knee, was originally intended as a name of the red dawn or the rising sun.'[1]

Now let us hear what Dr. Brinton tells us about the Great Hare. *Michabo* stands for *micho*, great, and *wabos*, hare. But *wabos* is derived from a root which means *to be white*, and which appears in Algonkin *wabi*, *wape*, *wompi*, *waubish*, *oppai*, all meaning white; in *wapan*, *wapaneh*, *opah*, morning; in *wapa*, *wanbun*,

[1] M. M., *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, p. 273.

wanbama, east; in *wapa*, *wanbun*, dawn; in *wampan*, *oppan*, day; and in *oppung*, light. In fact we have in this root the Algonkin counterpart of the Sanskrit root DIV or DYU, from which we have *Dyaus*, *diva*, *divya*, *deva*, &c. If, then, we see that the 'Great Hare' may have meant originally the great Dyaus or Zeus, the great light, or the great white one,[1] do we not see at once that what has happened to Aryans and Hottentots has happened also to the Red Indians, and that even their fireside stories are often remnants of 'solar myths'?

After this Dr. Brinton may well say that all the ancient and authentic myths concerning the Great Hare become plain and full of meaning. They divide themselves into two distinct cycles. In the one *Michabo* is the spirit of light who dispels the darkness; in the other, as chief of the cardinal points, he is the lord of the winds, prince of the powers of the air, whose voice is the thunder, whose weapon is the lightning, the supreme figure in the encounter of the air-currents, in the unending conflict which the Dakotas describe as waged by the waters and the winds. *Michabo*, giver of light and life, creator and governor, is no apotheosis of a prudent chieftain,[2]

[1] 'It is going to become white' meant to the Iroquois that the dawn was about to appear, just as *wanbighen*, 'it is white,' did to the Abnakis. The Eskimos say, 'kau ma wok,' it is white to express that it is daylight. (Brinton, *l.c.* p. 170.) Thus we read R. V. III. 1, 4) 'svetám *gagñ*ánám arushám mahitvâ,' Agni, white at his birth, red as he grows. And the Dawn herself is called Svetyâ, the White, alba, i. e. aube.

[2] 'This theory of Euhemerus, which has been repeatedly applied to other mythologies with invariable failure, is now disowned by every distinguished student of European and Oriental antiquity.' (Brinton, *l.c.* p. 41.)

still less the fabrication of an idle fancy or a designing priestcraft, but in origin, deeds, and name the not unworthy personification of the purest conceptions the Red Indians possessed concerning the Father of All. To Him at early dawn the Indian stretched forth his hands in prayer; and to the sky or the sun, as his home, 'he first pointed the pipe in his ceremonies, rites often misinterpreted by travellers as indicative of sun-worship.'

I must refer those who take an interest in this matter to Dr. Brinton's book, where he shows how the ancient people had a kind of intuition of the subtle and marvellous forces of the sun as the universal condition of life (p. 173), and how their concepts of light, morning, dawn and east, gradually shaded off into those of glorious, happy, and noble (p. 175). There are legends which he quotes of the cave of Pacari Tampu, the lodgings of the dawn, five leagues distant from Cuzco, from whence the mythical civilisers of Peru, the first of men emerged, and where Viracocha himself, their great god, is supposed to dwell (p. 227). The old myth of creation centred in America as elsewhere in the White One, the Dawn, the White Sacrificer of Blood (p. 175). There are legends also of white children leading a white life beyond the dawn, which might be matched in many European legends; nay, it was a belief in the return of these white beings that led the Mexicans to that fatal illusion that the Spaniards were to be the divine deliverers of their race. The same idea seems to exist or to have existed in Australia. In Western Australia, as Mr. Nicolay, the curator of the Colonial Museum, informs us, the natives thought that 'the first European invaders

were their deceased relations and friends returning to them in new forms from the West, to which their spirits had departed.'[1]

Some striking confirmations of the so-called solar theory have been furnished by Mr. Tylor in his *Primitive Culture*, and his evidence seems to me all the more valuable because no one would suspect him of having collected from among the traditions of uncivilised nations such traditions only as confirm the theories propounded by classical or Vedic scholars. On the contrary, like myself, Mr. Tylor is rather an unwilling witness to the fact that by far the largest portion of ancient mythology is solar, and by no means inclined to recognise solar heroes, if any other character can possibly be recognised in them. Still he would probably agree with me that when the Apache Indian[2] asked the white man, 'Do you not believe that God, this sun (que Dios, este sol), sees what we do, and punishes us when it is evil?' he gave us the key to nearly the whole of solar mythology. My learned friend quotes himself the account which Father Brebeuf has left to us of the religious sentiments of the Hurons, and it would be difficult to gain anywhere a better insight into the secret workings of the mind among those who believe in a solar or heavenly god. Father Brebeuf describes the Hurons as addressing themselves to the earth, rivers, lakes, and dangerous rocks, but above all to heaven, believing that it is all animated and some powerful demon dwells therein. He describes them as speaking directly to heaven by its personal name, *Aronhiaté*. Then,

[1] *Colonial Handbook*, p. 88.
[2] *Primitive Culture*, i. 262.

when they throw tobacco into the fire as sacrifice, if it is heaven they address, they say, '*Aronhiaté*, behold my sacrifice; have pity on me; aid me.' They have recourse to heaven in almost all their necessities, and respect this great body above all creatures, remarking in it particularly something divine. They imagine in the sky an *Oki*—i.e. a demon or power—which rules the seasons of the year and controls the winds and waves. They dread its anger, calling it to witness when they make some important promise or treaty, saying, 'Heaven hears what we do this day,' and fearing chastisement should their word be broken. One of their renowned sorcerers said, 'Heaven will be angry if men mock him; when they cry every day to heaven (*Aronhiaté*) yet give him nothing, he will avenge himself.'[1]

The same broad outlines of a belief in solar or heavenly powers we can discover almost everywhere, and Mr. Tylor has filled hundreds of interesting pages with them. I know, of course, as well as he does, that no facts or arguments will ever overcome what he calls the 'wanton incredulity' of certain psychologists. Nevertheless, a few more specimens of solar myths will show the unprejudiced student of mythology how much side-light is thrown on classical customs and myths by the customs and myths, if not of primitive, at all events of modern savages.

In the folk-lore of the New Zealanders,[2] which has been so carefully collected by Sir George Grey, Maui, the great solar hero, is told that, after his glorious

[1] Brebeuf, *Relat. des Jésuites*, 1636, p. 107. Tylor, *Prim. Cult.* ii. 233.

[2] Tylor, *l.c.* vol. i. p. 302.

career, when returning to his father's country, he would be overcome by his mighty ancestress, *Hine-nui-te-po*, who is flashing, and as it were opening and shutting, where the horizon meets the sky. Maui, however, was not afraid, but went forth to see 'whether men are to die or live for ever.' His father was afraid of mischief, because, when baptising Maui, he had made some mistake in his prayers. Maui, we see, was vulnerable, just like Achilles, Siegfried, and other solar heroes. Maui, when evening came, went to the dwelling of *Hine-nui-te-po*, and found her fast asleep. He then crept into the old woman, charging the birds not to laugh till he had crept out again. But when he was in up to the waist, the little *Tiwakawaka* bird could hold its laughter no longer, and burst out with its merry note. Then Maui's ancestress awoke, closed on him, and Maui was killed. If Maui had escaped, men would have died no more.

Is not Mr. Tylor right when he says that it requires a fair share of *wanton incredulity* not to accept this as a solar myth? Still, Mr. Herbert Spencer would probably reply that Maui might after all have been a private gentleman, and that his being swallowed by his grandmother only proves the custom of cannibalism among the Maoris. Fortunately, enough is known of the Maori language to enable us to read in *Hine-nui-te-po* the 'Great-woman Night,' while Mr. Tylor has ascertained that the *Tiwakawaka* is a bird that sings at sunset.

This mythological type of a hero who is swallowed up by his own parents or liberated again from this unnatural grave, can be traced over nearly the whole world. It is always either the daily sun swallowed

by the night, or the annual sun swallowed by the winter, or occasionally the sun covered by the dark night of a thunderstorm. Mr. Tylor has no hesitation in comparing that peculiar solar hero with *Ta Ywa* of the Karen legend, a tiny child who went to the sun to make him grow, who resisted all the attacks of the sun by rain and heat, and at last grew till he had touched the sky. He next went forth to travel, but was swallowed by a snake. That snake, however, was afterwards ripped open, and Ta Ywa was free to wander again. This myth is particularly curious, because we see in it the sun under two aspects, the daily sun as Ta Ywa, and the permanent or divine sun as a higher and independent power.

Maui is represented also as the youngest of four brothers, all, like himself, called Maui. He had been thrown into the sea by *Taranga*, his mother, and rescued by his ancestor *Tama-nui ki-ta-Rangi*, i.e. Great Man-in-heaven, who took him up to his house and hung him in the roof. One night, when *Taranga* came home, she took *Maui*, the child of her old age, to sleep at her side. Then *Maui* perceived that every morning his mother rose at dawn and disappeared from the house in a moment and did not return till nightfall. So one night he crept out and stopped every crevice in the wooden window and the doorway, that the light might not shine into the house, and *Taranga* slept on, though the sun had risen and mounted into the heavens. At last she sprang up and fled in dismay. Then Maui saw her plunge into a hole in the ground and disappear, and there he found the deep cavern by which his mother was wont to go down below the earth as each night departed.

After this, *Maui* himself pays a visit to his ancestress *Muriranga-whenua*, at the Western Land's End, where the Maoris believe that the souls descend into the subterranean region of the dead. She, by sniffing at him, finds out that he is a descendant of hers, and gives him her wondrous jaw-bone, with which he in his next exploit catches *Tama-nui-te-Ra*, i. e. Great-Man-Sun, wounds him, and makes him go more slowly.

With the same jaw-bone Maui next fishes up New Zealand, still called *Te-Ika-a-Maui*, the Fish of Maui. This idea of islands being fished up by solar gods has taken many shapes in Polynesian traditions, and may be intended either to express that the sun raised the islands from the sea, dried the land and made it inhabitable, or that the scattered islands become visible every morning, when touched by the rays of the sun, like fish lifted from the water.

Every legend that is told of Maui becomes intelligible when we recognise in him a name of the sun, or of fire, or of the day. Once he took fire into his hands, and when it burnt him he jumped into the sea. Then the sun set for the first time, and the earth was dark. But Maui pursued the sun, and by bringing him back brought back the light of the morning.

It is also said that when Maui flung the fish into the sea, he set a volcano burning, and that, when he had put out all fires on earth, his mother sent him to her ancestress *Mahuika*, to get new fire.

Every one of these legends requires a solar or luminous, a diurnal or annual hero; and when at last Maui is killed by his ancestress, the Night, this last

chapter in Maui's career admits of the same explanation only, namely, of the sun being finally killed by the night.

The Algonkins, among the many stories which they tell of *Manibozho*, 'the Great Hare,' relate also (in an Ottawa myth) how he is the elder brother of the Manito or Spirit of the West, the country of the setting sun and of the dead; or how, under another aspect, he drives his father, the West, to the brink of the world, but cannot kill him; or how, again under another aspect, he was swallowed, canoe and all, by a monster, and how he killed that monster from within. The dead monster then drifted ashore, and the gulls pecked an opening for *Manibozho* to come out.

The little *Monedo* of the Ojibwas is likewise swallowed by a great fish, and cut out by his sister.

Among the African Basutos the hero Litaolane attacked a monster which had swallowed up all mankind except him and his mother. He was swallowed himself, but cut his way out, and thus set free all the inhabitants of the earth.

The Zulus tell of a Princess *Untombinde*, who was carried off by the *Isikqukqumadevu*, the 'bloated, squatting, beastly monster.' Then the king attacked it, but the monster swallowed up men, dogs, cattle, and all but one warrior. That warrior slew the monster, and out came cattle and horses and men, and last of all the Princess Untombinde.

It is, of course, impossible to prove that these stories cannot possibly relate real and historical events, but I doubt whether any human being, except Mr. Herbert Spencer, would require such proof. I can understand

a Greek worshipping the stone at Delphi as the stone which Kronos swallowed instead of Jupiter; I can understand a theologian accepting the story of Jonah in the whale's belly as an historical fact; but how a philosopher can take Mr. Herbert Spencer's view of such mythological tales of civilised and uncivilised nations as we have just examined, *cela me passe.*

And if comparative studies are of any use, do not these stories, to which many more might be added, make it extremely probable, for I will not say more, that such a story, for instance, as that of Red Riding Hood being swallowed by the wolf and cut out again, owes it origin to the same mythological source?[1] Is it still to be considered as a startling novelty, which has to be fenced around on all sides by arguments and excuses, that, as Sir Walter Scott said long ago, 'the mythology of one period appears to pass into the romance of the next, and that into nursery tales of subsequent ages'? I have always been very careful not to accept two stories as identical in origin, unless the names occurring in them required the admission of a common origin. Even the story of Red Riding Hood I represented as solar problematically only. But do not 'the wantonly incredulous' perceive that such stories as Red Riding Hood and Cinderella require an explanation of their *raison d'être*, and that we have to choose between three explanations only, viz. the historical, the fanciful, and the mythological? If there is evidence in any parish register of a Miss Red Riding Hood and her grandmother, we have nothing more to say against Mr. Herbert Spencer. If

[1] Tylor, *l.c.* i. 308. Dr. Tylor does not doubt that there is a quaint touch of sun myth in the story of the Wolf and the Seven Kids.

the story can be traced to any known composer of fairy tales, again we should have little to say for our own view. But if the story occurs at different times in different countries, without an author's name, and without any support from police or law reports, then the mythological explanation alone remains, or rather asserts its permanent claim on the strength of an almost universal analogy.

We saw before that the sun may assume two aspects or two personalities, the one as eternal, the other as the daily sun,[1] and we find a similar *dédoublement* in the Slav story of *Vasilissa*, to which Mr. Ralston is no doubt right in assigning a solar origin.

Vasilissa[2] is sent by her stepmother and two sisters, who plot against her life, to get a light at the house of *Bábá Yagá*, the witch. Vasilissa wanders through the forest, and is suddenly startled by a rider, himself white, clad in white, his horse white, his trappings white. And day began to dawn. She goes on, when a second rider bounds forth, himself red, clad in red, his horse red, his trappings red. She goes on all day, and when arriving towards evening at the witch's house, she is startled by a third rider, himself black, clad in black, his horse black, his trappings black. That rider bounds through the gates of Bábá Yagá, and disappears as if he had sunk through the earth. Night fell! In order to leave no doubt in the minds even of the most incredulous, the story goes on to say that when Vasilissa asked the witch who was

[1] In Holstein there is a saying that every sun that rises is a new sun, and that the old one has been cut up into stars by old spinsters. (Bechstein, *Mythe, Sage*, &c., iii. 11.)

[2] Tylor, *l.c.* i. 309.

the white rider, she answered, 'That is my clear Day;' who was the red rider, 'That is my red Sun;' who was the black rider, 'That is my black Night; they are all my trusty friends.'

Let it be remembered that these explanations form part of the story, and were given at a time when Sir G. W. Cox had not yet roused the ire of certain critics, either wantonly or languidly incredulous. Perrault, too, published his *Contes de ma Mère l'Oie* nearly 200 years ago, yet he tells us with perfect innocence that *la Belle au Bois* and the young prince who called her back to life were *L'Aurore* and *Le Jour*, while in a Breton story *La Belle au Bois* is actually called *la Princesse Tourne-sol.*[1]

How often have I been charged with ascribing to the ancients sentimental and philosophical thoughts, which might be possible with Heine, but which were declared to be quite impossible with Vedic *Ri*shis or American Redskins! Yet what can be more sentimental than the Esthonian story of Koit and Ammarik?[2] What can be more philosophical than the Hottentot story of the moon, the insect, and the hare?[3]

How far the people who tell these stories are aware of their original intention is another question, and one that it seems very difficult to solve. Often the mother who told it might still remember the original meaning of the names of the principal actors in these cosmic legends, but the children would accept the story as a story, and repeat it as such to their children. The more the original meaning of the names was forgotten, the more wonderful the story

[1] *Chips*, vol. iv. p. 478. [2] *Ib.* vol. iv. p. 191.
[3] *Ib.* vol. iv. p. 188.

would sound and the more popular it would become. Still we have observed on several occasions how sometimes the story itself blurts out its original meaning. Thus the Muyscas in South America tell us of the time when they were still like savages, living on the high plains of Bogota without agriculture, religion, or laws. But they remember an old and bearded man, *Bochica*, the Child of the Sun, coming from the East and teaching them to till the fields, to clothe themselves, and to worship the gods. But *Bochica* had a wicked, beautiful wife, *Huythaca*, who loved to spite and spoil her husband's work; and she it was who made the river swell till the land was covered by a flood, and but a few of mankind escaped upon the mountain-tops. Then *Bochica* was wroth, and he drove the wicked *Huythaca* from the earth, and made her the moon, for there had been no moon before; and he cleft the rocks and made the mighty cataract of *Tequendama*, to let the deluge flow away. Then, when the land was dry, he gave to the remnant of mankind the year and its periodic sacrifices, and the worship of the sun.[1] Need we wonder that the people who told the story had not forgotten that *Bochica* was himself Zuhe, the Sun, and *Huythaca*, the Sun's wife, the Moon?

Often these solar stories assume a new interest by being made to convey religious or moral lessons.[2] Sunrise and sunset were the first seeds of a belief in another world, in an unknown land from whence we come, and an unknown land to which we are hastening. The West among most nations was the

[1] Müller, *Amerik. Urreligion*, pp. 423–30.

[2] Tylor, *Prim. Cult.* p. 319.

seat of the departed spirits, and the sun, in one of his characters, was conceived as the first of mortals who had become immortal; the Maui of New Zealand,[1] the Yama of the Veda, the Yima of the Avesta.[2] The Blackfeet, the noblest of savages, as they are called, look upon *Natus*, the sun, the great star of the day, as their supreme god, and their hereafter is the home of the setting sun.[3] 'Yama,' it was said, 'the son of Vivasvat, leads away, day by day, cows, horses, and men, and everything that moves; he is insatiable of the five human tribes.'[4] That was the setting sun. But as the sun set and rose again, so it was hoped man would die and rise again. As the moon increased and decreased, so man would wake and return to a new life. (See before, p. 304.)

From this to a belief in Hades there was but a small step. The abode of the departed spirits was generally localised near the setting of the sun, or even in the sun or the moon themselves. As the belief in and the worship of departed spirits assumed more and more prominence, ideas of a life after death would cluster round it. Sometimes the Solar Beyond was conceived as a place of enjoyment—of eternal drunkenness among the Patagonians—sometimes as a place of sorrow and suffering, sometimes as a place of vague and shadowy existence. But everywhere we can perceive how the primitive impressions of sunset and sunrise called forth the earliest imaginations about the Here and the Yonder, about life, and death, and immortality.

[1] Tylor, *Prim. Cult.* ii. 283.
[2] *The Science of Language*, ii. 563.
[3] E. Farrer, *l.c.*
[4] Taitt. Âr. VI. 5, 3; Pârask. Gṛihya-S. III. 10, 9; III. 3, 6.

I could go on for ever quoting from book after book published during the last ten or twenty years, or even two hundred years, on the myths and customs of more or less savage nations, and everywhere we should find the same lesson, that the sun pervaded their religions and their legends as it pervaded the sky and the atmosphere and the very air which they breathed. Thanks to the labours of anthropologists, I think we may now boldly say that behind the clouds of ancient mythology the sun is seldom entirely absent, though its rays may often serve to light up other phenomena of nature also.

Postscript.

I find it difficult, and should consider it almost discourteous, to order the last revise of my article on 'Solar Myths' for press without saying a few words in reply to Mr. Gladstone's Essay on the 'Dawn of Creation and Worship,' published in the November number of the *Nineteenth Century* of 1885. Mr. Gladstone's arguments, it is true, are chiefly directed against M. Réville's *Prolégomènes de l'Histoire des Religions*, a work which I felt it an honour to introduce to the favourable notice of the English public by adding a small preface to its English translation. Nor should I have thought it incumbent upon myself, or respectful to so eminent a theologian as M. Réville has long proved himself to be both as an active clergyman and as the first professor of the Science of Religion at the *Collège de France*, to step in between him and Mr. Gladstone, while these two eloquent pleaders are discussing their

own peculiar views on the origin of the Pentateuch or on the exact meaning of certain contested passages in the Book of Genesis.

But when Mr. Gladstone proceeds to attack, with what seems to me in some passages parliamentary rather than academic eloquence, the fundamental principles of comparative mythology, and more particularly that theory which he calls *Solarism*, it might show discretion indeed, but hardly valour, were I to hide myself behind M. Réville, who has so boldly come forward as the champion of a theory the paternity of which I could not and, if I could, I would not deny.

Solarism, however, is used by Mr. Gladstone in a sense very different from that in which I should use it. He applies it to a theory according to which *all* mythology has a solar origin, *all* gods are solar gods, *all* heroes solar heroes, *all* myths and legends but half-forgotten stories about the sun as the giver of light and life, or as the lord of days and months and seasons and years. Mine has been a much humbler task, and I have never attempted more than to prove that large portions of ancient mythology have a directly solar origin. Nor have I ever done so except in cases where, either by etymological analysis or by a comparison of Greek and Roman with Vedic myths, I imagined I could make it clear that certain stories which seemed irrational or irreverent, when told of gods such as Jupiter or Apollo or Athene, became perfectly intelligible if accepted as they were told originally of the sky or the sun or the dawn. I have protested again and again against the theory that there is but one key to unlock all the secret drawers

of ancient mythology. As little as the sun is the whole of nature is ancient mythology wholly solar. But as certainly as the sun, with all that is dependent on it, forms the most prominent, half natural, and half supernatural object in the thoughts of the ancient and even of the modern world, are solar myths a most important ingredient in the language, the traditions, and the religion of the whole human race. If in working out this theory my interpretation of passages in Homer or in the Veda has been wrong, if my application of phonetic rules has ever been inaccurate, let it be proved. Nothing delights me more than when I am proved to have been wrong, for in that case I always carry away something that is worth having. If, for instance, Mr. Gladstone or any other Greek scholar could prove that in Greek short ε without the *spiritus asper* can ever become long η with the *spiritus asper*, then I should confess that my protest against deriving the name of *Hera* from *era*, the earth, was futile, and I should as readily accept the original chthonic character of the wife of Zeus as I should accept Mr. Gladstone's identification of *breakfast* and *dinner*, provided always that he can produce one single case from the whole of the French language in which *dî* or *dis* (in *dîner* or *disner*) represents an original *dejeu* (in *déjeuner*). That there are chthonic elements in the character of Hera I readily allow; but that does not prove that one of her names might not have been the heavenly or the brilliant goddess, just as in Latin she is called *Juno*, the female counterpart of *Ju-piter*, her heavenly consort. Earth as well as heaven, nay, every part of nature, is liable to mythological metamorphosis; and I have tried to

show how many old sayings concerning heaven, earth, the sun, the moon, the stars, day and night, months, seasons and years, rivers and mountains, men and animals, the spirits of the departed, or even mere abstractions, such as honour or virtue, have been rolled up in time into that curious conglomerate of ancient thought which, for want of a better name, we call mythology.

This view I am prepared to defend with the same firm conviction with which I started it nearly forty years ago. Nor do I see that Mr. Gladstone's arguments have shattered or even touched my position. He maintains that in the Olympian mythology, such as we find it in the Homeric poems, the Greek gods are no longer mere representatives of physical phenomena, but genuine 'theanthromorphic' conceptions. This is the very view which I have defended, though I confess I have sometimes wondered whether the ancient popular poets had really no suspicion whatever of the original character of their gods, while some of the earliest Greek philosophers were so fully conscious of it. But however that may be, the Homeric mythology, as well as the Homeric language, has surely its antecedents. Many of its anomalous legends and its irregular verbs did not even spring into existence on Greek soil, for they can be traced in India and even in Iceland, though certainly not, as Mr. Gladstone implies (p. 68, l. 33), in Egypt, still less in Palestine. It is with these antecedents, with the prehistoric age of Aryan mythology, that comparative mythologists are chiefly concerned, and surely Mr. Gladstone would be the last scholar to be satisfied with merely superficial comparisons. There is a true

radicalism in scholarship also, which despises all measures which do not go to the root of things. Mr. Gladstone warns us not to trust too much to etymology; he might as well warn the explorer of Oxford clay not to believe too much in that solid granite which each honest digger will find, if only he digs deep enough. Etymology represents the prehistoric period in human language and human thought, and the light which it has shed on later periods is certainly not less important than the lessons which geology and palæontology have added to the study of mankind. As in the beautiful Campo Santo of Bologna we find, beneath the monuments erected by the loving care of living mourners, tombstones—discovered, one might fairly say, by the divining rod and disinterred by the indefatigable spade of Zannoni—which reveal to us the daily life and the daily struggles, the hopes and fears of races whom we call prehistoric, but who were once as truly historic as their conquerors and successors, whether Umbrian, Etruscan, or Roman — the vast Aryan cemetery of language and myth, too, as explored by many patient diggers, has surrendered tombstones which tell us of the thoughts, of the faith and hope of those whose descendants we are, however difficult we find it now to understand their language and to think their thoughts. Does Mr. Gladstone believe that words are ever without an etymology, or that myths are ever without a reason? And, if not, does he think it is of no importance to know why Zeus was first called Zeus, or why Achilleus, like other Aryan heroes, was believed to be vulnerable in one point only? Mr. Gladstone seems afraid that pre-

historic ideas might be transferred to historic times, and, speaking of the future, he writes: 'Strange, indeed, will be the effect of such a system, if applied to our own case at some date in the far-off future; for it will be shown, *inter alia*, that there were no priests, but only presbyters, in any portion of Western Christendom; that our dukes were simply generals leading us in war; that we broke our fast at eight in the evening (for *dîner* is but a compression of *déjeuner*); and even, possibly, that one of the noblest and most famous English houses pursued habitually the humble occupation of a pig-driver.'

I do not anticipate any such anachronisms, as little as I expect that future historians will mistake our lords for bread-givers (*hlâf-ord*) or our Parliamentary whips for pig-drivers. And yet every one of the words which Mr. Gladstone quotes, if but rightly interpreted, has some important lessons to teach those who will come after us.

It is well that they should know that originally priests were not different from laymen, and that they were well satisfied with the simple title of presbyters or elders, being elders not only in age, but in wisdom, in self-denial, and in tolerance.

It is well that they should know, if it is so, that the ancestor of one of the noblest and most famous English houses was a pig-driver, if thus they may learn that there was a time when a noble career was open in England even to the humblest ranks.

It is well that they should know that dukes were not always mere possessors of large wealth which they had not earned themselves, but that originally they were in very deed *duces*, leaders in battle,

leaders in thought, and ready to court the place of danger, whether against battalions or against the tumult of vulgar error and prejudice. Mr. Gladstone need not be afraid that future historians will ever mistake him for a merely titular duke, though they will speak of him, as we do, as our leader, as a true *Duca e Maestro*, if not always against the tumult of vulgar error and prejudice, yet, without fail, whenever any wrongs had to be righted, effete privileges to be abolished, and lessons of wisdom and moderation, however distasteful, to be taught to the strong and the weak, to the rich and the poor.

LUNAR MYTHS.[1]

It has seemed strange to many people that the discovery of the ancient Vedic Mythology should have produced so complete a revolution in the study of mythology in general, and that not only the legends and traditions of Greeks and Romans, but the folk-lore of uncivilised races also should have received new light from the hymns of the Rig-veda. That the Veda should have supplied the key to many secrets in the ancient mythology of the Zend-Avesta, is natural enough, considering how close the contact must have been between the ancestors of the Vedic and the Avestic poets when they were still worshipping their ancient Aryan gods, performing nearly the same sacrifices, and employing priests actually bearing the same technical titles in Sanskrit and Zend. And though the relationship between the Vedic *Ri*shis and the earliest poets and lawgivers of Greece and Italy is far more distant, still we know that they all must once have spoken the same language, believed in the same gods, and shared in the same folk-lore. We need not be surprised, therefore, at their having preserved a few of the names, legends, and customs which had sprung

[1] *Vedische Mytho'ogie.* Von Alfred Hillebrandt. Erster Band: Soma und verwandte Götter. Breslau, 1891. (See *Quarterly Review*, No. 354, p. 443.)

up before the final separation of the Aryan family of speech. But that a study of the Veda should help us to understand the origin of the folk-lore of Polynesian, of African, and American races, cannot be due to the same cause, but only to the fact that mythology in some shape or other represents a natural phase in the evolution of human thought and human language, and that the same motives which we see at work in the Veda were at work in producing the folk-lore of lower and less civilised tribes.

But why, it has been asked, should the Veda offer the key to the secrets of mythology in every part of the world? And why should not the folk-lore of uncivilised races also reflect some light on the dark corners of Vedic mythology? First of all, such a question is hardly justified; for there are cases where the legends of uncivilised races have helped us to decipher or to understand more fully the meaning of Greek, Roman, and Sanskrit myths.

There was a time when it required some courage on the part of a classical scholar to say this, and to venture to compare a Greek myth with the folk-lore of so-called savages. I believe I was the first who ventured to commit such acts of high-treason. In a lecture delivered at the *Royal Institution* as far back as 1871, I had to defend myself in the following words (*Chips*, vol. iv. p. 187): 'And do not suppose that the Greeks or the Hindus, or the Aryan nations in general, were the only people who possessed such tales. Wherever we look, in every part of the world, among uncivilised as well as civilised people, we find the same kind of stories, the same traditions, the same myths.' In 1876, I wrote the Preface to the Rev. William Wyatt Gill's

Myths and Songs from the South Pacific (*Chips*, vol. iv. p. 586), and tried to point out the advantages to be derived from a study of non-Aryan mythologies, and the dangers that had to be guarded against. Again, 1885 (*Chips*, vol. iv. p. 289), I had to say in self-defence: 'If a study of non-Aryan as well as Aryan languages is not only useful but necessary for a discovery of the true nature and the real origin of human speech, a study of non-Aryan as well as Aryan religions and mythologies promises, and has even yielded us already, equally valuable results.' In my *Lectures on India*, delivered at Cambridge in 1882, I devoted much time to the illustration of these new problems, by comparing the Aryan traditions on the separation of Heaven and Earth with similar traditions discovered among uncivilised races (pp. 149–160), and by tracing the traditions of the Deluge in different parts of the world (pp. 133–140). In my article on *Solar Myths* (*Chips*, vol. iv. p. 313) I fully entered into the myth of Maui and the stories connected with the swallowing of gods and the creation of Heaven and Earth.

I mention all this, not in order to claim any special merit for myself, but simply to show how little opposed in principle I have always been to what I called Ethno-Psychological Mythology, while others derided it by the name of *Hottentotism*. What I have opposed is the idea that we could gain a clear insight into the mythology of the Hottentots without a study of their language; what I have protested against is the indiscriminate use of undefined or ill-defined terms, such as fetishism, totemism, animism, &c.; what I have tried to prove was the untrustworthy character of much of the evidence on which we were often asked to rely (*Chips*,

vol. i. pp. 246 seq.). But conscientious and scholarlike work like that of Mr. Frazer has been highly appreciated by me, and my friends, such as Dr. Tylor, Bishop Colenso, Bishop Callaway, Dr. Bleek, Dr. Hahn, Mr. Horatio Hale, the Rev. W. W. Gill, and many others, know best how heartily I have always encouraged their labours, and how readily I have helped them, whenever I could. Why I should have been represented as hostile on principle to researches which no one has encouraged more heartily than myself, is not easy to understand: but as others have bravely stood up in my defence, I felt no necessity to defend myself against these misrepresentations. These matters, unimportant as they may seem to others, have a character of their own far too serious in my eyes to be treated as of no consequence either way, and it is no mere pedantry if true scholars protest against such criticism, as they have done, as a real degradation of science.

There is, of course, a great difference of method when we have to deal with the myths of nations speaking cognate languages, and when we enter upon a comparison of traditions belonging to races entirely unrelated genealogically. The method of what I called *Psychological Mythology* (sometimes called *Ethno-Psychological*) cannot possibly be the same as that which has been followed with such brilliant success in the *Genealogical* and *Analogical* branches of Comparative Mythology. Yet, though we cannot admit any genealogical relationship between the stories of Indian sages and Maori story-tellers, the analogies between them are often so strong, that we dare not ascribe them to mere accident, still less to communications in historical times. Even this is something

gained, nay, something very considerable; for, if properly understood, it excludes altogether the possibility of what are called 'euhemeristic theories,' as lately revived by Mr. Herbert Spencer. But in other respects also the comparison of the mythologies of uncivilised races has been very helpful, as supplying certain analogies, and, if analogies, then certain intelligible motives in the mythology of the Aryan inhabitants of India. Well established cases where the traditions of uncivilised races have furnished a key to Vedic legends, may be rare; yet they exist, and should not be neglected in our estimate of the scientific value of the traditions of so-called savage races.

What gives to Vedic mythology its own peculiar value, is not so much its antiquity as the unformed and unsettled state in which we find it. Vedic mythology represents to us mythology still in a state of fermentation, while all other mythologies have passed through that state, and stand before us in a more or less finished and settled state. In the Veda we can watch the process of mythological incubation. The separate germs, the so-called mythological roots,[1] may be the same everywhere; but whereas in the Homeric mythology nothing but what was felt to be fittest has survived, while all the rest has vanished, the Veda has preserved to us a number of myths, springing up in wild confusion one by the side of the other, all differing in form, though all containing the same radical elements.

For a long time there have been two schools of interpreters, one preferring a solar, the other a meteoric

[1] *Chips*, vol. iv. pp. 94, 137.

explanation of certain groups of Aryan myths. Their differences have often been laid hold of by classical scholars as showing the untrustworthiness of Comparative Mythology in general. We know better now. It has been shown, for instance, that the natural phenomena of sunrise, the conquest of the night by the weapons of the solar hero, the return of light and life, and the spreading out of the bright blue sky, were ascribed by some of the Vedic poets to the same invisible or divine agents who by other poets were represented as fighting the black clouds with their thunderbolts, as refreshing with rain the whole of nature, and in the end as bringing back the bright blue sky resplendent with the rays of the sun.

Thus while in some poems the Sun (*Sûrya*) under his different names, and the Dawn (*Ushas*) under her different names, are recognised as the chief actors in the drama of the morning, other poets ascribe the principal part in this daily battle to *Indra*, the god of the blue sky, or to *Agni*, the god of fire and light. But the same *Agni* and the same *Indra* are likewise credited with the chief acts in the meteoric drama of the thunderstorm. They are supposed to hurl the lightnings against the demon of the black sky, to tear him to pieces, to deliver the rain-giving cows kept captive by him, and in the end to secure the triumph of the god of the blue sky. Hence many of the sayings which apply to the sun and the morning were equally applicable to Agni as the god of fire and light, and to Indra as the god of the blue sky, and we find in consequence the same divine heroes destroying the demons of the night and the demons of the black thundercloud. We can thus understand how the

different interpretations proposed by the solar and meteoric schools have their origin and their justification in the as yet insufficiently differentiated state of early Vedic mythology—a state which has passed away almost completely, before we become acquainted with the mythologies of other races.

Other indications of this unfinished process of mythological fermentation can be seen in the many names assigned in the Veda to one and the same physical phenomenon. The Sun, for instance, appears in the Veda not only in its beneficent character as Sûrya, Savitar, Vish*n*u, and as the friend of Indra, but it becomes likewise, as a pernicious power, the enemy of Indra, and is then conquered by him in company with such other demons as *V*ṛ*t*ra, *S*ush*n*a, and Kuyava. Again, the Dawn is represented not only as a beautiful maiden, but likewise as a horse, as a bird, sometimes as the daughter of the Sky, sometimes as the beloved of the Sun, often as followed by him, sometimes as conquered and destroyed by him in his fiery embraces.

The Moon, however, is perhaps the most perplexing of the Vedic deities, owing to the various forms in which that luminary is represented by different Vedic poets. The Moon is called the young (yuvan), the child (*s*isu), the son of the Sky, or of Dyaus (diva*h* *s*isu), or of the Sun (sûryasya *s*isu). But in another place, the Sun, though being the father of the Moon, is said to have swallowed his child, or to have drawn the Moon towards himself as a teacher draws his pupil. Then, again, the Moon is represented as consumptive and as gradually dying, till born again to a new life. Or the Moon is supposed to have been carried off and to be

kept prisoner, till Indra, in some shape or other, delivers him, while in other passages the Moon appears as an enemy of Indra and is defeated by him. There are many more forms of lunar mythology, some of them growing to maturity and developed into complete legends, others only hinted at here and there, and afterwards completely forgotten. Vedic mythology has often been called chaotic. This, no doubt, is true. But this chaotic phase of mythology is extremely valuable to the student of mythology, as showing us how numerous are the germs which are presupposed by the later growth of a perfect system of mythology. And this is the chief reason why Vedic mythology has so often proved a master-key to open some of the secret chambers of other mythological systems, whether of Greeks and Romans, or of Polynesians and Melanesians.

For a long time the attention of Oriental and classical scholars has been pre-occupied to such an extent by the solar elements of Vedic mythology, that other sources from which ancient myths were known to have flown have been almost entirely neglected. And yet it had often been pointed out by scholars who took a more comprehensive view of ancient mythology, that though the sun would naturally supply a very large portion of mythological thought and language, the second luminary, the moon, must everywhere have occupied a very prominent place in the sphere of man's earliest interests; nay, must for many reasons have formed in ancient times a more familiar subject of meditation and conversation than even the sun.

To the ancient beholders of the sky, sun and moon

were really inseparable; they were like twins, or like two eyes serving one and the same purpose. What to us seems most natural, the daily return of sun and moon, offered to the earliest thinkers the most startling, the most thought-inspiring problem. Hence their language with reference to sun and moon sounds often very strange and exaggerated to us, and it requires an effort before we can discover anything human and rational in what is called the solar and lunar mythology of the ancient world. We, with our clocks and calendars, can hardly imagine how completely the social, political, and religious life of our earliest ancestors depended on the observation of sun and moon. The deep dualism of nature which in later times assumed the character of bright and dark, nay of good and evil, was originally the dualism of day and night, of spring and winter, of life and death, and was naturally symbolised by the two ruling luminaries, the sun and the moon. It was generally imagined that the sun must have occupied the first and principal place in determining days and nights, months, seasons, years. But long before the annual return of the sun from tropic to tropic could be determined and utilised for chronometric purposes, the sennights or weeks, the fortnights, and the months had been determined and named under the guidance of the moon.

It is well known that, on account of this ruling influence of the moon on the toils and tasks of the earliest cultivators of the soil, the moon was conceived in Sanskrit and other ancient languages, not as a feminine, as the wife or sister of some solar god, but as a masculine, as himself the measurer of time, the ruler of days and nights, the lord of the seasons, the

guardian of all the more or less solemn occupations and observances connected with the return of the seasons; nay, in the end as the first ruler and law-giver, whether human or divine, and as the founder of social order at the very dawn of civilised life.

We must remember, however, that like the sun, the moon also, when it had once been conceived and named as an agent, became the representative not only of the luminous globe seen in the sky, but of all the events that were dependent on its movements. The unknown agent behind the sun, or the deity of the sun, was recognised as the agent of the day also. Even with us day and sun still stand for one another. Yestersun was a common word for yesterday, and Tennyson speaks of 'the day as breaking from underground.' Having become the representative of the morning and of the day lasting from dawn to sunset, the deity of the sun was soon transformed into the deity of the bright sky also, under all its aspects; he became the author of the spring of the year, the giver of light and life, and in the end the supreme deity of the world.

It was just the same with the moon. The moon was not only the light of the night, the dispeller of darkness, but soon became the giver of rest and sleep, the bestower of rain and fertility; nay, in its waning and returning character, the first symbol suggestive of life and death and immortality. All these thoughts were so many germs which might either perish or take shape in mythological traditions. Thus we see that in many mythologies sun and moon, performing similar operations in giving light, whether by day or by night, became amalgamated, or at all events were conceived

as closely connected and interdependent. They were looked upon as brothers, as brother and sister, as twins and as more than twins, as really inseparable. The whole universe was distributed between them. If we remember that in the Veda, Agni, fire, often represents the sun, and Soma the moon, we shall better understand what the author of the Śatapatha Brâhmaṇa meant, when he said (I. 6, 3, 23): 'Whatever is moist belongs to Soma, whatever is dry to Agni. The sun belongs to Agni, the moon to Soma; the day to Agni, the night to Soma; the waxing half-moon to Agni, the waning to Soma.' This is exaggerated and too much systematised, but it nevertheless contains a certain truth, seen more clearly by the later philosophers of the Brâhmaṇa-period, than by the poets of the Veda.

The first beginnings of this solar and lunar dualism can be traced in the traditions of less civilised races also. Thus, according to the story-tellers of the Polynesian Islands, as described to us by the careful pen of the Rev. W. Gill, sun and moon, besides being the two eyes of the sky, are often represented as the twin children of the sky. Vâtea or Avatea means 'moon' in the dialects of Eastern Polynesia, but it is also the name of their supreme deity, the father of gods and men (Gill, *Myths and Songs*, p. 4). The one eye of Vâtea was human, the other a fish's eye. His right side was furnished with an arm, his left with a fin. We are told that his two magnificent eyes are rarely visible at the same time. In general, whilst the one, called by mortals the sun, is seen here in the upper world, the other eye, called by men the moon, shines in Avaiki, the lower world. Sometimes the sun was

called the right eye of Vâtea, the moon the left eye. Aryan mythology generally shrinks from anything that seems unnatural and monstrous. A god, half fish and half man, would have offended their sense of beauty and harmony. The plastic imagination of the Greeks would, as much as possible, have abstained from such combinations. But even the Greeks had not forgotten to call the sun the eye of Zeus, and Vedic poets, when speaking of the two heavenly eyes (Rig-veda, I. 72, 10), are not afraid to call the sun the eye or the light of the gods,[1] and the moon the eye of the fathers.[2] In the Śatapatha Brâhmaṇa, VII. 1, 2, 7, the sky is called the head of Prajâpati, the Lord of creation, the sun and moon his two eyes. The eye on which he rested was the moon, and therefore the moon, we are told, is somewhat closed, because something ran out of it.

While the Vedic poets are prepared to speak of sun and moon as two children playing around the sacrifice, the one looking down on all things, the other ordering the seasons and being born again and again (Rig-veda, X. 85, 18), the Polynesians venture much further. They not only call sun and moon the twin children of the sky, but they tell of Vâtea that he had a child from Papa. But another, Tongaiti, claimed the child as his own. So they quarrelled, and at last the child was cut in two. Then Vâtea took the upper part as his share, squeezed it into a ball and tossed it into the heavens, where it became the sun. Tongaiti

[1] Maitreyî Saṃhitâ, IV. 2, 1: Asau vâ âdityo devânâṃ kakshus, 'the sun is the eye of the Devas.'

[2] Śâṅkhâyana Śr. Sûtras, III. 16, 2: Kandramâ vai pitṛiṇâṃ kakshus, 'the moon is the eye of the Pitris.'

received the lower part, but left it a day or two on the ground. Then seeing the brightness of Vâtea's half, he too made a ball of his share, while the sun was in Avaiki or the nether-world, and tossed it into the dark sky, where it became the moon. The moon's pale colour was due to the loss of blood.

This is a fair specimen of the thoughts and conversation of uncivilised people with regard to the most prominent phenomena of nature. They may seem coarse or very childish to us, and yet we know that even Greek mythology is not quite free from similar monstrosities. They show at all events that there existed a desire for an explanation of physical phenomena, and this has always been the beginning of human wisdom. Nay, some of the things which we have lately had to read about Mars and its inhabitants are scarcely less childish than these Polynesian legends about sun and moon. What seems to have puzzled the early observers of the moon very much were the dark spots on it. There is hardly a race that has not suggested some explanation of these lunar blemishes. The Polynesians, who recognise a woman in the moon and call her Ina, have a pretty story to tell of how the moon fell in love with Ina, one of the four daughters of Kui, the Blind; how he descended from heaven and carried her off. She became a pattern wife, being always busy, so that on a clear night she might be seen with a pile of leaves ('ta rau tao o Ina') with which she feeds her never-failing oven of food, also with a pair of tongs of a split cocoa-nut branch to enable her to adjust the live coals without burning her fingers. Ina is indefatigable in preparing a piece of resplendent cloth, the white clouds. The great

stones needful for this purpose are also visible. As soon as her *tapa* is well beaten and brought into the desired shape, she stretches it out to dry on the upper part of the blue sky, the edges all around being secured with large stones. It is left there to bleach. When the operation is completed, she takes up the stones and casts them aside with violence. Crash, crash, they go against the upper surface of the solid vault, producing what mortals call thunder. The cloth itself glistens like the sun. And hence it is that when hastily gathering her many rolls of whitest *tapa*, flashes of light fall upon the earth which mortals call lightning.

This shows what imagination can read in a few dark spots in the moon. There can be no doubt that Ina is meant for the woman carried off by the moon, who was in love with her, for *Ina* actually means 'moon,' and occurs in other Polynesian languages as Sina and Hina.[1]

What is important for us to observe is that, like the Vedic Indians, the Polynesians ascribed not only rain, but thunder and lightning also to the moon. The most perplexing feature, however, about the movements of the moon was its growing smaller and smaller every night till it disappeared altogether, and its growing again till it reached its full size. These changes of the moon occupied the thoughts of the early observers of celestial events even more than the occasional eclipses of the moon. Eclipses no doubt filled the people with a sudden terror, and the only explanation they could think of was readily accepted, namely, that some hostile invisible power swallowed

[1] W. W. Gill, *Myths and Songs of the South Pacific*, p. 46.

the moon and then set it free again. But the regular waning and waxing of the moon required a different explanation. As a rule, regular events appeal much more strongly for an intelligible explanation than casual portents, and hence they have called forth a much larger amount of mythology. People had to think of a regular cause in order to explain a regularly occurring event. But if we wish to understand the strange explanations given by the Vedic Indians of the waxing and waning of the moon, we must first consider some more of the superstitions which they had formed to themselves about the moon. As soon as a belief in Gods and Fathers (ancestral spirits) had sprung up, nothing was more natural than that the bright gods or Devas should have had their abode assigned to them in the sunny sky. And if so, what remained as an abode of the Fathers except the moon and the nocturnal sky? Though in some cases the Fathers were believed to share in the end the bright seats of the gods, the earliest belief seems generally to have been that they were transferred to the moon, sometimes also to the stars. Such an idea would receive a powerful support from the awe-inspiring character of the moonlight nights, when, in the sombre and pale glamour of the rays of the moon, many things are seen or imagined which vanish like a dream in the bright light of day.

Another idea which likewise confirmed the belief that the Fathers enjoyed immortality in the moon, was the close connexion between the moon and a man's life on earth. We must not imagine that we shall ever be able to trace all the tributaries which entered from various sources into the broad stream of ancient

mythology. Certain it is, however, that a belief in the moon, as the abode of the Fathers, was widely spread among the people speaking Aryan languages. To the present day the peasants in Swabia are heard to say: 'May I go to the moon, if I did it,' instead of 'May I die, if I did it;' nay, people who work on the Sabbath day are threatened even now that they will go to the moon, that is, that they will die and be punished in the moon. A more startling idea—peculiar, it would seem, to India, particularly to the Brâhmaṇas and Upanishads—was that of the moon serving as the food of the gods. And yet, though it sounds strange to us, it was not so very unnatural an idea after all. The gods, though invisible, had been located in the sky. In the same sky the golden moon, often compared to a round of golden butter, was seen regularly to decrease. And if it was being consumed by anybody, by whom could it be consumed if not by the gods? Hence the ready conclusion that it was so, and that it was in fact this food which secured to the gods their immortal life. If so much had once been granted, then came the question, how the moon was gradually increased and restored to its fulness? And here the old superstition came in that the souls of the departed entered the moon, so that the waxing of the moon might readily be accounted for by this more ancient article of faith. Hence the systematised belief that the moon wanes while it is being eaten by the gods, and that it waxes while it is being filled by the departed souls entering it. A last conclusion was that the gods, when feeding on the moon, were really feeding on the souls of the departed.

Such ideas do not spring up all at once. They grow

slowly and casually. Mythology was not elaborated systematically and according to a fixed plan. Mythology began with the naming of certain objects and a few short sayings about them, often with proverbs, riddles, saws, in which old men and women embodied the results of their daily observations. It was at a much later time, when many of these sayings had become idiomatic and often unintelligible, that they were put together so as to form whole cycles of mythological lore. It has been long recognised as the first task of Comparative Mythology to discover and separate these original germs or radicals,[1] which form the foundation of mythological language, as the roots form the foundation of all human speech. Such radical elements are well known from solar mythology. For instance, the Sun is called the child of Heaven and Earth; and as soon as that idea has taken possession of the popular mind, a large number of derivative myths would spring up almost spontaneously, such as the Earth being the wife of Heaven, or Spring being the marriage of Heaven and Earth. If by chance Heaven and Earth were also conceived as brother and sister, tragic consequences would soon show themselves, which would become still more terrible, if the Sun, once having been conceived as the son of Heaven and Earth, should by some independent poet have been addressed as the husband of his own mother, the Earth. Again nothing was more natural than to speak of the Sun as following the Dawn. The follower would easily become the lover; and if the Dawn, as soon as she was touched by the first rays of the rising Sun, fled from his fiery embraces and vanished, how could a poet with any

[1] See *Chips*, vol. iv. pp. 94, 137.

feeling for nature help telling the old story of Phœbus and Daphne, though he himself might be unaware that Daphne was an ancient word which meant originally the burning and shining Dawn (from dah 'to burn'), just as much as Phœbus meant at first the burning and bright Sun? It is curious that this imagery, which to us may seem sentimental and far-fetched, comes quite natural to all children of nature, to poets and prophets in modern as well as in ancient times. Thus Master Eckhart, when trying to find an image for the absorption of the human soul into the Divine, speaks of the soul as the dawn, lost in the embraces of the sun.

But while these solar elements have long been recognised, and while ever so many solar myths in Sanskrit and Greek mythology have been traced back to their simple radicals, there has hitherto been a kind of tacit agreement among Sanskrit scholars that the moon had no place in Vedic mythology, and that no light could be gained from the Veda to clear up the riddles of lunar mythology in other countries. The reason was that though there was a deity of the moon, occupying a very prominent place in the Vedic Pantheon, namely Soma, this Soma was supposed to have been originally the name of a plant, and of an invigorating and likewise intoxicating beverage extracted from it, and to have become identified with the moon in a secondary phase of mythology only. This Soma-juice was offered to the gods by the Âryas, before they became divided into speakers of Sanskrit and speakers of ancient Persian, into worshippers of Devas and worshippers of Ahuramazda; for the same plant, under the name of *Haoma*, forms a most

important element both of Vedic and of Avestic belief and sacrificial worship. There were no doubt some few scholars who could not bring themselves to believe in so extraordinary a metamorphosis as that of a mere plant into the deity of the moon, but they were few, and even they were satisfied with showing how in a certain number of passages of the Veda Soma was clearly the moon, without any reference to Soma as a plant or a beverage. But it is entirely due to Professor Hillebrandt in his *Vedische Mythologie*, published in 1891, that we know now that in the earliest mythology of the Vedic poets Soma was primarily the moon, and that its identification with Soma the plant, and Soma the juice of it, offered at certain sacrifices, must be considered as a secondary phase in the development of lunar mythology. Here, as everywhere else, sacrificial ideas are secondary, mythological thoughts primary. Professor Hillebrandt has really broken new ground, and has let in light where all before was darkness. His book shows better than anything else how much has still to be done in Vedic mythology, and how even the most generally accepted theories require constant revision and amendment. Such new discoveries, whether in Vedic or Egyptian or Babylonian philology, though they are welcomed by all true scholars, are apt to shake the faith of the outside public, and are gladly taken advantage of by captious critics. These critics are like sailors who never venture to step on board a ship, unless it is safe in harbour: the very sight of a vessel in a rough sea makes them sea-sick. In their eyes every Columbus was a fool. They will gladly take part in celebrating the centenaries of great discoveries,

but for the struggling sailor before he has reached *terra firma*, they have nothing but ridicule and pharisaical scorn. In reading Professor Hillebrandt's volume, it is true that one cannot help wondering how scholars could have failed to see what he has brought out so clearly, namely, that the moon under the name of Soma, and under various other names, such as Indu, Drapsa, Ûrmi, Utsa, Samudra, Kośa, &c., formed from the very first a most important and prominent ingredient of Vedic mythology; nay, as he asserts with some pardonable exaggeration, the most important of all.

We must never forget that we possess in the Rig-veda some very scant fragments only of the ancient poetry and mythology of ancient India. This preservation from the general shipwreck is almost miraculous, but we must not imagine that they can ever give us a complete picture of Indian thought. The collection of the Vedic hymns was made by priests, and it is extraordinary that they should have preserved any poetry which was not required for their own sacrificial purposes. We have therefore to be constantly on guard, in treating as rare and isolated, words and thoughts which in the Vedic hymns may be mentioned but once or twice, or to look upon frequently recurrent ideas, as the fundamental ideas of the Vedic faith. The nature of the evidence does not allow such conclusions. To judge from other Aryan mythologies, Dyaus would have been in ancient India not only a more primitive, but also a far more important deity than Indra. But in the Vedic hymns, the once omnipotent Dyaus has almost vanished, while Indra, unknown to other Aryan nations, occupies

the foremost place. The same seems to hold good with the moon, as a god, known by the name of Soma. He has almost vanished from the view of the Vedic *Ri*shis, while another Soma, the intoxicating or inspiriting drink, used at the great sacrifices, meets us again and again. Here and there, however, the old Soma breaks through the clouds of the new Soma, nay, it seems from certain passages, that the Vedic poets themselves knew that there was some mystery about Soma, and that there were in former times two Somas instead of one. They speak of one Soma whom everybody knows, namely the plant that yielded the intoxicating liquor, so highly celebrated in the Veda and the Avesta, but they hint also that there was another Soma whom no one knew but the Brâhmans. Thus we read, IX. 85, 3, 'Some one thinks that he drinks Soma, when they crush the plant; but the Soma whom the Brâhmans know, no one feeds on him.' What that true Soma is, is clearly indicated in the preceding verses, where we read: 'Soma is resting in the sky. Through Soma the Âdityas (gods) are strong, through Soma the earth is great; Soma is placed in the lap of the Nakshatras (stars).'[1]

[1] In my *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature* (1859), p. 212, I quoted the passage from the Rig-veda, X. 85, 2, Athó nákshatrâṇâm eshâm upásthe Sómaḥ âhitaḥ, 'Soma is placed in the lap of these Nakshatras,' in order to show that in the Veda also Soma was the moon. Whether the Nakshatras are here meant, as I formerly thought, for the twenty-seven lunar mansions, may seem doubtful (see preface to the fourth volume of the Rig-veda, second ed., p. lxv), but there can be no doubt that Soma is here meant for the moon, and not for the Soma plant. At a later time I pointed out (*l. c.* p. lxv, note 2) that in the fifth verse of the same hymn Soma is called protected by Vâyu, and the type or maker of the years.

These verses were pointed out many years ago as showing that Soma was here clearly meant for the moon, and the Nakshatras for the twenty-seven lunar mansions through which the moon passes from night to night. That Soma is here meant for the moon is now admitted by all scholars. The next following verses leave really no doubt on the subject: for there we read, V. 5, 'Vâyu, the wind, is the guardian of Soma; the moon is the making or the maker (âkṛiti, form) of the years.' And in a later verse the character of the moon comes out still more clearly: 'New and new he is being born, the beacon of days, the moon, at the head of the dawns; the moon (kandramâs), when approaching, orders the share of the gods, and produces a long life.' Whether the Nakshatras, which hold Soma in their lap, were meant for the twenty-seven lunar mansions in Vedic astronomy, or for stars in general, is still an open question.

But if there are in Vedic mythology two Somas—one the plant and the intoxicating liquor squeezed

This can only be meant for the real moon, who orders the seasons, ritûn vidádhat. (Mâsaḥ, having the accent on the first syllable, has been taken by me as nom. sing.) It seems to me that in several verses of this hymn the two Somas are meant to be contrasted. In verse 1, divi Sómaḥ ádhi sritáḥ refers to the moon in the sky. In verse 2, the Soma by which the Âdityas and the Earth are strong is the Soma juice, but immediately after the Soma in the lap of the stars, is the moon. In verse 3, the same idea is developed more fully. In verse 4, the Soma whom the king does not eat, seems again meant for the moon. The whole hymn in which these verses occur celebrates the marriage of Sûryâ (the sun as a fem.) and Soma, and who could this husband be if not the moon? Even in passages where Soma is represented as Amṛita, or ambrosia, it need not be the Soma juice, for the moon also, as being the measurer or the source of life, was called the immortal, neuter, or that which gives immortality, or, at least, a long life (dîrghám áyuḥ, X. 85, 19).

out (suta) from it; the other the moon, as one of the great deities—the next question is, Can the one be explained as derived from the other? I doubt it, for I see no way by which the juice of the Soma plant, however eulogised it may have been, could be raised to the dignity of the moon, or the moon be brought down to act the part of the Soma juice. How then could two apparently so heterogeneous objects be called by the same name of Soma? This is the question that has to be answered. The lowest stratum of mythology is and can only be the etymological, a fact which Professor Hillebrandt has not quite fully realised. Soma is clearly derived from the root su, which means 'to squeeze out' or 'to pour out,' so that suta, 'squeezed out,' is often used as an equivalent of soma. There is no difficulty here. But the same root su had also the meaning of raining, and appears in that sense in many derivatives in Greek, such as ὗ in ὗει, 'it rains,' in ὑετός, 'rain.' Hence so-ma would also originally have meant the agent or the giver of rain, &c., 'the rainer,' ὑετήϛ, and then the rain itself, ὑετός, lastly the place or the source of rain, namely the moon. To us it may seem strange that the moon should have been called 'the rainer,' or the source of rain. But there can be little doubt that in ancient times, nay in modern times also, rain was believed to be influenced by the phases of the moon. Thus we read in the Aitareya Brâhmaṇa, VIII. 28, 15, Kandramaso vai vṛishṭir gâyate, 'rain is born from the moon.' And in Hymn I. 105, 1, we read, 'The moon is in the waters;' while in IX. 97, 17, Soma is implored to pour down heavenly rain, and in I. 43, 7, to grant happiness, offspring, and glory. Like other

gods, Soma also is called Apâm Napât, the offspring of the waters. Nor must we forget that there are, particularly in hot countries, two kinds of rain or fertilising moisture, namely dew and rain, the former as important for the growth of plants as the latter. Dew is believed to be most plentiful after moonlight nights, and hence, after the dew had once been ascribed to Soma, rain was naturally ascribed to the same source. Anyhow, whether dew and rain were the same thing or not, the same word which in Sanskrit means 'rain,' varsha, m. and n., appears in Greek as ἔρση, fem., 'dew.'

Etymologically, therefore, we may distinguish between two, nay even three Somas; Soma, the rain, the source of vegetable and animal life; Soma, the giver of rain, the measurer of time, the source of the life of men and gods; and Soma, the juice of the plant which, though it has not yet been botanically identified, must have been a plant possessed of some healing and invigorating qualities, yielding a beverage able to call forth the enthusiasm and eloquence of the early poets (Rig-veda, VI. 47, 3).

It is strange that botanists have hitherto tried in vain to discover a plant that should answer to the description of the Soma plant in the Veda and the Avesta. Professor Hillebrandt has given a full account of the various attempts at finding a plant on the confines of Northern India and Persia possessing the peculiar qualities of the Soma, the juice of which was made into the exhilarating and invigorating beverage of the Vedic poets. There is little to add to the information which Professor Hillebrandt has collected, except that Dr. Aitchison has lately stated

that Soma must be the *Ephedra pachyclade*, which in the Harirud valley is said to bear the name of hum, huma, and yahma. This supposition is confirmed by Dr. Joseph Bornmüller, a botanist long resident in Kerman, who identifies the Soma plant with some kind of Ephedra, probably *Ephedra distachya*, but who remarks that different varieties of Ephedra are to be found from Siberia to the Iberian peninsula, so that we must give up the hope of determining, as Professor Roth suggested, the original home of the Âryas by means of the habitat of the Soma plant.

We saw before that the Polynesians ascribe thunder and lightning to Ina, the goddess of the moon; and though there seems no very definite reason why the moon should be connected with thunderstorms and rain, yet many things were believed, and are still believed, of the moon for which there is but slender foundation. The mysterious influence of the moon on certain recurring natural phenomena must have struck even the least observant; and the less they were able to account for it, the more ready they would be to accept fanciful explanations. That the tides, for instance, were somehow determined by the moon, was known at a very early time. There is an old proverb, often quoted by the people of Travancore, that soft words are better than harsh, that the sea is attracted by the cool moon, and not by the hot sun. That the moon affects somnambulists is equally certain, though equally inexplicable. Gardeners are convinced that vegetation is affected by lunar influences, and many good people expect a change of the weather from a change of the moon. That the growth of the embryo and the birth of a child were determined by

the number of moons, could not have escaped the observation of the earliest medical authorities.[1]

In the minds of the Vedic poets the two meanings, that of the moon, and that of the juice of the plant, became so closely interwoven that whatever applied to Soma, the plant and its carefully-prepared juice, was transferred to Soma, the moon, and whatever applied to Soma, the moon was transferred to the plant and the beverage. Homonymy has proved here as elsewhere the most prolific mother of myths.[2] In drinking the Soma the Brâhmans imagined they were drinking the immortal juice contained in the moon, nay the moon itself. The moon was sometimes conceived as a vessel (kosa) holding the life-giving juice, which juice was strained through the sky as the real Soma beverage was purified through some kind of sieve. Again the rushing sound of clarified Soma, poured by the officiating priests through a sieve (pavitra), was identified with the thunder (Rig-veda, IX. 47, 3), its golden colour was likened to the colour of the lightnings, till at last the Vedic poets themselves seem hardly to have known whether they were speaking of Soma, the moon, or Soma, the juice, or whether they were still thinking of the distant etymological meaning of soma, as the rain. After a time, however, Soma, the moon, became more and more of an active and a personal god, no longer the visible moon, but the invisible lord of the moon. As the lord or the Devatâ of the moon, Soma fights his

[1] Many more instances of the moon being considered as the giver of rain, and as generally connected with water and mist, may be seen in Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, pp. 130 seq.

[2] *Chips*, vol. iv. p. 78.

enemies, becomes a *Vritra*-han, a demon-killer;[1] and in defeating these enemies becomes the benefactor of men, receiving their prayers and their offerings. Hence after a time gods who performed the same acts were supposed to be like each other: nay, in some cases, identical. Thus Indra, represented at first as helping *Indu* or *Soma*, the moon, in his struggles (Rig-veda, VI. 44, 22), seems to occupy sometimes the very place of Soma. The victory of Indra is the same as the victory of Indu (Rig-veda, IX. 88, 4; Hillebrandt, p. 312). Nay, this lord of the moon is now supposed, like Indra and *Brihaspati*, to drink himself the Soma, and thus to gain strength for the ever-recurring battle (p. 412), till in the end, like many of the other gods, he too became the supreme king of all the gods.

We have seen thus far how the moon came to be considered as a self-conscious divine power and at the same time as the abode of the Fathers, how he became the symbol of life and immortality, partly because he was the giver of rain, without which life on earth would have been impossible, partly because life and time were measured by moons, and the measurer was taken for the maker. Mr. J. A. Farrer, in his interesting work on *Paganism and Christianity*, remarks (p. 126):

> It may seem strange that the moon should have been chosen as the abode of the Fathers, nor does it become less strange, if we find the same belief not only in India, but in many parts of the ancient and modern world. Even if we admitted that sun and moon were believed to be actual

[1] Atharva-veda, XIX. 27, 2.

human beings, which seems to me to convey no sense at all, there would still remain the question why the moon should have carried off the departed, and how, if a human being, the moon could at the same time have been conceived as a celestial abode.'

We have now, we believe, learnt to understand how such varying beliefs arose side by side, and how different poets were led to speak of the moon as a place filled with fertilising moisture, as the habitation of the Fathers, and at the same time, if not exactly as a human being, at all events as a self-conscious and rational agent. Such a belief may be difficult for us to conceive, but we know that it was conceived by no less a thinker than Plato; nor is it quite fair to call the idea that some self-conscious agent should be hidden behind the sun, the moon, the sky, and even the earth, inconceivable or absurd, considering that we have all learnt to conceive the presence of an agent behind the veil of our own mortal body.

The number of superstitions connected with the moon is very great. They have been collected again and again, and many of them survive to the present day. Thus the rays of the moon are still in many parts of the world believed to be poisonous, and a person sleeping in the moonlight is supposed to become insane, or, as we say, a lunatic. There are flowers which, we are told, open and close their petals as they are touched by the rays of the moon. Grandmothers prescribe certain remedies to be taken by children when the moon increases or decreases, and they are not ashamed to confess that even now, in our nineteenth century, they drop a courtesy when they see the new moon for the

first time. All this shows that, with or without reason, the moon has always been held responsible for many things which perhaps it is wiser not to attempt to account for.

But we must remember that while the germs of mythological thought about the moon which we have hitherto examined are found everywhere, there is one that is peculiar to India and Persia, namely the mixing up of Soma, the moon, with Soma, the intoxicating liquor used by Indians and Persians, and by them only, at their solemn sacrifices. It is strange that the enormous amount of mythological fancy which fills nearly a whole book of the Rig-veda, the ninth, should have been caused entirely by the homonymy of Soma, the moon, but originally the giver of rain, and Soma, the plant, the giver of the sacrificial juice. Yet so it is. Whatever applied to Soma, the moon, was transferred to Soma, the juice; whatever applied to Soma, the juice, was transferred to Soma, the moon. In drinking the invigorating and exhilarating juice of the Soma plant, the Brâhmans imagined that they were drinking the immortal beverage (Ait. Br. IV. 4), the amṛita or ambrosia, contained in the moon; nay, that they were really feeding on the invigorating or life-giving moon. We may thus distinguish between four conceptions of Soma: Soma, the visible moon, the abode of the Fathers; Soma, the lord of the moon; Soma the receptacle (kosa) of ambrosia; and Soma, the ambrosia itself. This ambrosia, called amṛita in Sanskrit, was taken both for the fertilising rain and the intoxicating beverage, so that in many places it is quite impossible to determine which of these various Somas was thought of by the poets; particularly as

these poets themselves seem to delight in the equivocal use of terms which apply to Soma, the moon, as well as to Soma, the juice. We saw already how indu and drapsa came to mean both the moon and a drop of moisture. Other words lent themselves to the same amphibolous use. It so happens that amsu in Sanskrit may be used in the sense of the shoots of a plant and the rays of the moon. Dhârâ means a stream and a jet of light; parvan, the joint of the plant, and the phases of the moon; pû means to strain and purify the Soma juice, and likewise to clarify, to brighten the darkness of the night. All this leads to endless plays of words, or what we can hardly help calling mere puns, which may seem very unworthy of the ancient Vedic poets, but which nevertheless are a fact.

What we have gained through Professor Hillebrandt's book is a clear conception that Soma, the moon, came first, and not, as was formerly supposed, Soma, the plant; and that Soma, whether the plant or its juice, owes all its poetical imagery to Soma, the moon, not vice versa. We can clearly see now how Soma, the moon or lord of the moon, had passed through a long mythological career in India, quite independent of Soma, the plant. As the dispeller of the darkness of the night, he is introduced in the Vedic hymns as fighting like another Indra. He roars with his thunder, he hurls his lightnings against the demons, the enemies of light; he whets his teeth and sharpens his horns (*cornua lunæ*?) like a wild bull. He is surrounded and assisted by his friends, Indra, the Maruts, and the Rudras, the storm-gods. In all this there is as yet no trace of the Soma plant. Agni, again, the god of fire and light through the whole of

nature, becomes the companion and protector of Soma, nay, becomes almost identified with him in the dual deity of Agni-Shomau. This Agni, as the *locum tenens* of Soma, is actually called Agni Pavamâna; pavamâna (purified, brilliant) being the recognised name of Soma. That Agni can thus be conceived as the moon, is clearly implied by a Vedic poet, when he says (Rig-veda, X. 88, 6): 'By night Agni is the head of the world, *i.e.* the moon; thence rising in the morning he is born as the sun.' Agni, as guardian of the moon (soma-gopâ*h*), says of himself: 'I am Agni, by birth Gâtavedas (the sun): gh*r*ita, butter,[1] is my eye, the immortal (ambrosia) is in my mouth.' All these are ideas peculiar to the Veda, because possible in the language of the Veda only, and unknown in other mythologies. They sound therefore strange to us, and we find it difficult to enter into them and to appropriate them. But when Soma assumes his own heroic character, we can see how he becomes another Indra, almost another Jupiter. He has good weapons (svâyudha); and when he thunders, heaven and earth tremble and have to obey him. We read in Rig-veda, IX. 86, 9, 'Thundering, he almost made the back of the sky to resound, he under whose command are heaven and earth.' Like Indra, Soma also assumed in certain hymns the character of a supreme deity, and became endowed with such names as Ruler, nay, Creator of the world. After that there is no excellence that may not be ascribed to him. It is he who is believed to give light to the stars and the sun (IX. 28, 5). It is he who causes the growth of plants and of

[1] Cf. Rig-veda, III. 26, 7; IV. 58, 1: Gh*r*itasya nâma guhyam yat âsît.

all living things. In the Avesta also we read: 'When the moon shines, green plants spring from the earth, through the dew at spring-tide.' A step further brings us to Indu or Soma as having made or stretched out heaven and earth, or as having kept them asunder (Hillebrandt, l. c. p. 312).[1] He is called the father of the gods, the leader of men, the inspirer of good thoughts, the source of all wisdom, the very Brâhman among the gods. In the end he stands before us as the lord of all. At a time when the moon was still felt as nearer to man and as more important than the sun and the bright sky, one poet said (Rig-veda, X. 86, 5): 'As Lord thou reignest over the whole world.' We see here once more how many worlds had passed away, how many thoughts had lived and died, before the Vedic hymns could have been composed. We doubt whether even the authors of these hymns could see as far back into their own antiquity as we can, and whether they understood the antecedents of their gods better than we do. They certainly would have had no idea that Soma may have meant originally rain and rainer.

To us there can be no doubt that Ind-u, which means 'a drop,' and is derived from the same root as Ind-ra, the giver of rain, was but another name of the moon as the giver of rain. But in the Veda Indu is represented as an independent deity by the side of Indra. Thus we read (Rig-veda, VI. 39, 3, 4): 'He, Indu (the drop, the moon), O Indra, made the lightless nights light, in the evening and morning of all the autumns (years). They established him as the beacon of days, and he made the light-born dawns.'

[1] Cf. *India, what can it teach us?* p. 150.

Sometimes Indra is represented as fighting in his chariot, while Indu acts as his charioteer (Ath.-veda, VIII. 8, 23). Having been called indu, 'drop,' the moon is also called drapsa, which likewise means 'drop.' Thus in Rig-veda, IX. 78, 4, we read of 'the sweetest drop, the reddish, the delightful,' which is meant for the moon. Indu also is raised at last to the rank of a warlike deity, assisting Indra in his fights against his enemies, the Paṇis. Nay, the conquest of the Paṇis is no longer represented as the work of Indra, but as the work of Indu, the moon (Rig-veda, IX. 88, 4; Hillebr. p. 312). Soma, again, who was often meant, like Indu, for the ambrosia contained in the moon, is represented in other hymns as actually drinking the Soma, and thus gathering strength, like Indra, Bṛihaspati, and other allies of his, in the constant battle against his enemies. What seems to us utterly incongruous is accepted without any misgivings by the Vedic theologians. One of the authors of the Śatapatha Brâhmaṇa says in so many words, 'that Soma, the king, is the food of the gods, namely, the moon.' We can understand now that this was only another attempt to explain the waning of the moon. We saw before how the waxing of the moon had been explained by the constant entrance of the souls of the departed into the moon. Its waning therefore was accounted for by the gods receiving or absorbing these souls and gradually devouring the moon in which the departed dwelt for a time. Soma, the moon, had been conceived not only as the temporal abode, but likewise as the lord of the departed or the Fathers, and therefore as living with them in the moon. Thus we can understand how Soma is

invoked to grant to men an abode in the moon and immortality. One Vedic poet (IX. 113, 7) says:

Where there is unfailing light, in the world where the sun is placed, in that immortal and imperishable world place me, O bright Soma! Indu (Soma juice), run round for Indra!

Where Vaivasvata is king, where there is the adytum of the sky, where the mighty waters are, there make me immortal! Indu, run round for Indra!

In later times when the idea had sprung up that eternal life and bliss could be enjoyed with the gods only, or in the world of Brahman, new legends were invented, according to which the departed proceeded from the moon to the sun to live for ever with the gods, or in the still more exalted world of Brahman, the Supreme Being. At first, however, the idea of immortal life was derived from the moon, and immortality was enjoyed in the moon. If people had once learnt to say, 'May I live another moon,' or 'May I live many moons,' it was but a little step that brought them to pray: 'Dear Moon, let me live another month or many more months.' Thus we read Rv. VIII. 48, 3, 'We drank Soma and have become immortal;' and in verse 7, Soma is implored to prolong human life. In both these passages the primary cause of a long life seems to be the Soma beverage that has been drunk by the worshipper, but the Vedic poets constantly mixed up the ambrosia of the moon and the juice of the moon-plant. By this most natural process the moon became the giver of life and the source of immortality. Possessing am*ri*ta, i.e. ambrosia or immortality, the moon could give life and immor-

tality to man. And thus, sooner even than the sun, the moon became a great Deva or bright god, the father of the gods, the ruler of the seasons, the lord of time, the giver of life, the ruler and maker of all things,[1] and the Vedic poets might well exclaim, 'Who is greater than Soma?' When we speak of the moon as having been the first to suggest by its death and resurrection the idea of immortal life, we do not mean this priority in a purely chronological sense. Chronology does not reach into these regions. We rather mean that the conception of another life was more readily suggested by the moon than by the sun. Thus we read in the Rig-veda, X. 55, 5: 'See the wisdom of the god in its greatness: yesterday he died, to-day he lives again.' We know how even now we can say, 'His sun has set,' instead of 'He has died.' The idea that man's life sets with the setting sun, that the departed have departed with the sun in the West and dwell in the realm of the setting sun, finds expression in many mythologies. The Egyptians have fully elaborated that thought by saying that the soul descends with the sun through the Western Gate, and after traversing with him the lower regions reaches its final abode. In the Veda that final abode is called the world of Yama. Yama, who in the later poems is called the first of mortals, was originally a god, the god of the setting or nocturnal sun, or, according to Professor Hillebrandt, a representative of the nocturnal moon; not, as Professor Roth maintained, a human individual raised to the dignity of a god, but a god sharing the character of humanity, an immortal conceived as a mortal. We shall now

[1] Hillebrandt, p. 313.

better understand why the Zulus and other South African races selected the moon as sending a message to men that they were immortal; that they would die as the moon dies, but that they would live again as the moon lives again.

There is a constant shifting of names and scenery in the numerous legends about Soma and Indra. Indra is the lord of the moon, then he feeds on the moon like the other gods; at last he is actually represented as swallowing the moon, 'so that the moon is no longer seen either in the East or in the West.' By this process Indra becomes the enemy of the moon, and the moon becomes a kind of demon or *Vritra*. One of the Brâhmanas says distinctly, 'He who shines there (the sun) that is Indra, the moon is *Vritra*' (*Sat. Br.* I. 6, 4, 18). The two instead of being friends, as elsewhere, are here represented as antagonists. In the same place the sun is said to eat the moon; and when the moon has thus been sucked out, Indra, who is often identified with the sun,[1] throws it away, so that it vanishes for a time, till it appears again in the West. Hence the frequent expressions that the sun is the devourer, the moon the food; or that Agni is the devourer, the Soma the food. At the bottom of all this there is always the same vague idea that at the time of new moon the moon has entered the sun or has been swallowed by the sun. Some lines of the Veda seem clearly to imply a knowledge on the part of the Vedic poets that the moon derived its light from the sun. Thus we read (Sâma-veda, II. 9, 2, 12, 1): 'He clothes himself in succession in the light of the sun.' The moon when waning is supposed to remain

[1] Rig-veda, VIII. 98, 2: tvám sûryam arokayah.

invisible for three nights, and that is the very time when the souls of the departed are supposed to enter in. This tradition is kept up till the time of the Purâṇas. In several of them we read that when only a little is left of the fifteenth part of the moon, the Fathers approach and enter, till the moon grows and becomes full again at the time of full-moon (Hillebrandt, p. 293).

But this is by no means the only explanation of the phases of the moon. Sometimes Soma or the moon is supposed to have been carried off and to be kept prisoner behind iron bars, till he is discovered by a falcon, who brings Soma back to Indra (Rig-veda, VIII. 100, 8). In doing this he has to fight the enemies, the Dasyus, who therefore must be supposed to have carried him off and to have kept him prisoner. But here also everything is still vague and varying. Sometimes it seems to be Indra or Agni, but slightly disguised, who brings back Soma; sometimes Soma is supposed to have himself become a bird (IX. 97, 33), and afterwards to have returned to the house of his worshippers (Hillebrandt, p. 298).

There is one lesson which the study of the mythological cycle of the Soma-legends, as exhibited in Professor Hillebrandt's learned work, should impress on all students of mythology; namely, that the only safe foundation for a truly scientific study of ancient deities is the study of their names, and through it the discovery of their original intention. What could we have made of Soma, if we had known the numerous and often contradictory legends only which have been told of him in the Brâhmaṇas, and many of which are presupposed in the Vedic hymns? What would the

ceremonies and festivals, the rites and usages, what would the whole sacrificial cult of Soma in India and Persia have taught us about its true nature, unless we had known the original meaning of Soma as moon, and unless we have discovered by means of etymology that the moon was called Soma because he was believed to pour down the fertilising rain on the parched earth? We must not expect too much from etymology. Etymology can do no more than discover the roots from which the names of the gods are derived, and it is well known that the meaning of these roots is mostly very general. The later development of the ancient names of the gods must be studied from later sources. To know, for instance, that Varuna or Varuna (Ouranos) is derived from a root var, 'to cover,' and meant originally the covering or all-embracing sky, does not help us to a knowledge of all the later fates of this deity, whether in India or in Greece. And it is well known that the same root var yielded in Sanskrit the name Vritra, a very different being, a demon of darkness, the Greek *Orthros*. The phonetic correctness of the equation Varuna = *Ouranos*, Vritra = *Orthros* has been doubted, but I trust I have defended it against every possible objection.[1] It is often very easy to point out difficulties in the etymology and in the equation of mythological names. But when the material evidence is strong, our duty really is to show how such phonetic difficulties can be accounted for. This is what I have attempted to do, and I hope I have succeeded in showing that it is far easier to find fault than to find a fault, to shake one's head than to shake an argument. We should never

[1] Preface, p. xxviii.

forget that etymology leads us into periods of language far beyond the dates of any literary documents. Older than Vedic hymns, older than Babylonian cylinders or Egyptian pyramids, are the tombs opened by the keys of etymology, and it has never been proved that in those prehistoric periods the phonetic growth of language was governed by the same laws as the growth of ancient or of modern dialects.

In the case of Soma I doubt whether we should have discovered the red thread that runs through the tangled web of lunar mythology, unless it had been shown that the root su, from which Soma is derived, was the same as the Greek ὑ in ὗει, and meant 'to rain.' True there is no trace of such a word in Sanskrit, but many words have vanished in Sanskrit which have been preserved in Greek, and vice versa. We need not exaggerate the importance of etymology for a truly scientific analysis of ancient myths, but we may truly say that mythology without etymology is like mineralogy without chemistry. It is different with ceremonies, sacrifices, local customs and legends. We hardly ever know their origin and their true meaning, we hardly ever know their genesis or their etymology. Etymologies may be wrong, but if they are, it can always be proved by irrefragable and intelligible arguments. Each etymology can be reasoned out, and we are never forced to rely on mere authority or assertion. Suppose we knew all about the careful preparation of the Soma juice, its invigorating and its intoxicating character, and its sacrificial use both in India and Persia; suppose we knew that the gods feed on Soma, and that one of them, Indra, got drunk on it; suppose that we knew that Soma was

a king and the fabulous ancestor of a royal race, and that he was likewise the creator and ruler of the world, he who stemmed asunder heaven and earth—what should we make of all this chaos without the light that springs from the name of Soma as soon as we know that etymologically—that is, originally—Soma meant rain and moon? As soon as we know that, nearly every legend told of Soma, every sacrificial custom connected with Soma, falls into its right place. We understand, not perhaps why they *must* be what they are, but at all events how they *could* be what they are, and that is really all that an historical study of mythology can be expected to teach us.

THE LESSON OF 'JUPITER.'

If I were asked what I consider the most important discovery which has been made during the nineteenth century with respect to the ancient history of mankind, I should answer by the following short line:—

Sanskrit DYAUSH-PITAR[1] = Greek ΖΕΥΣ ΠΑΤΗΡ[2]
= Latin JUPITER[3] = Old Norse TYR.

Think what this equation implies! It implies not only that our own ancestors and the ancestors of Homer and Cicero spoke the same language as the people of India—this is a discovery which, however incredible it sounded at first, has long ceased to cause any surprise—but it implies and proves that they all had once the same faith, and worshipped for a time the same supreme deity under exactly the same name—a name which meant Heaven-Father.

This lesson cannot be taught too often, for no one who has not fully learnt, marked, and inwardly digested it can form a true idea of the intellectual character of that ancient and noble race to which we all belong. Ancient history in our century has become

[1] Rv. IV. 1, 10.

[2] Ζεῦ πάτερ (*Od.* v. 7, &c.)

[3] Diespiter, Dispiter. As to the corresponding German names see Grimm, *Teut. Mythology*, i. p. 192. The Eddic name *Týr*, gen. *Týs*, corresponding to Sanskrit Dyaus, would be *Tius* in Gothic, *Tiw* in A. S., *Zio* in Old High-German.

as completely changed by that one discovery as astronomy was by the Copernican heresy in the sixteenth.

And if we wish to realise to its fullest extent the unbroken continuity in the language, in the thoughts and words of the principal Aryan nations, let us look at the accents in the following list:—

	Sanskrit.	Greek.
Nom.	Dyaús	Ζεύς
Gen.	Divás	Διός
Loc.	Diví	Διΐ
Acc.	Dívam	Δία
Voc.	Dyaũs	Ζεῦ

Here we see that at the time when the Greeks had become such thorough Greeks that they hardly knew of the existence of India, the people at Athens laid the accent in the oblique cases of Zeus on exactly the same syllable on which the Brâhmans laid it at Benares, with this difference only, that the Brâhmans knew the reason why, while the Athenians did not.[1]

A scholar who ventures on the sea of ancient history, and more particularly of ancient religion and mythology, without having these two short inscriptions constantly before his eyes, is as helpless as an ancient mariner without a compass: he may weather many a storm, but he must be wrecked in the end.

The only possible starting-point for the study of Greek, Roman, Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavonic mythology has thus been determined: it is *Dyaus*, and nothing but *Dyaus*, as certainly as the sun in its central position is the only possible pivot of all scientific astronomy. But it is one thing to discover a truth,

[1] *Chips*, vol. iii. p. 226.

and quite another to make other people see that truth. Naturally, though perhaps unfortunately, the man who has discovered a truth, who sees it, knows it, and can no longer doubt it, is generally very indifferent as to whether other people can be made to see it and accept it. He knows it will conquer in the end, and he feels that he has more important work to do than to convert the heathen. Truth, he knows, is in no hurry. The Copernican theory was laughed at, it was anathematised, it was refuted by the highest authorities, but it lived on for all that; and, what is more wonderful still, it is at present accepted as gospel by millions, whereas the number of those who really understand it, and, if called upon, could defend it, might probably be counted by hundreds only.

We have witnessed a similar triumph of truth in our own days. When the old theory of evolution—*das Werden*—was once more taken up by such men as Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Haeckel, O. Schmidt, and others, it was laughed at, it was anathematised, it was refuted by the highest authorities, but it has lived on for all that, and, what is most extraordinary, it is preached at present most vociferously out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

It has been the same with the study of comparative mythology. The real workmen remained in their quarry, quietly digging and sifting, and delighted if, after years of patient toil, they were rewarded with one nugget, one safe equation, such as Dyaus = Zeus, Daphne = Sanskrit Ahanâ, Kerberos = Sanskrit *Sarbara*, &c. They were well laughed at, they were vigorously anathematised, and yet, even in our own lifetime, there is hardly a schoolboy left who does not

know that Zeus is Dyaus. When one reads the amusing and sometimes even scurrilous articles which facile pens have poured out for years in English and foreign journals against comparative mythology and solar myths, one cannot help thinking of that now famous monkey who, as an unanswerable argument, was kept swinging backward and forward in the Senate House at Cambridge, performing its amusing capers over the heads of Darwin and his friends, while the University was conferring on the veteran sage the highest honours which it can bestow on true genius and honest work, the honorary degree of LL.D. Did that *argumentum ad simiam* prevail?

But let us try to learn something even from that swinging monkey. Why is there, at least among a certain class of orthodox theologians and classical scholars, so strong an objection to a comparative treatment of Greek and Roman mythology? Mere conservatism, mere unwillingness to learn, will hardly account for it. No doubt it is disagreeable, after one has been accustomed to teach one thing, to be called on suddenly to teach something quite different. There is an indolent element in all of us which tempts us, if possible, to ignore new doctrines and to elbow out their apostles. It is still more disagreeable to be told, as in the case of comparative philology and mythology, that in order to study the new science or, at all events, to be able to criticise its results, it is absolutely necessary to buy new tools—in fact, to learn Sanskrit. Still there is no escape from this *dira necessitas*, unless we adopt a strategical ruse which, even if for a time it should be successful, reflects small credit on those who resort to it.

In order to find an excuse for not studying Sanskrit, and yet criticising the labours of Sanskrit scholars and comparative philologists, great stress has been laid on the fact that comparative philologists, even those who know Sanskrit, often differ from each other, and that therefore the study of Sanskrit can be of little use. It is difficult to imagine a weaker, not to say a meaner, argument. It was the same argument that was used against the decipherers of hieroglyphic, cuneiform, Umbrian, and Oscan inscriptions. They were laughed at because they differed from each other, and they were laughed at because they differed from themselves; as if progress, or, as it is now called, evolution, were possible without scholars differing from themselves and differing from others.

I still remember the time when the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis published his famous squib, '*Inscriptio antiqua in Agro Bruttio nuper reperta: edidit et interpretatus est Johannes Brownius, A. M. Ædis Christi quondam alumnus, Oxoniae,* 1862.' All the laughers were then on his side, and comparative scholars were assured that an English Chancellor of the Exchequer had disposed of such men as Champollion, Bunsen, Burnouf, Rawlinson, Kirchhoff, Aufrecht, Mommsen, *et hoc genus omne,* in the short hours of leisure left him by his official duties. I was truly sorry for Sir George Cornewall Lewis at the time, and I believe he lived long enough to be truly sorry himself for this *jeu d'esprit,* which, I confess, reminded me always of an elephant trying to dance on a rope. In his *Astronomy of the Ancients* he had tried to show that, wherever the tradition of a language had once been broken, it was impossible, by

means of the comparative method, to decipher an ancient inscription, whether in Egypt, Persia, Italy, or anywhere else. In his squib he gave a practical illustration, showing that, by employing the same comparative method, he was able to interpret any inscription, even the following, which he proved to be Umbrian:—

HEYDIDDLEDIDDLE
THECATANDTHEFIDDLE
THECOWJUMPEDOVERTHEMOON
THELITTLEDOGLAUGHED
TOSEESUCHFINESPORT
ANDTHEDISHRANAWAYWITHTHESPOON.

Often was I asked at the time—now twenty-three years ago—why I did not answer these attacks; but, with all respect for Sir George Cornewall Lewis, I felt that no answer was deserved. Would an astronomer feel called upon to answer, if the most learned Chancellor of the Exchequer asked him, in his most solemn way, whether he really thought that the sun did not rise? Would a chemist feel disturbed in his experiments if he were told, even by the most jocular of journalists, that by profusely mixing oxygen and hydrogen he had never succeeded in producing a single drop of water? It is no doubt the duty of a journalist to give his opinion about everything; and if he does it with real *esprit* no one finds fault with him. He may even, if he is persevering, stir up a certain amount of what is called public opinion: but what is public opinion to a scholar and a lover of truth? Of course, if it can be shown that a Bopp or a Grimm has completely changed his opinion, or that those who followed after them have convicted these great scholars of many an error, the ignorant crowd will always say, 'Aha!

aha!' But those who are quiet in the land would, on the contrary, be utterly disheartened if it were otherwise, and if, in spite of constant moil and toil, the best scholars were always to remain in the same trench, never advancing a step in the siege of the strong fortress of truth. What seems to me intolerable is that persons who avowedly cannot form an independent opinion between two views, the one propounded by Bopp, the other by Grimm, should think that they can dispose of two such giants by simply saying, 'Aha! aha! they contradict each other!'

It is strange that these ready critics, who, though ignorant of Sanskrit, pride themselves on their knowledge of Greek and Latin, should be unaware that in Greek and Latin philology great scholars contradict themselves and contradict others quite as much as in Sanskrit, Zend, Gothic, or comparative philology. The Greek classics have been interpreted now for nearly two thousand years—at Alexandria, at Rome, at Constantinople, at Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and Berlin. No doubt a schoolboy, when reading his Homer, imagines that the construction of every line is settled by his tutor, and the meaning of every word by his Liddell and Scott. But every true scholar knows how different the real state of the case is; how much uncertainty attaches to the meaning of many words; how often scholars have changed their interpretation of certain lines; and how fiercely the highest authorities contradict each other as to the true purport of Homeric poetry and Homeric mythology. Let us open the *Odyssey*, and in the very first line the best scholars differ as to the meaning of πολύτροπος and the grammatical analysis of ἔννεπε. Ennius was right in ren-

dering ἔνεπε (i.e. ἔν-σεπε) by *insece*, an etymologically identical form, identical also with the German *ansagen*, English *to say*. But, if he was right in this, it follows that we must change ἔσπετε, say, into ἕσπετε, because it stands for σε-σέπ-ετε, and there is no excuse for dropping the aspirate. As a matter of fact, some of the MSS. read ἕσπετε. La Roche, however, and other Homeric interpreters differ on this point, as on many others.

But if Ennius was right in rendering ἔνεπε by *insece*, he was probably wrong in taking π λύτροπος in the sense of *versutus*, as if it were πολύμητις. Πολύτροπος in our passage means no more than ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη, according to a very common peculiarity of Homeric diction. Still this again is an open question.

The very next word, πλάγχθη, gives rise to a new controversy as to whether it means 'he was tossed' or 'made to wander.' I decidedly prefer the first meaning, but far greater authorities prefer the second.

And so we could go on from line to line, from page to page, pointing out words and whole sentences on which doctors disagree, though no scholar would venture to say that it was useless therefore to read Homer.[1] There are two classes of readers for Homer, as there are two classes of readers for the Vedas. One class must accept what either Sâyaṇa or a European editor lays down as the law, just as schoolboys must accept what their master tells them, whether out of Aristarchus or out of Merry

[1] What is the true meaning of ἀσπερχές, *Od.* i. 20; of ἀτρεκέως, *Od.* i. 169? How should we interpret θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται, *Od.* i. 267; how ἔεδνα in *Od.* i. 277; ἀνοπαῖα, *Od.* i. 320; ἀλφηστής, *Od.* i. 349; ἀργός, *Od.* ii. 11; εὐδείελος, *Od.* ii. 167; ἠλεός, *Od.* ii. 243, &c.? Might we not say to some recent translators of Homer, *Hic Rhodos, hic salta*?

and Munro. Another class of more advanced students must judge for themselves. But no one would even pass Moderations by simply saying that Sâyaṇa differed from Ludwig and Aristarchus from La Roche, and that therefore they were probably all wrong. By all means let us try to find out, for instance, what Homer really meant by such a name as *Argeiphontes*, and what comparative philologists make of that name. But if the two differ, let us not suppose that it is a proof of superior knowledge and judgment to proclaim our agnosticism, and to smile at those who honestly try to decide between two opinions instead of proudly proclaiming their own incompetency.

Comparative mythology has many difficulties to contend with, and it would not be honest to attempt to hide them. But it would be cowardly to run away from the trysting ground, and worse than cowardly to rail at those who in the tournament of truth are sometimes wounded, or even unseated by a powerful thrust.

Comparative is a name which has been assumed of late by nearly all historical and natural sciences, though, if we once understand the true method and purpose of any single science, it would seem to be almost superfluous to qualify it by that predicate. There is no science of single things, and all progress in human knowledge is achieved through comparison, leading on to the discovery of what different objects share in common, till we reach the widest generalisations and the highest ideas that are within the ken of human knowledge.

Thus with regard to languages, the very first steps in our knowledge of words are made by comparison.

Grammar consists in a collection of words which, though they differ from each other, share certain formal elements in common. These formal elements are called grammatical elements, or suffixes, affixes, prefixes, &c., and we are said to know the grammar of a language when we have learnt under what conditions different words undergo the same formal modifications. Thus comparison leads in the first instance to a grammatical knowledge of a single language.

When, however, we proceed from a study of one to a study of many languages, a new process of comparison begins. We observe that words in different languages undergo the same or nearly the same modifications, and by placing the paradigms of their declension and conjugation side by side, we try to find out on what points they agree and on what points they differ, and we hope thus to discover in the end the reasons why they should agree on certain points, and why they should differ on others.

Comparative philology deals partly with facts—that is, the differences and coincidences that can be observed in the material and formal elements of language—partly with laws, using that word in the humble sense of 'something which is true of many objects,' not as *νόμοι ὑψίποδες οὐρανίαν δι' αἰθέρα τεκτωθέντες ὧν Ὄλυμπος πατὴρ μόνος, οὐδέ νιν θνατὰ φύσις ἀνέρων ἔτικτεν.* These laws, or, more correctly, rules, if once discovered, are to account for such similarities and dissimilarities as give to each language its own individual character.

This science of comparative philology, however, very soon assumed three different aspects, and was cultivated in three distinct schools, which may be called (1) the

etymological or genealogical, (2) the *analogical*, and (3) the *psychological*.

In comparing such languages as Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit, it was soon found that they were really varieties of one and the same historical prototype, that they pointed to a common origin, and that all their differences must be accounted for either by *phonetic corruption* or by *dialectic growth*. The comparative study of these languages became therefore genealogical, or, in grammatical phraseology, *etymological*.

Starting from a certain number of radical and formal elements (the latter being themselves radical elements of an earlier period), the principal object of the genealogical or etymological school has always been to discover the system according to which these elements were combined into words, and to determine the laws which regulate the phonetic changes of words, either in the same or in different languages. These laws are sometimes treated as natural laws, which, however, means no more than that they admit of no exception, except such as can be accounted for by new laws.

The next school, the *analogical*, or, as it might also be called, the *dialectic*, tries to discover what in the same or in different languages is not *identical*, but yet *analogous*. While the genealogical school looks upon all cognate languages as dialects developed from one ideal κοινή, the dialectic school looks upon each language as the result of a previous independent growth, and thus is able to account for freedom and variety in single languages as well as in whole families of speech, as against the iron laws of phonetic change established by the etymological school.

It would be impossible, for instance, or at all events undesirable,[1] to treat, say, the Ionic dialect as a corruption of the Æolic, or the Æolic as a corruption of the Ionic. The same applies to High German and Low German, to Sanskrit and Prâkrit, to Cymric and Gadhelic. These are all independent streams of language, which it is as hopeless to trace back to one common source, as it is to discover the one small source of the Nile or even of the Thames. They spring indeed from the same geological stratum, and they follow parallel courses under similar conditions, but they are not yet one stream of water or of speech, kept in by the same shores and moving on in the same bed. Even after their confluence the peculiar colours of what I call dialectic growth remain, and help us to account, by true or false analogy, for that want of uniformity or regularity which the etymological school postulates with unyielding severity.

Thus dvau in Sanskrit, δύω in Greek, *duo* in Latin are phonetic varieties of one and the same type. They are identical in origin, and their differences can be accounted for by phonetic laws. But Sanskrit dvitîya, the second, and Greek δεύτερος are not identical in origin. They are dialectic forms, sprung from the same etymological stratum, not the products of one and the same creative act.

Nevertheless it is in cognate languages only that we could account for such words as Sanskrit prathama, the first, πρῶτος, *primus*, and Gothic *fruma*. These are all analogous formations, only they must not be treated as varieties of one common prototype. Their differences are not due to the influence of phonetic

[1] See *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. i. p. 55 seq.

modification, which can be reduced to a law, but to the freedom of dialectic growth, which must be accepted as a fact.

I cannot enter more fully into this subject at present, but I may remark that it is the disregard of this distinction between phonetic modification and dialectic growth which, at the present moment, seems to me to have led to a series of misunderstandings between the most prominent representatives of comparative philology.[1]

This comparison of various languages, after it had led to the discovery of the great families of human speech, and settled the principles according to which cognate languages should be analysed and explained, opened in the end a still wider prospect, and disclosed before our eyes not only what was common to Greek and Latin, to Hebrew and Arabic, to Finnish and Hungarian, but what was common and essential to all languages, what constitutes in fact the nature of language in general, and indirectly the nature of thought.

This kind of study, comparative in the widest sense, though it aimed at the discovery of the highest philosophical truth, does not depend for that discovery on abstract reasoning, but differing from all former attempts to construct a science of general grammar and of logic, it takes its materials entirely from the facts supplied by that infinite number of languages in which the power of language and thought has become realised. It matters little whether we call this branch

[1] G. Curtius, *Zur Kritik der neuesten Sprachforschung*, 1885; Delbrück, *Die neueste Sprachforschung*, 1885; Brugmann, *Zum heutigen Stand der Sprachwissenschaft*, 1885.

of comparative philology psychological or ethno-psychological, as long as we see clearly that it aims at explaining that intellectual development which has its outward form in language, and that it derives its materials entirely from a careful study of the different types of human speech, so far as they are still accessible to the student of the present day. To me that branch of the science of language seems to transcend the powers of the present generation, and to belong to the future of our race. But I look to it as the final consummation of all that has ever claimed the name of philosophy, as the solution of all psychological, logical, and metaphysical problems, and in the end as the only true key to our knowledge of the Self.

What applies to comparative philology applies *mutatis mutandis* to comparative mythology. That name has been applied to every kind of comparison of gods and heroes, of myths, legends, and stories. But in order to avoid misunderstandings and barren discussions, we ought to divide comparative mythology also into three branches, which may be defined as (1) the etymological or genealogical, (2) the analogical, (3) the psychological or ethno-psychological.

The *etymological* branch of comparative mythology places the names and stories of certain gods and heroes side by side, and tries to prove that these names were derived from prototypes common to certain families of speech. As its object is not only to compare, but to *identify* these names, and the personalities to whom they belong, it is clear that this branch of comparative mythology can deal with the traditions of such languages only as have been proved to be connected genealogically. It is natural, therefore, that

this special domain of research should have been almost exclusively cultivated by critical scholars, and that the evidence to which they appeal should be entirely etymological, and under the sway of the strictest phonetic laws.

The second branch, the *analogical*, might claim for itself the principal right to the name of comparative mythology, for it is chiefly occupied with comparing myths and legends, without attempting to identify them. Like the etymological school it confines itself to the myths of cognate languages, but after having shown how many different names and personifications may attach themselves to the principal objects of mythological thought, such as the sun, the moon, the sky, the earth, fire, and water, storms and lightning, and in how many different ways the same story may be told of these polyonymous objects, it proceeds to a comparison of myths which, though not identically the same, must have sprung from the same common stratum, and thus takes possession of a far larger area of mythological thought as the common property of a race than could be claimed by purely etymological tests. This analogical process has its dangers, like all purely morphological comparisons, but it forms nevertheless an almost indispensable supplement to the genealogical treatment of mythology.

While both the genealogical and the analogical schools confine themselves to a comparison of mythologies which are handed down to us in languages held together by the ties of a common origin, the psychological or ethno-psychological school soars higher, and comprehends the mythologies of all mankind. There is nothing in all the mythologies of the world that

cannot be compared. What Heine said to an ethno-psychological lover—

> Und, mein Herz, was Dir gefällt,
> Alles, Alles, darfst Du lieben,

may be said to an ethno-psychological mythologist—

> Und, mein Freund, was Dir gefällt,
> Alles, Alles, darfst vergleichen.

It is a most fascinating, though no doubt at the same time a somewhat dangerous, study, unless it is carried on by men of a scholarlike instinct and historical tact. Its charm consists not only in the discovery of the most surprising coincidences in the mythologies, the customs, and traditions of distant races, distant in space as well as in time, civilised and uncivilised, ancient and modern, but in the discovery of the general motives which alone can account for such similarities. It becomes, in fact, an historical psychology of the human race (*Völkerpsychologie*), and promises in time results of the highest value, not only to the historian, but to the philosopher also.

Comparative mythology rests, as we saw, and can only rest, on comparative philology, and such has been the constant advance of that science, particularly with regard to the laws which regulate the interchange of consonants and vowels, that many etymological identifications which seemed quite legitimate fifty years ago cannot be considered so any longer. My own conviction has always been that phonetic laws cannot be administered in too Draconian a spirit, and that there ought to be no difference made in applying them either to vowels or to consonants. It is far better to leave an etymology, however tempting, as unproven for a time than to tamper with a single phonetic law.

But, with regard to mythological names, I confess that I myself have been guilty sometimes of pleading for *circonstances atténuantes*, and I must do so once more. I pointed out many years ago, first, that all mythology was in its origin local or dialectic, and that therefore we must be prepared in mythological names for dialectic variations, which we should not tolerate in other nouns and verbs. Even in one of my latest papers (*Internationale Zeitschrift für allgemeine Sprachwissenschaft*, vol. i. p. 214), where I compare *Zephyros* with the Vedic Gâhusha, I had to remark, 'Scholars might differ as to Sanskrit *g* being represented by Greek ζ; but that on Greek soil γ and ζ vary dialectically can be seen from γεύσασθαι and ζεύσασθαι, ἐπιζαρέω by the side of βαρύς, Sanskrit guru, πεφυζότες and πεφυγότες,' &c.

Secondly, I pointed out, likewise many years ago, that it was almost an essential condition, before a name could assume a truly mythological character, that, by some accident or other, its etymological meaning should have been somewhat obscured. Words like *Hemera*, day, *Nyx*, night, *Helios*, sun, *Selene*, moon, may send out a few mythological offshoots, but it is chiefly round dark and decaying names, such as *Kastor* and *Pollux*, *Apollo* and *Athene*, that the mythological ivy grows most luxuriantly.[1]

But though I have occasionally claimed the liberty to account in this way for a phonetic irregularity in a mythological name, I have always done so with due warning, and have drawn a very sharp line between comparisons which are phonetically unimpeachable and those which admit of doubt. It seems hard,

[1] See Benfey, *Tritonia Athana*, pp. 8, 9.

however, to have to defend mythological comparisons, when one has to deal with critics who know neither the phonetic laws nor their recognised exceptions. I fully admit, for instance, that the old phraseology, that an initial *d* is lost in Sanskrit asru, as compared with Greek δάκρυ, or that Greek δ in δάκρυ is changed into Latin *l* in *lacruma*, is not strictly accurate. No δ, being once Greek, was ever changed into a Latin *l*; no Greek δ was ever lost in Sanskrit. All this is quite true, and I have myself often pointed out the dangers of that old-fashioned way of speaking, though I must confess at the same time that there is considerable difficulty in finding better expressions. But will anybody contend that asru, tear, in Sanskrit, being evidently derived from a root as, to cut, to be sharp, and δάκρυ, tear, being evidently derived from a root das, to bite, have nothing whatever in common, and that they do not owe their origin to a common concept or metaphor, and therefore to a common creative act? Without wishing to pronounce in any way as to the origin of such parallel roots as as, to be sharp, and das, to bite, no one can deny their simultaneous existence in the common Aryan treasury.[1] From as, to be sharp (in every sense of that word), we get in Sanskrit asra and asri, point, edge, in Latin *acus*, *âcer*, in Greek ἄκρος and ἄκρις; and as *acidus*, from meaning sharp, comes to mean bitter and sour, asru in Sanskrit and Zend, *àszara* in Lithuanian, came to mean a bitter tear. From das, to bite (bitter, from Sanskrit bhid, Latin *findo*), we have

[1] Fick derives agni from the root dah, and Holzmann points out that the goddess Danâyu in the Mahâbhârata appears as Anâyu in the Harivamsa (A. Holzmann, *Agni*, p. 34).

δάκρυ, *dacruma*, Gothic *tagr*, English *tear*; and who can doubt that all these words meant originally the biting or bitter tear? Of course we *can* doubt everything, as it always sounds so much more learned to doubt than to accept, and the temptation to shake one's head is very great. But for that very reason it deserves an occasional sharp rebuke, such as Professor Pott, for instance, has lately administered to a learned colleague, when he writes, 'Naturally the determined tone of the Professor's veto, "The comparison with δάκρυ is as little justified as that of ahan with *day*," signifies nothing.'[1]

But now let us grant, for the sake of argument, that asru and δάκρυ are entirely unconnected, and that therefore the Vedic Ahanâ, dawn, cannot be compared with Greek *Daphne*. Even then *Daphne* remains the dawn, as I endeavoured to show many years ago.[2] That German *tag*, English *day*, comes from the root dah, to burn, has never been doubted, I believe, even by those who think doubt the highest proof of wisdom (see Pott, *Etym. Forsch.* vol. iii. p. 825 seq); and my opinion that the Sanskrit ahan, day, may be derived from a parallel root ah, has at all events the support of one of my most determined adversaries, the veteran Professor Pott. If ahan is day, what can Ahanâ be but the dawn? And if from ahan we get Ahanâ, why not from dah, Dahanâ? It is well known that the h in Sanskrit roots is the neutral representative of gh, dh, and bh. The gh of dah actually appears in Sanskrit nidâgha, heat. All I claim, therefore, is that it may be ad-

[1] *Etymologische Forschungen*, vol. ii. part iv. p. 510.

[2] *Comparative Mythology*, 1856. See *Chips*, vol. iv. p. 98.

mitted that we have in *Daphne* a remnant of the root *dabh* by the side of *dah*,[1] as we have gah by the side of gabh, grah by the side of grabh, nah by the side of nabh, &c. *Daphne* means the burning or bright one, and there is actually the Thessalian form Δαύχνη for Δάφνη.

If we once know that *Phoibos* meant the sun, and that *Daphne* could have meant the dawn, we shall probably not look very far for an explanation of the Greek saying that the dawn fled before the sun, and vanished when he wished to embrace her.

But why, it may be asked, was *Daphne* supposed to have been changed into a laurel tree? Ethnopsychological mythologists will tell us that in Samoa, Sarawak, and other savage countries men and women are supposed to be capable of turning into plants, and that, as the Greeks were savages once, they no doubt believed the same, and that we need therefore inquire no further. Now, with all possible respect for ethnopsychologists, I cannot think that this would be much more than explaining *ignotum per ignotius*. The question that everybody would ask is, Why, then, did the Samoans and Sarawakians and other savages believe that men and women were turned into trees? Neither totemism surely, nor fetishism, nor tabuism, or any other ethnological *ism* would help them to that belief. Then why should not the classical scholar be allowed to look for a key nearer home, and when he finds that the laurel, being a wood that burns easily, was called therefore δάφνη, or fire wood, why should he not be allowed to say that the legend of *Daphne*, the dawn, being changed into *daphne*, the

[1] Cf. Sanskrit dahra = dabhra.

laurel tree, may have been due to the influence of language on thought, to some self-forgetfulness of language—in fact, to the same influence which induced people to fix a brazen nose on the gate of Brasenose College, and to adopt an ox passing a ford as the arms of Oxford?

> Warum in die Ferne schweifen?
> Sieh, das Gute liegt so nah!

Whether cases of identity of names, like that of *Daphne* and *daphne*, are at the bottom of the more general belief that men and women can be turned into plants, is a far more difficult question to answer, and before we generalise on such matters it is better to inquire into a number of single cases, such as those of Hyacinthus, Narcissus, and others, in Greece and elsewhere. We shall find, I believe, here as elsewhere, that the same effect is not always due to the same causes, but, unless we find some kind of cause, comparative mythology might indeed be called a collection of rubbish, but not a museum of antiquities. To say that a legend of a woman being changed into a tree is explained when we have shown that it is quite natural to a race which believes in women being changed into trees, is surely not saying very much.

When one has carefully reasoned out a mythological equation, and supported all the points that might seem weak by means of analogies, as I believe I may say I had done in the case of Ahanâ=Daphne, it seems rather hard to be told afterwards by M. Bergaigne, who certainly does not belong to the straightest school of philology, that 'M. Max Müller restituait au nom d'*Ahanâ* un *d* pour en faire l'équivalent (ou à peu près) du nom de *Daphné*, et retrouver dans la

nymphe grecque une sœur de l'aurore védique.'[1] After this flippant kind of criticism, how can M. Bergaigne complain of the somewhat rough handling he has often experienced from German scholars?

But though I believe that in the eyes of unprejudiced scholars my equation Dahanâ = *Daphne* requires no longer any defence, I ought perhaps to say a few words on another equation, namely, Ahanâ = *Athene*,[2] which has provoked more powerful criticism. The change between h and gh, dh, bh, has been referred to before. We have here an instance of Sanskrit h = Greek *th*, or of Greek χ = θ, which is not only amply confirmed as between Sanskrit and Greek, but exhibited dialectically, in Greek itself, as in ὄρνιθος = ὄρνιχος, ἴχμα = ἴθμα, &c. The suffix added to the root *aθ* is the same which we find in Selênê and elsewhere, and the change between ăna and âna is likewise perfectly regular.[3]

Phonetically, therefore, there is not one word to be said against Ahanâ = *Athene*,[4] and that the morning light offers the best starting-point for the later growth of Athene has been proved, I believe, beyond the reach of doubt or even cavil. Her birth from the head of *Zeus*, Sanskrit mûrdhâ Diváh, explains her name *Cap(i)ta*, *Koryphasia* (ἐκ κορυφῆς),[5] and her wisdom, her valour, her purity, all point to the same source.

[1] *Religion Védique*, vol. iii. p. 293.

[2] *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. ii. p. 349.

[3] See Kuhn, *Herabkunft*, p. 28.

[4] As I have shown elsewhere, the root ah, to shine, and in âha, to speak (cf. bhâ = φημί), shows its independent radical dental in âttha, Pân. VIII. 2, 35, and this substantiates the θ in *Athene* in spite of the z in Zend azan, Sk. ahan, and in Zend daz, Sk. dah.

[5] Bergk, *Neue Jahrb. für Philol.* 1860, pp. 295, 410.

But although nothing really important could be brought forward against my equation Ahanâ = *Athene*, the fact that another scholar had propounded another etymology seemed to offer a great opportunity to those who imagine that by simply declaring themselves incompetent to decide between two opinions they can prove both to be wrong. Now Benfey's etymology [1] of *Athene* is certainly extremely learned, ingenious, and carefully worked out; yet whoever will take the trouble to examine its phonetic foundation will be bound in common honesty to confess that it is untenable. We are dealing here with facts that admit of almost mathematical precision, though, as in mathematics, a certain knowledge of addition and subtraction is indispensable for forming a judgment. I speak of the phonetic difficulties only, for, if they cannot be surmounted, we need not inquire any further.

If it could be proved that Greek and Sanskrit had no mythological names in common, there would, of course, be an end of comparative mythology in the narrow sense of the word. We might still be able to compare, but we could no longer think of identifying gods and heroes, who have no common name, and therefore no common origin. We can identify Ahura and Varu*n*a, but we must allow their independent starting-points. We can compare Jupiter, Jehovah, and Unkulunkulu, but we cannot identify them. We should find many things which these three supreme deities share in common, only not their names—that is, not their original conception. We should have in

[1] *Tritonia Athana, Femininum des Zendischen Thraetâna âthwyâna.* Göttingen, 1868.

fact *morphological* comparisons, which are very interesting in their way, but not what we want for historical purposes, namely, *genealogical* identifications.

It is curious that it should be necessary to repeat these things again and again, but what is self-evident seems often to require the strongest proofs. It is one thing to *compare*, and there are few things that cannot be compared, but it is quite a different thing to *identify*; and what I maintain is that no two deities can be identified, unless we can trace them back to the same name, and unless we can prove that name to have been the work of one and the same original name-giver. This is a point that must be clearly apprehended, if further discussions on mythology are to lead to any useful results. But when the preparatory work of the etymologist has been achieved — when we can show, for instance, that the Sanskrit name for dawn, Ushas, is the same as the Greek *Eos*; that the Sanskrit name for night, Nis, is but a dialectic variety of the same base which we have in Νύξ and *Nox* (*noc-tis*); that Dyaus is *Zeus*, and Agni, fire, is *ignis*—what then? We then have, first of all, irrefragable evidence that these names existed before the Aryan separation; secondly, we know that, whatever character may have been assigned to the bearers of these mythological names in later times, their original conception must have been that which their etymology discloses; thirdly, that whatever, in the shape of story and legend, is told of them in common in the mythologies of different countries must have existed before the final break-up of the Aryan family. This is what constitutes comparative mythology in

the strict, or, if you like, in the narrow sense of the word, and this domain must be kept distinct both from the *analogical* and from the *psychological* divisions of comparative mythology.

To take an instance: If I have succeeded in proving the phonetic identity of *Ceres* and Sanskrit sarad, autumn or the ripening season, a solid foundation is laid. That foundation must be examined by scholars, and no one who is not an expert has anything to say here. He must simply accept what is given him, and, if he cannot himself decide between two opposite opinions, he must at all events not try to pose as a Hercules. Neither common sense nor even forensic eloquence will here be of any avail.

Now it is well known that the Romans had their own etymology of *Ceres*. Servius (*V. G.* i. 7) says[1] 'alma Ceres a creando dicta, quamvis Sabina Cererem panem appellant.' If this were true, *Ceres* would originally have been conceived as *creatrix*. We know that the ancient Romans did not pretend to be more than folk-etymologists, and even they would hardly have found a bridge from *creare* to *Ceres*. Modern etymologists,[2] however, have taken the hint, and have proposed to derive *Ceres* from the Sanskrit root Kar, to make, from which they also derive *Cerus* or *Kerus*, a creative genius, invoked in the *Carmen Saliare* as *Cerus Manus*, applied to *Janus*, and supposed to mean *creator bonus*. Preller goes so far as to connect with these names the word *cerfus* (the Vedic sardha) of the Umbrian inscriptions, which is utterly impossible.

Leaving *Cerus* for further consideration, we cannot

[1] Preller, *Römische Mythologie*, p. 403. [2] *Ibid.* p. 70.

deny that phonetically *Ceres* might be derived from the root Kar, as well as from the root sar, to ripen. This is a dilemma which we have often to face, and where we must have recourse to what may be called the history and geographical distribution of roots. No purely phonetic test can tell us, for instance, whether *Vesta*, Greek Ἑστία, is derived from vas, to dwell, or from vas, to shine, to say nothing of other roots. Curtius derives it from vas (ush), to shine forth, from which vasu, the bright gods, bright wealth, &c., because the goddess was first the fire and afterwards the hearth and the home. Roth derives it from vas, to dwell.[1] I prefer vas, to shine forth, because the root vas, to dwell, has left few, if any, traces in Latin.[2]

I feel the same objection to Kar, to make, as the etymon of *Ceres* which I feel to vas, to dwell, as the etymon of *Vesta*. First of all the root kar (or skar) does not mean to create even in Sanskrit, but to fashion, to perform; secondly, there is hardly one certain derivation of kar in Latin, for both *cerus* and *creo, cresco*, &c., seem extremely doubtful. Grassmann, who rejected the derivation from Kar, proposed to derive *Ceres* from *krish*, to draw a furrow. But *krish* never occurs in the North Aryan languages in the sense of ploughing, nor is *Ceres* the deity of ploughing or sowing, but of reaping. I therefore prefer the root sar, which means to heat, to cook, to ripen; from it *srita*, roasted, and sarad, harvest,

[1] Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. xix. pp. 22, 218.

[2] Benfey (*Hermes*, p. 37) points out how the root pat has in Sanskrit the meaning of moving upward, flying; in Greek of falling downward, πίπτω; in Latin of moving forward, *peto*.

autumn. A secondary root is *srâ*, caus. *srapay*. From this root we have in Greek *καρπός*, the ripe fruit; *corpus*, like *sarîra*, the ripe fruit of the body (*Leibesfrucht*); and, more distantly related, *cal-ere*, *cre-mare*, &c.

Now, considering that even the German *Herbst*, the English *harvest*, comes from this root, what doubt can there remain that *Ceres* is *sarad*,[1] and was an old name of harvest? What was the true substratum of Sarad and Ceres, whether the time of harvest or the earth at the time of harvest, the harvest sun or the harvest moon, which seemed every year to cause the ripening temperature—these are questions impossible to answer. When the concept of deity had once come in, definite thought became unnecessary, and the poet claimed perfect freedom to conceive his Ceres as suited his imagination. How early the harvest, the furrow (Sîtâ), the field (Urvarâ), the days, the seasons of the year were raised to the rank of goddesses may be seen from the invocations addressed to them at the domestic sacrifices[2] of the Brâhmans. Almost all that we are told of *Ceres* as an aboriginal Italian deity can be fully explained by this her etymological character, and with this the task of the comparative mythologist is finished. Her absorption by the Greek *Demeter*, and all that flows

[1] On the final d and s see my article on 'Ceres' in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. xviii. p. 211.

[2] Pâraskara, *Gṛihya*-Sutra, III. 17, 9. Sîtâ, the furrow, in later times the wife of Râma, is here invoked as the wife of Indra. Urvarâ is *ἄρουρα*; from Sîtâ and *sîtya*, frumentum, may have come *σῖτος*. On the days, as thirty sisters, see Pâraskara, *Gṛihya*-Sûtra, III. 3, 5, a; on the seasons and the year, III. 2, 2. Sarad is invoked in the same place as abhayâ, free from dangers.

from it, belongs to the domain of the classical scholar, and need not detain us at present.

It seems to me that after the etymology of a mythological name has once been satisfactorily settled, we have not only the real starting-point in the history of a deity or a hero, but also a clear indication of the direction which that history followed from the first. I look in fact on these etymologies and on the equations between the names of deities in different cognate languages as the true capital of comparative mythology, and on every new discovery as an addition to our wealth. If we want to know the real founders and benefactors of comparative mythology, we must look for them among those who discovered such equations as Dyaus = Zeus and defended them against every objection that could reasonably be raised against them.

Still it often happens that, after we have established the true meaning of a mythological name, it seems in no way to yield a solution of the character of the god who bears it. No one can doubt the phonetic identity of the names Haritas in Sanskrit and χάριτες in Greek, but the former are the horses of the rising sun, the latter show no trace whatever of an equine character. Kuhn supposed that *Prometheus* took its origin from the Vedic pramantha, yet pramantha is only the stick used for rubbing wood to produce a fire, *Prometheus* is the wisest of the sons of the Titans. Sârameya in Sanskrit is a dog, *Hermeias* a god; *Kerberos* in Greek is a dog, Sarvarî in Sanskrit is the night. The Maruts in the Veda are clearly the gods of the thunderstorm, but there are passages where they are addressed as

powerful gods, as givers of all good things, without a trace of thunder and lightning about them. We see, in fact, very clearly how here, as elsewhere, the idea of gods of the thunderstorm became gradually generalised, and how in the end the Maruts, having once been recognised as divine beings, were implored without any reference to their meteorological origin.

Strange as this may seem, it could hardly be otherwise in the ancient world. If one poet became the priest of a family, if one family became supreme in a tribe, if one tribe became by conquest the ruler of a nation, the god praised by one individual poet could hardly escape becoming the supreme god of a nation, and having become supreme, would receive in time all the insignia of a supreme deity. In the Veda the old supreme deity of the bright sky, Dyaus, who remained to the end the supreme god among Greeks and Romans, is visibly receding, and his place is being taken by a god, unknown to the other Aryan nations, and hence probably of later origin, Indra. Indra was originally a god of the thunderstorm, the giver of rain (indra, like indu, rain-drops), the ally of Rudras and Maruts, but he was soon invested with all the insignia of a supreme ruler, residing in heaven, and manifested no longer in the thunder-storm only, but in the light of heaven and the splendour of the sun.

Something very like this has happened among the Teutonic nations. With them too *Tiu*, the Teutonic reflex of Dyaus, has receded and his place has been taken by a god who, to judge from the etymology of his name and many of the legends told of him, even after he attained his divine supremacy, was originally

a god of storm and thunder. The gods of storm and thunder were naturally represented as fighting gods, as brave warriors, and in the end as conquerors; and with warlike nations, such as the Germans, such gods would naturally become very popular, more popular even than the god of light, who was supposed to live enthroned in silent majesty above the dome of heaven, the one-eyed seer, the husband of the earth, the All-father. I speak of course of the High German *Wuotan*, the Norse *Odin*.[1]

It is possible, of course, to study the history of mythological gods and heroes, even without knowing the etymology of their names. There are many ordinary words of which we shall never know the etymology, because they belong to a stratum of language of which little or nothing is left. They generally belong to the most ancient formations, and lie about like boulders among the strata of a different age. And these are the very words that would provoke folk-etymology and folk-mythology, just as large boulders scattered on a meadow provoke village legends. But in dealing with such words we become painfully aware how difficult it is, without etymological guidance, to settle on the starting-point and the first direction of a myth. We grope about, but we cannot put down our foot determinately, while as soon as we know the etymology we feel that we have found the true source of our river, and however much that river may meander afterwards, we know whence it draws its real life.[2] With mytho-

[1] See *Academy*, 'Odin,' 1884, p. 99.

[2] Otfried Müller, *Prolegomena zu einer wissenschaftlichen Mythologie*, 1825, says (p. 285): 'Die Namen sind grösstentheils mit den Mythen

logical beings there can be nothing earlier than their name, because they are names in the true sense of the word—that is, they are *nomina* or *gnomina*, concepts, by which alone we *know* a thing, however long we may have seen, or heard, or smelt, or felt it before.

No doubt the sun was there before it was named, but not, till he was named, was there a Savitar, a Pûshan, a Mitra, a *Helios*, or an *Apollo*. It is curious that this should require any proof, for to any one acquainted with the true relation between what we call language and thought it is self-evident. Some writers on mythology speak of *Jupiter* and *Juno* as of a well-known couple, who quarrelled and scolded each other, and did a number of things more or less extraordinary, and whose names are really of no importance at all. The idea that *Jupiter*, and *Apollo*, and *Athene* are names and nothing but names sounds almost like heresy to them. *Zeus*, according to them, was the child of *Rhea*, was swallowed and brought up again by *Kronos*, was educated in *Crete*, and, after conquering his father, became king of gods and men. I hold, on the contrary, that *Zeus* was born when Dyaus, the sky, was for the first time addressed as masculine and called father, Dyaush pitâ, and that the whole of his subsequent career follows almost as a matter of course, if we once know his true beginning. The question of mythology forms part of the philosophy of language, and will never be fully solved till we see that the first and

zugleich geworden, und haben eine eben so nationale und lokale Entstehung;' and again: 'Dass die Etymologie ein Hauptthilfsmittel zur Erklärung der Mythen ist, möchte schwerlich bezweifelt werden können.'

last word in all philosophy can be spoken by the philosophy of language only.[1]

It is far better, however, to leave mythological names which resist etymological analysis unexplained than to attempt to explain them in violation of phonetic rules. The etymological domain of mythology must be allowed to remain sacred ground, which no one should enter with unwashen hands. There is really no conceit in saying this, for the same rule applies to all professions. It may sound conceited to outsiders, but as little as a chemist would allow a bishop, however clever he may be, to try experiments with his chemicals can an etymologist allow a lawyer, however eminent as a pleader, to play pranks with roots, and suffixes, and phonetic laws. It is quite true that there are mishaps and even explosions in chemical laboratories, nor do philological laboratories enjoy an immunity from such accidents. But even an explosion may not be too much to pay if only it teaches us what causes an explosion, and helps us to be more prudent in future. We must work on quietly and methodically, and on no account must we allow ourselves to be interrupted by men who do not know the A B C of our profession.

Scholars understand each other, and they soon yield to argument. What was more tempting than to identify the Sanskrit Samâsa (διασκευή) with Ὄμηρος? Yet it was given up almost as soon as it was thought of, for the simple reason that s between

[1] 'Das Wort macht, dass sich die Seele den in demselben gegebenen Gegenstand vorstellt' (Humboldt, *Grundzüge des allgemeinen Sprachtypus*). See Techmer's *Zeitschrift*, vol. i. p. 390.

two vowels does not appear in Greek as *r*. The Vedic Sôma, the Old Norse *Són* (gen. *sonar*), even the Greek *οἶνος*, seem closely allied drinks; yet who would identify their names?[1] It seems sometimes very hard to surrender, or at all events to mark as doubtful, an etymology which is all right, except perhaps in one consonant, one *spiritus*, one shade of a vowel; but it must be done. Benfey's argument, for instance, that (p. 20) 'in Athana five elements of the Greek word correspond entirely and in the same order to five out of the seven elements in Âptyânâ,' tells against him, not for him. If all but one single letter agreed, the two words would not be the same; nay, sometimes when all letters are the same the two words may still be, and generally are, as distinct as *Himmel* and Himâlaya, *Atli* and *Attila*. Though, for instance, every letter is the same in the two words, I at once surrendered the equation Saramâ = *Helena* when it was pointed out to me that *Helena* had originally an initial digamma; and I only ventured to defend the identification once more, when it had been shown on how slender evidence that initial digamma rested, and how often a so-called digamma had taken the place of an original *s* and *y*.[2]

I gave up the tempting equation of Brisêis = Br*i*sayasya seshas as soon as my attention was called to the fact that s between two vowels ought to have disappeared in Greek. But I found out afterwards that the s in Sanskrit cannot be an ordinary s, because it resisted the transformation into sh, as

[1] See, however, *Corpus Poet. Bor.* vol. ii. p. 462.

[2] *Science of Language*, vol. ii. p. 588.

in Greek it resisted the fate of ordinary sibilants between vowels.

It is only due to the strict observation of phonetic laws that comparative mythology has gained the respect of true scholars, whether classical or Oriental. As long as we deal with facts and laws—or, if that sounds too grand a name, with rules and analogies—we are on firm ground and hold a fortress wellnigh impregnable. Another advantage is that all warfare, within or without that fortress, can be carried on according to the strict rules of war, and when we cross swords we cross them with true swordsmen. Wild fighting is here out of the question, or if it should be attempted it would only excite ridicule among the *preux chevaliers*. If a bold antagonist challenged the legitimacy of Dyaus = *Zeus*, we must meet him point by point, but if a wary critic challenges the diphthong *oi* in Φοῖβος = Bhava we must yield at once. The diphthong *oi* does not point to Guna of *u*, but to Guna of *i*, and the mistake has been as readily acknowledged as when Curtius thought in former days that θοίνη could be derived from θύω, while it is the same word as the Sk. dhenâ.[1]

We have now to advance another step, and try to make good a position which at one time was most fiercely contested by all classical scholars.

Though the etymological analysis of names forms the only safe foundation of comparative mythology, it is the foundation only, and not the whole building. The etymology of a mythological name may be per-

[1] *Grundzüge*, p. 484.

fectly correct phonetically, and yet untenable for other reasons. It stands to reason that no etymology can be accepted which does not account for the original character of the god or hero to whom it belongs. It is clearly impossible, for instance, to derive *Hermes* from ἑρμηνεύειν[1] and *Erinnys* from ἐριννύειν, because such derivations would account for the later chapters only, but not for the introduction to the Lives of those deities. If, then, we hold that the original character of most Aryan gods was physical, we must also hold that no etymology of a mythological name can be acceptable which does not disclose the original physical character of the god.[2]

Most of the etymologies suggested by later poets and philosophers suffer from one and the same inherent defect; they are all calculated to explain the later development of a god, as it was known at the time, but not his original character. It is well known to all classical scholars how completely the character of certain gods and heroes has changed even on Greek soil. Popular etymologies too, a very rich source of modern myths and legends, are almost always vitiated by this defect.[3]

Thus, when looking out for an etymology of the *Charites*, it would seem very natural to take them as goddesses of grace (χάρις), just as we take *Nike* as the goddess of victory. But then comes the question why *Charis* should have been the wife of *Hephaistos*,

[1] *Selected Essays*, vol. i. pp. 447, 622. *Chips*, vol. iv. pp. 149, 150.

[2] The 'Nature-god,' as Welcker says, 'became enveloped in a web of mythical fable, and emerged as a divine, humanised personality.' See Miss A. Swanwick, *Æschylus*, p. xxi.

[3] Lersch, *Sprach-Philosophie der Alten*, vol. iii. p. 108.

like *Aphrodite*; why the *Charites* bathe and dress *Aphrodite*; why, in fact, they should have entered into the very thick of Greek mythology. If *Charis* and the *Charites* are old goddesses, they must have started from some nook or corner in nature, and that nook or corner can only be discovered by their name. *Charis*, as I have tried to prove, is the same word as the Sanskrit Harit, and the Haritas in the Veda are the bright horses of the rising sun. Without, therefore, in the least supposing that the *Charites*, too, must have passed through that equine stage, we are justified in tracing both the *Charites* and the Haritas back to the same source, the bright rays of the rising sun.

It may seem difficult, no doubt, to trace so abstract a concept as the Greek χάρις back to a root har, which means to shine, to glow; still we see in Sanskrit how this root lends itself to the most varied applications, and what is real in Sanskrit may surely be admitted as possible in other Aryan languages.

In Sanskrit, by the side of har, we find the fuller form ghar, to glow. From it we have such words as gh*ri*n*a*, heat, gh*ri*n*â*, pity, gh*ri*n*in*, pitiful, kind; gh*ri*n*i*, heat, sunshine, gharma, heat (θερμός), summer, kettle, hot milk, gh*ri*t*a*, melted butter, fat, &c.

The root har we find again in the verb h*ri*n*î*te, he is angry, lit. he is hot against a person, and in the verb haryate, he desires, i.e. he is hot after something. It is also used in the sense of to be pleased with, and to love, as in haryata, desirable, *gratus*, while in hrî, to be hot, it has come to mean to be ashamed. Haras means heat, fire, and force. Hari, harina, harit, and harita, all meaning originally shining and bright, have been used as names of colour,

and assumed meanings which sometimes we must render by yellow, sometimes by green. Out of these hari and harit have become mythological names of the horses of the sun or of Indra.

Here then we see clearly that the ideas of shining, glowing, being hot, can be so modified as to express warmth, kindness of heart, pity, pleasure, love, shame, and likewise fierceness, anger, and displeasure.

That being so, I see no difficulty in deriving Greek words, such as χαροπός, bright-eyed (Sanskrit haryaksha), χαίρω, I rejoice, χαρίζομαι, I am kind and favourable, χαρά, joy, χάρις, brightness, grace, from one and the same root har, which in Latin has also left us *gratus* and *gratia* in all their various applications.

And here a problem presents itself to us which has to be carefully examined, because it is due to a want of a clear perception of all its bearings that different scholars have diverged so widely in their views of ancient mythology.

Supposing that *Athene* and *Daphne* were both originally names of the dawn, should we be right in saying that they were one and the same deity? Many scholars, I know, take that view, and are inclined to trace the whole mass of Greek or any other mythology back to a small number of physical sources. They look, in fact, on the numerous deities as mere representatives of a few prominent phenomena in nature. If *Apollon* and *Helios*, for instance, can be shown to have been originally intended for the sun, they would treat them as one and the same divine subject. If *Hermes* betrayed a solar character, he would share the same fate. Dr. Roscher,[1] for instance, in a very

[1] *Studien zur vergleichenden Mythologie*, i. 'Apollon und Mars,' 1873.

learned essay on Apollon and Mars, after showing the same solar elements in the Greek and in the Italic god, treats these two gods as identical.[1]

We cannot deny that such a treatment of mythology has a certain justification, and we may see from such papers as Dr. Roscher's that it may lead to very valuable results. But we must not allow it to interfere with the etymological treatment of mythological names. According to the principles of the etymological school, a deity begins from the moment it is named. It could have no existence as a deity before it was named. In Sanskrit, for instance, it is no doubt the sun that is meant by such names as Sûrya, Âditya, Savitar, Mitra, and in certain cases even by Agni, Pûshan, and other names. But every one of these names constitutes a separate mythological individuality, and must be treated accordingly. Were we to say that because Mitra is meant for the sun, Savitar is meant for the sun, therefore both are the same deity, we should be right perhaps logically, but certainly not mythologically. In mythology it is the name which starts the god, and keeps one deity distinct from the other, and it is the name alone which remains unchanged, however much everything else, the character, the attributes, the legends, and the worship may change. There is in the name, and in the name alone, that continuity which cannot be broken, which lasts through centuries—nay, which binds together the mythology of countries as distant from one another as India and Iceland. Other things may be like each other, but the names alone can be said to be identical, and in the names alone therefore rests

[1] *Ibid.* p. 5.

the identity of mythological personalities. Apollon and Mars may share many things in common, as Dr. Roscher has clearly shown; but they are different from their very birth; they are different as mythological subjects. It would be possible to find deities, not only in Greek and Latin mythology, but in almost every religion, representing, like Apollon and Mars, the sun, as determining the order of years, seasons, and months, as bringing back every spring the life of nature, as conquering heroes, as patrons of clans, and towns, and states. But though we might compare them, we should never think of identifying them. And here lies the fundamental difference between what I call the Etymological and the Analogical Schools of Comparative Mythology. I do not mean to depreciate the results of the Analogical School; I only wish to keep the two distinct, and, by keeping them distinct, to make them both work with greater advantage for one common end.

And this distinction is by no means always so easy as it may appear. In the earliest stage of mythological language, all names were, no doubt, *cognomina* rather than *nomina*, intended for the sun or the moon, the sky or the dawn, the earth or the sea. Every one of these aspects of nature had many names, and it was due to influences which are absolutely beyond the reach of our knowledge, whether one or the other of these *cognomina* should become a *nomen*, a *nomen proprium*, a new centre of other *cognomina*. This period in the growth of mythology, the settling of *nomina* and *cognomina* of the principal deities of a religious or political community, has hardly ever been taken into consideration, and yet its influence on

the later growth and organisation of mythology must have been very important.

In Homer *Apollon* has, no doubt, become a substantive deity. Still *Phœbos* occurs by himself about nine times in the *Iliad*, and *Phœbos Apollon* or *Apollon Phœbos* are found nearly half as often as Apollon by himself, or with his usual epithets of ἑκάεργος, ἀργυρότοξος, &c. In the *Odyssey* and the *Hymns*, *Phœbos* by himself occurs eleven times, *Phœbos Apollon* eighteen times, while *Apollon* by himself or with his usual epithets is found more than twice as often as the two together.

It was therefore quite possible that *Apollon* and *Phœbos* should have remained independent deities—nay, we may say that to certain poets *Phœbos* was a different person from *Apollon*, quite as much as *Helios*. But in time these two names of *Phœbos* and *Apollon* converged so much that to certain minds they presented one idea only, though even then it was always *Apollon* who was determined by *Phœbos*, not *Phœbos* by *Apollon*.

It is but seldom that we can watch this process of crystallisation in mythology. When we become acquainted with ancient mythology through literary channels that process is mostly finished. One out of many names has become central, while all the rest have clustered round it as mere mythological epithets.

Dr. Mehlis[1] has pointed out how, in the case of *Hermes* or *Hermeias*, the name of *Argeiphontes*, or the two names, *Diaktoros Argeiphontes*, are still sufficiently independent to allow Greek poets to use either by itself. But he adds that, with the establishment of

[1] *Hermes*, pp. 38, 130.

the dynasty of *Zeus*, the position of *Hermes* in the circle of the gods became essentially changed. 'This period, characterised by the hegemony of *Zeus*, differed from the pre-Homeric time chiefly by the anthropomorphising of all the gods, and the gradual disappearance of their physical meaning. . . . The god of the morning sun—the true *Argeiphontes*[1]—occupied a very prominent place in the former cult of nature among the Greeks, and was then very closely related to the god of heaven, *Zeus*. This former pre-eminence he retained even in the Olympian cult, but his original function became more obscured, and the Olympian *Hermes* grew as different from his physical prototype as *Zeus*, the father of gods and men, from the god of the bright sky.'

Very little progress has as yet been made in analysing the transition from the physical Aryan mythology to the Olympian mythology[2] as we find it in Homer, and in distinguishing the elements which entered into the final composition of each Olympian god. Each of these gods is surrounded by a number of epithets; but, while some of these epithets are adjectives in the true sense of the word, others seem to have possessed originally a more independent and substantive character, so much so that they can be used by themselves, and without what may be called the proper name of the Olympian deity.

And here a new difficulty arises—namely, how to distinguish modern epithets from ancient *cognomina*.

[1] Decharme, *Mythologie de la Grèce ancienne*, p. 143.

[2] See some good remarks on this subject in *Some Aspects of Zeus and Apollo Worship*, by C. F. Keary (Roy. Soc. of Lit. xii. part ii. 1880).

We are told that the *Erinyes* were called *Eumenides* and σεμναὶ θεαί, in order to indicate different sides of their character. This may be so; and if we keep true to the principle that the original character of every ancient god and goddess must be physical, the name of *Erinyes*—i. e. the dawn goddesses—alone fulfils that requirement. But when the *Erinyes* are identified with the Ἀραί, this does not prove that the Ἀραί or imprecations were not originally independent creations of Greek mythology, particularly as even in later times (Soph. *Electra*, 112) the *Arœ* and the *Erinyes* are separately invoked. The same applies to the *Moirœ* who, originally quite distinct from the *Erinyes*, are afterwards treated as children of the same mother, and at last mixed up with them so as to become almost indistinguishable.

It may be quite true that the problem here alluded to is one that admits of no quite satisfactory solution, for the simple reason that the period during which the crystallisation of ancient divine names took place is beyond the reach of knowledge and almost of conjecture. Still it is well to remember that every organised mythology has necessarily to pass through such a period, and that in Greece particularly the well-ordered Olympian mythology, such as we find it in Homer, presupposes a more chaotic period. Etymology may in time supply us with a thread enabling us to find our way through the dark chambers of the most ancient mythological labyrinth, and we may even now lay it down as a rule that every name, whether *nomen* or *cognomen*, which admits of a physical interpretation is probably the result of an independent creative act, represents in fact an individual mytho-

logical concept which for a time, however short, enjoyed an independent existence. Thus in Sanskrit Apâm napât, the son of the waters, is no doubt one of the many names of Agni, fire; but in the beginning it expressed an independent mythological concept, the lightning sprung from the clouds, or the sun emerging from the waters,[1] and it retained that independent character for a long time in the sacrificial phraseology of the Brâhmanas.

Sârameya, the son of Saramâ, was in Sanskrit as independent a name as *Hermeias* in Greek. Both meant originally the same thing, the child of the dawn. But while *Hermeias* became a centre of attraction and a germ which developed into an Olympian deity, the Vedic Sârameya dwindled away into a mere name of a dog. The germ was the same, but the result was totally different.

The Haritas in Sanskrit never became anything but the horses of the sun; in Greek they developed into *Charites*.

If, then, we were to ask the question once more, whether *Daphne* and *Athene*, being both originally names of the dawn, were therefore one and the same deity, we should say No. They both sprang from a concept of the dawn, but while one name grew into an Olympian goddess, the other was arrested at an earlier stage of its growth, and remained the name of a heroine, the beloved of Apollon, who, like the dawn, vanished before the embraces of the rising sun. Etymologically *Athene* and *Daphne* can be traced back to the Vedic Ahanâ and Dahanâ with almost the same certainty with which the Vedic Dyaush-pítar has been identi-

[1] Rig-veda, I. 22, 6: apâm nápâtam ávase Savitâram úpa stuhi.

fied with Ζεὺς πατήρ, *Jupiter*, and *Tŷr*. If there are still philosophers who hold that such coincidences are purely accidental, we must leave them to their own devices. The Copernican system is true, though there are some Fijians left who doubt it. But if for practical purposes we may believe, though we shall never be able to prove it, that in spectral analysis the same lines indicate the existence of the same elements in the sun as well as on the earth, we may rest satisfied with the lesson of Jupiter, such as it is, and feel convinced that, as there was an Aryan language before a word of Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin had been spoken, there was an Aryan mythology before there was an Æneid, an Iliad, or a Veda.

ON THE MIGRATION OF FABLES.

A Lecture Delivered at the Royal Institution, on Friday, June 3, 1870.

'COUNT not your chickens before they be hatched,' is a well-known proverb in English, and most people, if asked what was its origin, would probably appeal to La Fontaine's delightful fable, 'La Laitière et le Pot au Lait.'[1] We all know Perrette, lightly stepping along from her village to the town, carrying the milk-pail on her head, and in her day-dreams selling her milk for a good sum, then buying a hundred eggs, then selling the chickens, then buying a pig, fattening it, selling it again, and buying a cow with a calf. The calf frolics about, and kicks up his legs —so does Perrette, and, alas! the pail falls down, the milk is spilt, her riches gone, and she only hopes when she comes home that she may escape a flogging from her husband.

Did La Fontaine invent this fable? or did he merely follow the example of Sokrates, who, as we know from the Phædon,[2] occupied himself in prison,

[1] La Fontaine, *Fables*, livre vii. fable 10.

[2] Phædon, 61, 5: *μετὰ δὲ τὸν θεόν, ἐννοήσας, ὅτι τὸν ποιητὴν δέοι, εἴπερ μέλλοι ποιητὴς εἶναι, ποιεῖν μύθους, ἀλλ' οὐ λόγους, καὶ αὐτὸς οὐκ ἦ μυθολογικός, διὰ ταῦτα δὴ οἷς προχείρους εἶχον καὶ ἠπιστάμην μύθους τοὺς Αἰσώπου, τούτων ἐποίησα οἷς πρώτοις ἐνέτυχον.*

during the last days of his life, with turning into verse some of the fables, or, as he calls them, the myths of Æsop.

La Fontaine published the first six books of his fables in 1668,[1] and it is well known that the subjects of most of these early fables were taken from Æsop, Phædrus, Horace, and other classical fabulists, if we may adopt this word *fabuliste*, which La Fontaine was the first to introduce into French.

In 1678 a second edition of these six books was published, enriched by five books of new fables, and in 1694 a new edition appeared, containing one additional book, thus completing the collection of his charming poems.

The fable of Perrette stands in the seventh book, and was published, therefore, for the first time in the edition of 1678. In the preface to that edition La Fontaine says: 'It is not necessary that I should say whence I have taken the subjects of these new fables. I shall only say, from a sense of gratitude, that I owe the largest portion of them to Pilpay, the Indian sage.'

If, then, La Fontaine tells us himself that he borrowed the subjects of most of his new fables from Pilpay, the Indian sage, we have clearly a right to look to India in order to see whether, in the ancient literature of that country, any traces can be discovered of Perrette with the milk-pail.

Sanskrit literature is very rich in fables and stories; no other literature can vie with it in that respect; nay, it is extremely likely that fables, in

[1] Robert, *Fables Inédites des XII^e^, XIII^e^, et XIV^e^ Siècles:* Paris, 1825; vol. i. p. ccxxvii.

particular animal fables, had their principal source in India. In the sacred literature of the Buddhists, fables held a most prominent place. The Buddhist preachers, addressing themselves chiefly to the people, to the untaught, the uncared for, the outcast, spoke to them, as we still speak to children, in fables, in proverbs and parables. Many of these fables and parables must have existed before the rise of the Buddhist religion; others, no doubt, were added on the spur of the moment, just as Sokrates would invent a myth or fable whenever that form of argument seemed to him most likely to impress and convince his hearers. But Buddhism gave a new and permanent sanction to this whole branch of moral mythology, and in the sacred canon, as it was settled in the third century before Christ, many a fable received, and holds to the present day, its recognised place. After the fall of Buddhism in India, and even during its decline, the Brâhmans claimed the inheritance of their enemies, and used their popular fables for educational purposes, removing, however, anything that was too decidedly opposed to the spirit of a revived Brahmanism. The best known of these collections of fables in Sanskrit is the Pañkatantra, literally the Pentateuch, or the Pentamerone. From it and from other sources another collection was made, well known to all Sanskrit scholars by the name of the Hitopadesa, *i.e.* Salutary Advice. Both being mere collections intended partly for instruction, partly for amusement, they were treated very freely by different editors or copyists, no one hesitating to add or omit whatever seemed good to him. Hence the texts vary consi-

derably in different MSS. and in different parts of India, so much so, that it is impossible to restore what might be called the original text either of the Pañkatantra or of the Hitopadesa. With regard to the Pañkatantra, besides the usual text current in the north, there is what may be called a southern text, MSS. of which have been discovered by Dr. Burnell. It is that text which served as the foundation of the modern Tamil, Telugu, and Canarese translations, and which became first known to scholars in Europe through the French translation by Dubois, 'Le Panchatantra ou les cinq ruses,' Paris, 1826. Both the Pañkatantra and the Hitopadesa have been published again and again in India and Europe, and there are translations of them in English, German, French, and other languages.[1]

The first question which we have to answer refers to the date of these collections, and dates in the history of Sanskrit literature are always difficult points. Fortunately, as we shall see, we can in this case fix the date, if not of the Pañkatantra in its present form, at least, by means of a translation into Pehlevi or ancient Persian, of the original work on which the Pañkatantra was founded. This

[1] *Pantschatantrum sive Quinquepartitum*, edidit I. G. L. Kosegarten. Bonnæ, 1848–1859; in Bombay series, by Kielhorn and Bühler, 1868.

Pantschatantra. Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, aus dem Sanskrit übersetzt. Von Th. Benfey. Leipzig, 1859.

Hitopadesa, with interlinear translation, grammatical analysis, and English translation, in Max Müller's Handbooks for the study of Sanskrit. London, 1854.

Hitopadesa, eine alte indische Fabelsammlung aus dem Sanskrit zum ersten Mal in das Deutsche übersetzt. Von Max Müller. Leipzig, 1844.

translation was made about 550 years after Christ. At that time a collection somewhat like the Pañkatantra, though much more extensive, must have existed, but we do not even know what its title may have been. (See Appendix, p. 460.)

If we look for La Fontaine's fable in the Sanskrit stories of the Pañkatantra, we do not find, indeed, the milkmaid counting her chickens before they are hatched, but we meet with the following story:—

'There lived in a certain place a Brâhman, whose name was Svabhâvakripana, which means "a born miser." He had collected a quantity of rice by begging (this reminds us somewhat of the Buddhist mendicants), and after having dined off it, he filled a pot with what was left over. He hung the pot on a peg on the wall, placed his couch beneath, and looking intently at it all the night, he thought, "Ah, that pot is indeed brimful of rice. Now, if there should be a famine, I should certainly make a hundred rupees by it. With this I shall buy a couple of goats. They will have young ones every six months, and thus I shall have a whole herd of goats. Then, with the goats, I shall buy cows. As soon as they have calved, I shall sell the calves. Then, with the calves, I shall buy buffaloes; with the buffaloes, mares. When the mares have foaled, I shall have plenty of horses; and when I sell them, plenty of gold. With that gold I shall get a house with four wings. And then a Brâhman will come to my house, and will give me his beautiful daughter, with a large dowry. She will have a son, and I shall call him Somasarman. When he is old enough to be danced on his father's knee, I shall sit with a book at the back of the stable, and while I am reading, the boy will see me, jump from his mother's lap, and run towards me to be danced on my knee. He will come too near the horse's hoof, and, full of anger, I shall call to my wife, 'Take the baby; take him!' But she,

distracted by some domestic work, does not hear me. Then I get up, and give her such a kick with my foot." While he thought this, he gave a kick with his foot, and broke the pot. All the rice fell over him, and made him quite white. Therefore, I say, "He who makes foolish plans for the future will be white all over, like the father of Somasarman." '[1]

I shall at once proceed to read you the same story, though slightly modified, from the Hitopadesa.[2] The Hitopadesa professes to be taken from the Pañkatantra and some other book; and in this case it would seem as if some other authority had been followed. You will see, at all events, how much freedom there was in telling the old story of the man who built castles in the air.

'In the town of Devîkotta there lived a Brâhman of the name of Devasarman. At the feast of the great equinox he received a plate full of rice. He took it, went into a potter's shop, which was full of crockery, and, overcome by the heat, he lay down in a corner and began to doze. In order to protect his plate of rice, he kept a stick in his hand, and began to think, "Now, if I sell this plate of rice, I shall receive ten cowries (kapardaka). I shall then, on the spot, buy pots and plates, and after having increased my capital again and again, I shall buy and sell betel nuts and dresses till I grow enormously rich. Then I shall marry four wives, and the youngest and prettiest of the four I shall make a great pet of. Then the other wives will be so angry, and begin to quarrel. But I shall be in a great rage, and take a stick, and give them a good flogging." . . . While he said this, he flung his stick away; the plate of rice was smashed to pieces,

[1] *Pañkatantra*, v. 10.

[2] *Hitopadesa*, ed. Max Müller, p. 120; German translation, p. 159. Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 31.

and many of the pots in the shop were broken. The potter, hearing the noise, ran into the shop, and when he saw his pots broken, he gave the Brâhman a good scolding, and drove him out of his shop. Therefore I say, "He who rejoices over plans for the future will come to grief, like the Brâhman who broke the pots."'

In spite of the change of a Brâhman into a milk-maid, no one, I suppose, will doubt that we have here in the stories of the Pañkatantra and Hitopadesa the first germs of La Fontaine's fable.[1] But how did that fable travel all the way from India to France? How did it doff its Sanskrit garment and don the light dress of modern French? How was the stupid Brâhman born again as the brisk milk-maid, '*cotillon simple et souliers plats*?'

It seems a startling case of longevity that while languages have changed, while works of art have perished, while empires have risen and vanished again, this simple child's story should have lived on, and maintained its place of honour and its undisputed sway in every schoolroom of the East and every nursery of the West. And yet it is a case of longevity so well attested that even the most sceptical would hardly venture to question it. We have the passport of these stories *viséd* at every place through which they have passed, and, as far as I can judge, *parfaitement en règle*. The story of the migration of these Indian fables from East to West is indeed wonderful; more wonderful and more instructive than many of these fables themselves. Will it be believed that we, in this Christian country and in the nineteenth century,

[1] Note A. p. 472.

teach our children the first, the most important lessons of worldly wisdom, nay, of a more than worldly wisdom, from books borrowed from Buddhists and Brâhmans, from heretics and idolaters, and that wise words, spoken a thousand, nay, two thousand years ago, in a lonely village of India, like precious seed scattered broadcast all over the world, still bear fruit a hundred and a thousand fold in that soil which is the most precious before God and man, the soul of a child? No lawgiver, no philosopher, has made his influence felt so widely, so deeply, and so permanently as the author of these children's fables. But who was he? We do not know. His name, like the name of many a benefactor of the human race, is forgotten. We only know he was an Indian—a nigger, as some people would call him—and that he lived at least two thousand years ago.

No doubt, when we first hear of the Indian origin of these fables, and of their migration from India to Europe, we wonder whether it can be so; but the fact is, that the story of this Indo-European migration is not, like the migration of the Indo-European languages, myths, and legends, a matter of theory, but of history, and that it was never quite forgotten either in the East or in the West. Each translator, as he handed on his treasure, seems to have been anxious to show how he came by it.

Several writers who have treated of the origin and spreading of Indo-European stories and fables, have mixed up two or three questions which ought to be treated each on its own merits.

The first question is, whether the Âryas, when

they broke up their pro-ethnic community, carried away with them, not only their common grammar and dictionary, but likewise some myths and legends which we find that Indians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Germans, Slaves, when they emerge into the light of history, share in common? That certain deities occur in India, Greece, and Germany, having the same names and the same character, is a fact that can no longer be denied. That certain heroes, too, known to Indians, Greeks, and Romans, point to one and the same origin, both by their name and by their history, is a fact by this time admitted by all whose admission is of real value. As heroes are mostly decayed gods in disguise, there is nothing very startling in the fact that nations, who had worshipped the same gods, should also have preserved some common legends of demi-gods or heroes, nay, even in a later phase of thought, of fairies and ghosts. The case, however, becomes much more problematical when we ask, whether stories also, fables told with a decided moral purpose, formed part of that earliest Aryan inheritance? This is still doubted by many who have no doubts whatever as to common Aryan myths and legends, and even those who, like myself, have tried to establish by tentative arguments the existence of common Aryan fables, dating from before the Aryan separation, have done so only by showing a possible connection between ancient popular saws and mythological ideas, capable of a moral application. To any one, for instance, who knows how in the poetical mythology of the Aryan tribes, the golden splendour of the rising sun leads to conceptions of the wealth

of the Dawn in gold and jewels and her readiness to shower them upon her worshippers, the modern German proverb, *Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde*, seems to have a kind of mythological ring, and the stories of benign fairies, changing everything into gold, sound likewise like an echo from the long-forgotten forest of our common Aryan home. If we know how the trick of dragging stolen cattle backwards into their place of hiding, so that their footprints might not lead to the discovery of the thief, appears again and again in the mythology of different Aryan nations, then the pointing of the same trick as a kind of proverb, intended to convey a moral lesson, and illustrated by fables of the same or a very similar character in India and Greece, makes one feel inclined to suspect that here too the roots of these fables may reach to a pro-ethnic period. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* is clearly an ancient proverb, dating from a nomadic period, and when we see how Plato ('Alcibiades,' i. 123) was perfectly familiar with the Æsopian myth or fable—*κατὰ τὸν Αἰσώπου μῦθον*, he says—of the fox declining to enter the lion's cave, because all footsteps went into it and none came out, and how the Sanskrit Pañkatantra (III. 14) tells of a jackal hesitating to enter his own cave, because he sees the footsteps of a lion going in, but none coming out, we feel strongly inclined to admit a common origin for both fables. Here, however, the idea that the Greeks, like La Fontaine, had borrowed their fable from the Pañkatantra would be simply absurd, and it would be much more rational, if the process must be one of borrowing, to admit, as Benfey (Pantschatantra, i. 381) does, that the

Hindus, after Alexander's discovery of India, borrowed this story from the Greeks. But if we consider that each of the two fables has its own peculiar tendency, the one deriving its lesson from the absence of backward footprints of the victims, the other from the absence of backward footprints of the lion himself, the admission of a common Aryan proverb, such as '*vestigia nulla retrorsum*,' would far better explain the facts such as we find them. I am not ignorant of the difficulties of this explanation, and I would myself point to the fact that among the Hottentots, too, Dr. Bleek has found a fable of the jackal declining to visit the sick lion, 'because the traces of the animals who went to see him did not turn back.'[1]

Without, however, pronouncing at present any decided opinion on this vexed question, what I wish to place clearly before you is this, that the spreading of Aryan myths, legends, and fables, dating from a pro-ethnic period, has nothing whatever to do with the spreading of fables taking place in strictly historical times from India to Persia, to Greece and the rest of Europe, not by means of oral tradition, but through more or less faithful translations of literary works. Those who like may doubt whether *Zeus* was Dyaus, whether *Daphne* was Ahanâ, whether *La Belle au Bois* was the mother of two children, called *L'Aurore* and *Le Jour*,[2] but the fact that a collection of fables was, in the sixth century of our era, brought from India to Persia, and by means

[1] *Hottentot Fables and Tales*, by Dr. W. H. I. Bleek, London, 1864, p. 19.

[2] *Academy*, vol. v. p. 548. (See note B, p. 475.)

of various translations naturalised among Persians, Syrians, Arabs, Greeks, Jews, and all the rest, admits of no doubt or cavil. Several thousand years have passed between those two migrations, and to mix them up together, to suppose that Comparative Mythology has anything to do with the migration of such fables as that of Perrette, would be an anachronism of a portentous character.

There is a third question, viz. whether besides the two channels just mentioned, there were others through which Eastern fables could have reached Europe, or Æsopian and other European fables have been transferred to the East. There are such channels, no doubt. Persian and Arab stories, of Indian origin, were through the crusaders brought back to Constantinople, Italy, and France; Buddhist fables were through Mongolian[1] conquerors (13th century) carried to Russia and the eastern parts of Europe. Greek stories may have reached Persia and India at the time of Alexander's conquests and during the reigns of the Diadochi, and even Christian legends may have found their way to the East through missionaries, travellers, or slaves.

Lastly, there comes the question, how far our common human nature is sufficient to account for coincidences in beliefs, customs, proverbs and fables,

[1] *Die Märchen des Siddhi-kür*, or *Tales of an Enchanted Corpse*, translated from Kalmuk into German by B. Jülg, 1866. (This is based on the Vetâlapañkavimsati.) *Die Geschichte des Ardschi-Bord hi Chan*, translated from Mongolian by Dr. B. Jülg, 1868. (This is based on the Simhâsanadvâtrimsati.) A Mongolian translation of the *Kalila and Dimnah* is ascribed to Mélik Said Iftikhar eddin Mohammed ben Abou Nasr, who died A.D. 1280. See Barbier de Meynard, 'Description de la Ville de Kazvin,' *Journal Asiatique*, 1857, p. 284, Lancereau, *Puntchatantra*, p xxv.

which, at first sight, seem to require an historical explanation. I shall mention but one instance. Professor Wilson ('Essays on Sanskrit Literature,' i. p. 201) pointed out that the story of the Trojan horse occurs in a Hindu tale, only that instead of the horse we have an elephant. But he rightly remarked that the coincidence was accidental. In the one case, after a siege of nine years, the principal heroes of the Greek army are concealed in a wooden horse, dragged into Troy by a stratagem, and the story ends by their falling upon the Trojans and conquering the city of Priam. In the other story a king, bent on securing a son-in-law, had an elephant constructed by able artists, and filled with armed men. The elephant was placed in a forest, and when the young prince came to hunt, the armed men sprang out, overpowered the prince and brought him to the king, whose daughter he was to marry. However striking the similarity may seem to one unaccustomed to deal with ancient legends, I doubt whether any comparative mythologist would postulate a common Aryan origin for these two stories. They feel that, as far as the mere construction of a wooden animal is concerned, all that was necessary to explain the origin of the idea in one place was present also in the other, and that while the Trojan horse forms an essential part of a mythological cycle, there is nothing truly mythological or legendary in the Indian story. The idea of a hunter disguising himself in the skin of an animal, or even of one animal assuming the disguise of another,[1] are

[1] Plato's expression, 'As I have put on the lion's skin' (Kratylos, 411), seems to show that he knew the fable of an animal or a

familiar in every part of the world, and if that is so, then the step from hiding under the skin of a large animal to that of hiding in a wooden animal is not very great.

Every one of these questions, as I said before, must be treated on its own merits, and while the traces of the first migration of Aryan fables can be rediscovered only by the most minute and complex inductive processes, the documents of the latter are to be found in the library of every intelligent collector of books. Thus, to return to Perrette and the fables of Bilpay, Huet, the learned bishop of Avranches, the friend of La Fontaine, had only to examine the prefaces of the principal translations of the Indian fables in order to track their wanderings, as he did in his famous 'Traité de l'Origine des Romans,' published at Paris in 1670, two years

man having assumed the lion's skin without the lion's courage. The proverb *ὄνος παρὰ Κυμαίους* seems to be applied to men boasting before people who have no means of judging. It presupposes the story of a donkey appearing in a lion's skin.

A similar idea is expressed in a fable of the *Pañkatantra* (IV. 8), where a dyer, not being rich enough to feed his donkey, puts a tiger's skin on him. In this disguise the donkey is allowed to roam through all the cornfields without being molested, till one day he sees a female donkey and begins to bray. Thereupon the owners of the field kill him.

In the *Hitopadesa* (III. 3) the same fable occurs, only that there it is the keeper of the field who on purpose disguises himself as a she-donkey, and when he hears the tiger bray, kills him.

In the Chinese *Avadânas*, translated by Stanislas Julien (vol. ii. p. 59) the donkey takes a lion's skin and frightens everybody, till he begins to bray and is recognised as a donkey.

In this case it is again quite clear that the Greeks did not borrow their fable and proverb from the *Pañkatantra*; but it is not so easy to determine positively whether the fable was carried from the Greeks to the East, or whether it arose independently in two places.

after the appearance of the first collection of La Fontaine's fables. Since his time the evidence has become more plentiful, and the whole subject has been more fully and more profoundly treated by Sylvestre de Sacy,[1] Loiseleur Deslongchamps,[2] and Professor Benfey.[3] But though we have a more accurate knowledge of the stations by which the Eastern fables reached their last home in the West, Bishop Huet knew as well as we do that they came originally from India through Persia by way of Bagdad and Constantinople.

In order to gain a commanding view of the countries traversed by these fables, let us take our position at Bagdad in the middle of the eighth century, and watch from that central point the movements of our literary caravan in its progress from the far East to the far West. In the middle of the eighth century, during the reign of the great Khalif Almansur (754–775), Abdallah ibn Almokaffa wrote his famous collection of fables, the 'Kalilah and Dimnah,' which we still possess. The Arabic text of these fables has been published by Sylvestre de Sacy, and there is an English translation of it by Mr. Knatchbull, formerly Professor of Arabic at Oxford. Abdallah ibn Almokaffa was a Persian by birth, who after the fall of the Omayyades became a convert to Mohammedanism, and rose to high office

[1] *Calîlah et Dimnah, ou, Fables de Bidpai, en Arabe, précédées d'un Mémoire sur l'origine de ce livre.* Par Sylvestre de Sacy, Paris, 1816.

[2] Loiseleur Deslongchamps, *Essai sur les Fables Indiennes, et sur leur introduction en Europe.* Paris, 1838.

[3] *Pantschatantra. Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen, mit Einleitung.* Von Th. Benfey. Leipzig, 1859.

at the court of the Khalifs. Being in possession of important secrets of state, he became dangerous in the eyes of the Khalif Almansur, and was foully murdered.[1] In the preface, Abdallah ibn Almokaffa tells us that he translated these fables from Pehlevi, the ancient language of Persia; and that they had been translated into Pehlevi (about two hundred years before his time) by Barzôî (commonly called Barzûyeh, in Greek Περζωέ), the physician of Khosru Nushirvan, the king of Persia, the contemporary of the Emperor Justinian. The king of Persia had heard that there existed in India a book full of wisdom, and he had commanded his Vezier, Buzurjmihr, to find a man acquainted with the languages both of Persia and India. The man chosen was Barzûyeh. He travelled to India, got possession of the book, translated it into Pehlevi, and brought it back to the court of Khosru. Declining all rewards beyond a dress of honour, he only stipulated that an account of his own life and opinions should be added to the book. This account, probably written by himself, is extremely curious. It is a kind of *Religio Medici* of the sixth century, and shows us a soul dissatisfied with traditions and formularies, striving after truth, and finding rest only where many other seekers after truth have found rest before and after him, in a life devoted to alleviating the sufferings of mankind.

There is another account of the journey of this Persian physician to India. It has the sanction of Firdûsi, in the great Persian epic, the Shah Nâmeh,

[1] See Weil, *Geschichte der Chalifen*, vol. ii. p. 84.

and it is considered by some[1] as more original than the one just quoted. According to it, the Persian physician read in a book that there existed in India trees or herbs supplying a medicine with which the dead could be restored to life. At the command of the king he went to India in search of those trees and herbs; but, after spending a year in vain researches, he consulted some wise people on the subject. They told him that the medicine of which he had read as having the power of restoring men to life had to be understood in a higher and more spiritual sense, and that what was really meant by it were ancient books of wisdom preserved in India, which imparted life to those who were dead in their folly and sins.[2] Thereupon the physician translated these books, and one of them was the collection of fables, the 'Kalilah and Dimnah.'

It is possible that both these stories were later inventions; the preface also by Ali, the son of Alshah Farési (Behnûd), in which the names of Bidpai, and King Dabshelim are mentioned for the first time, is of later date. But the fact remains that Abdallah ibn Almokaffa, the author of the oldest Arabic collection of our fables, translated them from Pehlevi, the language of Persia at the time of Khosru Nushirvan, and that the Pehlevi text which he translated was believed to be a translation of a book brought from India in the middle of the sixth century. That Indian book could not have been the Pañkatantra, as we now possess it, but must have been a much larger collection of fables, for the Arabic translation,

[1] Benfey, p. 60.

[2] Cf. *Barlaam et Joasaph*, ed. Boissonade, p. 37.

the 'Kalilah and Dimnah,' contains eighteen chapters instead of the five of the Pañkatantra, and it is only in the fifth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth and the tenth chapters that we find the same stories which form the five books of the Pañkatantra in the *textus ornatior*. Even in these chapters the Arabic translator omits stories which we find in the Sanskrit text, and adds others which are not to be found there.

In this Arabic translation the story of the Brahman and the pot of rice runs as follows :—

'A religious man was in the habit of receiving every day from the house of a merchant a certain quantity of butter (oil) and honey, of which, having eaten as much as he wanted, he put the rest into a jar, which he hung on a nail in a corner of the room, hoping that the jar would in time be filled. Now, as he was leaning back one day on his couch, with a stick in his hand, and the jar suspended over his head, he thought of the high price of butter and honey, and said to himself, "I will sell what is in the jar, and buy with the money which I obtain for it ten goats, which, producing each of them a young one every five months, in addition to the produce of the kids as soon as they begin to bear, it will not be long before there is a large flock." He continued to make his calculations, and found that he should at this rate, in the course of two years, have more than four hundred goats. "At the expiration of this term I will buy," said he, "a hundred black cattle, in the proportion of a bull or a cow for every four goats. I will then purchase land, and hire workmen to plough it with the beasts, and put it into tillage, so that before five years are over I shall, no doubt, have realised a great fortune by the sale of the milk which the cows will give, and of the produce of my land. My next business will be to build a magnificent house, and engage a number of servants, both male and female; and, when my establishment is

completed, I will marry the handsomest woman I can find, who, in due time becoming a mother, will present me with an heir to my possessions, who, as he advances in age, shall receive the best masters that can be procured; and, if the progress which he makes in learning is equal to my reasonable expectations, I shall be amply repaid for the pains and expense which I have bestowed upon him; but if, on the other hand, he disappoints my hopes, the rod which I have here shall be the instrument with which I will make him feel the displeasure of a justly-offended parent." At these words he suddenly raised the hand which held the stick towards the jar, and broke it, and the contents ran down upon his head and face. . . .'[1]

You will have observed the coincidences between the Arabic and the Sanskrit versions, but also a considerable divergence, particularly in the winding up of the story. The Brahman and the holy man both build their castles in the air; but, while the former kicks his wife, the latter only chastises his son. How this change came to pass we cannot tell. But as we know now that the Arabic translation agrees in the main points with the Syriac,[2] we must accept the chas-

[1] *Kalila and Dimna; or, the Fables of Bidpai, translated from the Arabic.* By the Rev. Wyndham Knatchbull, A.M. Oxford, 1819.

[2] The story as told in the old Syriac translation (p. 53) is this: 'There was once a Magian who for his support received from the house of a rich man the remains of honey and oil, and also barley gruel. What was left he took to his house and poured it into a vessel which he hung on a peg above the place where he slept. When the vessel had become full, he, while lying in bed, lifted up his eyes and rejoiced in his heart, saying: "I shall sell this vessel dearly, for, according to my calculation, I shall get a denar for it. With that denar I shall get ten she-goats. They will have young ones at the right time, so that, after a lapse of five (two) years, I shall possess with them and their young ones more than one (four) hundred goats. Then I shall sell them, getting one cow for four goats, and thus I shall gradually become possessed of one hundred

tisement of the son as having been originally the cause of the mischief, while the changes introduced in the Pañkatantra and the Hitopadesa must be explained as intended to please the vulgar taste of a later age.

We have thus traced our story from Sanskrit to Pehlevi, and from Pehlevi to Arabic; we have followed it in its migrations from the hermitages of Indian sages to the court of the kings of Persia, and from thence to the residence of the powerful Khalifs at Bagdad. Let us recollect that the Khalif al Mansur, for whom the Arabic translation was made, was the contemporary of Abderrahman, who ruled in Spain, and that both were but little anterior to Harun al Rashid and Charlemagne. At that time, therefore, the way was perfectly open for these Eastern fables, after they had once reached Bagdad, to penetrate into the seats of Western learning, and to spread to every part of the new empire of Charlemagne. They may have done so, for all we know; but nearly three hundred years pass before these fables meet us again in the literature of Europe. The Carlovingian empire had fallen to pieces, Spain had been rescued from the Mohammedans, William

cows and bulls. I shall sell some of them and buy land, water, and seed. Of the other oxen I shall use some for agriculture, and the cows for breeding. In this way I shall sell in ten (five) years for high prices the produce of my land and water, and the calves of my cows, and buy instead servants and maids, a house and furniture. Having become a rich man, I shall marry a wife of a noble family; she will bear me a son who will be prosperous, favoured by Providence, and will become the head of the family. I shall call him Mahpia, educate him in doctrine and study, and make him perfect. But if Mahpia should be disobedient and recalcitrant, I shall beat him on the head with my stick." With these words he raised his stick and hit the pot so that it broke, and honey and oil poured down on his head, while the rest was wasted.'

the Conqueror had landed in England, and the Crusades had begun to turn the thoughts of Europe towards the East, when, about the year 1080, we hear of a Jew, of the name of Symeon, the son of Seth, who translated these fables from Arabic into Greek. He states in his preface that the book came originally from India, that it was brought to the King Chosroes of Persia, and then translated into Arabic. His own translation into Greek must have been made from an Arabic MS. of the 'Kalilah and Dimnah,' in many places more perfect, in some less perfect, than the one published by De Sacy. The Greek text has been published, though very imperfectly, under the title of 'Stephanites and Ichnelates.'[1] Here our fable is told as follows (p. 337):—

'It is said that a beggar kept some honey and butter in a jar close to where he slept. One night he thus thought within himself: "I shall sell this honey and butter for however small a sum; with it I shall buy ten goats, and these in five months will produce as many again. In five years they will become four hundred. With them I shall buy one hundred cows, and with them I shall cultivate some land. And what with their calves and the harvests, I shall become rich in five years, and build a house with four wings,[2] ornamented with gold, and buy all kinds of servants,

[1] 'Specimen Sapientiæ Indorum Veterum, id est Liber Ethico-Politicus pervetustus, dictus Arabice Kalilah ve Dimnah, Græce Stephanites et Ichnelates, nunc primum Græce ex MS. Cod. Holsteiniano prodit cum versione Latina, opera S. G. Starkii.' Berolini, 1697; also Athens, 1851.

[2] This expression, a four-winged house, occurs also in the *Pañkatantra*. As it does not occur in the Arabic text published by De Sacy, it is clear that Symeon must have followed another Arabic text in which this adjective, belonging to the Sanskrit, and no doubt to the Pehlevi text also, had been preserved. It does not occur in the old Syriac translation, p. 54.

and marry a wife. She will give me a child, and I shall call him Beauty. It will be a boy, and I shall educate him properly; and if I see him lazy, I shall give him such a flogging with this stick. . . ." With these words he took a stick that was near him, struck the jar, and broke it, so that the honey and milk ran down on his beard.'

This Greek translation might, no doubt, have reached La Fontaine; but as the French poet was not a great scholar, least of all a reader of Greek MSS., and as the fables of Symeon Seth were not published till 1697, we must look for other channels through which the old fable was carried along from East to West.

There is, first of all, an Italian translation of the 'Stephanites and Ichnelates,' which was published at Ferrara in 1583.[1] The title is, 'Del governo de' regni. Sotto morali esempi di animali ragionanti tra loro. Tratti prima di lingua Indiana in Agarena da Lelo Demno Saraceno. Et poi dall' Agarena nella Greca da Simeone Setto, philosopho Antiocheno. Et hora tradotti di Greco in Italiano.'[2] This translation is supposed to have been the work of Giulio Nuti.

There is, besides, a Latin translation, or rather a free rendering of the Greek translation, after a MS. of Leo Allatius, by the learned Jesuit, Petrus Possinus, which was published at Rome in 1666.[3] This may have been, and, according to some authorities, has really been one of the sources from which La Fontaine drew his inspirations. But though La Fontaine may

[1] Note C, p. 479.

[2] This Italian translation has been edited by Teza, Bologna, 1872.

[3] Note D, p. 480.

have consulted this work for other fables, I do not think that he took from it the fable of Perrette and the milk-pail.

The fact is, these fables had found several other channels through which, as early as the thirteenth century, they reached the literary market of Europe, and became familiar as household words, at least among the higher and educated classes. We shall follow the course of some of these channels. First, then, a learned Jew, whose name seems to have been Joel, translated our fables from Arabic into Hebrew (1250?).[1] His work has been preserved in one MS. at Paris, but has not yet been published, except the tenth book, which was communicated by Dr. Neubauer to Benfey's journal, 'Orient und Occident' (vol. i. p. 658). This Hebrew translation was translated by another converted Jew, Johannes of Capua, into Latin. His translation was finished between 1263–1278, and, under the title of 'Directorium humanæ vitæ,' it became very soon a popular work with the select reading public of the thirteenth century.[2] In the 'Directorium,' and in Joel's translation, the name of Sendebar is substituted for that of Bidpay. The 'Directorium' was translated (though not from the printed edition)[3] into German at the command of Eberhard, the great Duke of Würtemberg,[4] and both the Latin text and the German translation occur, in repeated editions, among the rare books printed between 1480 and the end of the

[1] *Jour. As.* 1882, p. 547. [2] Note E, p. 481.

[3] Benfey, *Orient und Occident*, vol. i. pp. 150, 161 seq., and *Einleitung*, p. L, note.

[4] Note F, p. 482.

fifteenth century.[1] A Spanish translation, founded both on the German and the Latin texts, appeared at Burgos in 1493;[2] and from these different sources flowed in the sixteenth century the Italian renderings of Firenzuola (1548)[3] and Doni (1552).[4] As these Italian translations were repeated in French[5] and English, before the end of the sixteenth century, they might no doubt have supplied La Fontaine with subjects for his fables.

But, as far as we know, it was a third channel that really brought the Indian fable to the immediate notice of the French poet. A Persian poet, of the name of Nasr Allah, translated the work of Abdallah ibn Almokaffa into Persian about 1150.

[1] Benfey, *Orient und Occident*, vol. i. p. 138. The German translation has been published by Holland, Stuttgart, 1860.

[2] Benfey, *Orient und Occident*, vol. i. p. 501. Its title is: 'Exemplario contra los engaños y peligros del mundo,' ibid. pp. 167, 168.

[3] *Discorsi degli animali, di Messer Agnolo Firenzuola, in Prose di M. A. F.* (Fiorenza, 1548.)

[4] *La Moral Filosophia del Doni, tratta da gli antichi scrittori.* Vinegia, 1552.

Trattati diversi di Sendebar Indiano, filosopho morale. Vinegia, 1552.

P. 65. *Trattato Quarto.*

A woman tells her husband to wait till her son is born, and says: 'Stava uno Romito domestico ne i monti di Brianza a far penitenza e teneva alcune cassette d' api per suo spasso, e di quelle a suoi tempi ne cavava il *Mele*, e di quello ne vendeva alcuna parte tal volta per i suoi besogni. Avenne che un' anno ne fu una gran carestia, e egli attendeva a conservarlo, e ogni giorno lo guardava mille volte, e gli pareva cent' anni ogni hora, che egli indugiava a empierlo di Mele,' etc.

[5] 'Le plaisant et facétieux discours des animaux, novellement traduict de tuscan en françois,' Lyon, 1556, par Gabriel Cottier.

'Deux livres de filosofie fabuleuse, le premier pris des discours de M. Ange Firenzuola, le second extraict des traictez de Sandebar indien, par Pierre de La Rivey.' Lyon, 1579.

The second book is a translation of the second part of Doni's *Filosofia morale.*

This Persian translation was enlarged in the fifteenth century by another Persian poet, Husain ben Ali called el Vaez, under the title of 'Anvári Suhaili.'[1] This name will be familiar to many members of the Indian Civil Service, as being one of the old Haileybury class-books which had to be construed by all who wished to gain high honours in Persian. This work, or at least the first books of it, were translated into French by David Sahid of Ispahan, and published at Paris in 1644, under the title of 'Livre des Lumières, ou la Conduite des Rois, composé par le Sage Pilpay, Indien.' This translation, we know, fell into the hands of La Fontaine; and a number of his most charming fables were certainly borrowed from it.

But Perrette with the milk-pail has not yet arrived at the end of her journey, for if we look at the 'Livre des Lumières,' as published at Paris, we find neither the milkmaid nor her prototype, the Brâhman who kicks his wife, or the religious man who flogs his boy. That story occurs in the later chapters, which were left out in the French translation; and La Fontaine, therefore, must have met with his model elsewhere.

Remember that in all our wanderings we have not yet found the milkmaid, but only the Brâhman or the religious man. What we want to know is who first brought about this metamorphosis.

No doubt La Fontaine was quite the man to seize

[1] The *Anvar-i Suhaili*, or the *Lights of Canopus*, being the Persian version of the Fables of Pilpay, or the Book, *Kalîlah and Damnah*, rendered into Persian by Husain Vá'iz U'l-Káshifi, literally translated by E. B. Eastwick. Hertford, 1854.

on any jewel which was contained in the Oriental fables, to remove the cumbersome and foreign-looking setting, and then to place the principal figure in that pretty frame in which most of us have first become acquainted with it. But in this case the charmer's wand did not belong to La Fontaine, but to some forgotten worthy, whose very name it will be difficult to fix upon with certainty.

We have, as yet, traced three streams only, all starting from the Arabic translation of Abdallah ibn Almokaffa, one in the eleventh, another in the twelfth, a third in the thirteenth century, all reaching Europe, some touching the very steps of the throne of Louis XIV., yet none of them carrying the leaf which contained the story of 'Perrette,' or of the 'Brâhman,' to the threshold of La Fontaine's home. We must, therefore, try again.

After the conquest of Spain by the Mohammedans, Arabic literature had found a new home in Western Europe, and among the numerous works translated from Arabic into Latin or Spanish, we find towards the end of the thirteenth century (1289) a Spanish translation of our fables, called 'Calila é Dymna,'[1] sometimes ascribed to King Alfonso the Wise. In this the name of the philosopher is changed from Bidpai to Bundobel. This, or another translation from Arabic, was turned into Latin verse by Raimond de Béziers in 1313 (not published).

Lastly, we find in the same century another translation from Arabic straight into Latin verse, by Baldo, which became known under the name of 'Æsopus alter.'[2]

[1] Note G, p. 483. [2] Note H, p. 484.

From these frequent translations, and translations of translations, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, we see quite clearly that these Indian fables were extremely popular, and were, in fact, more widely read in Europe than the Bible, or any other book. They were not only read in translations, but having been introduced into sermons,[1] homilies, and works on morality, they were improved upon, acclimatised, localised, moralised, till at last it is almost impossible to recognise their Oriental features under their homely disguises.

I shall give you one instance only.

Rabelais, in his 'Gargantua,' gives a long description how a man might conquer the whole world. At the end of this dialogue, which was meant as a satire on Charles V., we read:—

'There was there present at that time an old gentleman well experienced in the wars, a stern soldier, and who had been in many great hazards, named Echephron, who, hearing this discourse, said: "J'ay grand peur que toute ceste enterprise sera semblable à la farce *du pot au laict* duquel un cordavanier se faisoit riche par resverie, puis le pot cassé, n'eut de quoy disner."'

This is clearly our story, only the Brâhman has, as yet, been changed into a shoemaker only, and the pot of rice or the jar of butter and honey into a pitcher of milk. Now it is perfectly true that if a writer of the fifteenth century changed the Brâhman into a shoemaker, La Fontaine might, with the same right, have replaced the Brâhman by his milkmaid. Knowing that the story was current, was, in fact, common property in the fifteenth century, nay, even

[1] Note I, p. 487.

at a much earlier date, we might really be satisfied after having brought the germs of Perrette within easy reach of La Fontaine. But, fortunately, we can make at least one step further, a step of about two centuries. This step backwards brings us to the thirteenth century, and there we find our old Indian friend again, and this time really changed into a milkmaid. The book I refer to is written in Latin, and called '*Dialogus Creaturarum optime moralizatus*;' in English, the 'Dialogue of Creatures moralised.' It was a book intended to teach the principles of Christian morality by examples taken from ancient fables. It was evidently a most successful book, and was translated into several modern languages. There is an old translation of it in English, first printed by Rastell,[1] and afterwards repeated in 1816. I shall read you from it the fable in which, as far as I can find, the milkmaid appears for the first time on the stage, surrounded already by much of that scenery which, four hundred years later, received its last touches at the hand of La Fontaine.

'Dialogo C. (p. ccxxiii.) For as it is but madnesse to trust to moche in surete, so it is but foly to hope to moche of vanyteys, for vayne be all erthly thinges longynge to men, as sayth Davyd, Psal. xciiii: Wher of it is tolde in fablys that a lady uppon a tyme delyvered to her mayden a *galon of mylke* to sell at a cite, and by the way, as she sate and restid her by a dyche side, she began to thinke that with the money of the mylke she wold bye an henne,

[1] '*Dialogues of Creatures moralysed*, sm. 4to, circ. 1517. It is generally attributed to the press of John Rastell, but the opinion of Mr. Haslewood, in his preface to the reprint of 1816, that the book was printed on the Continent, is perhaps the correct one.' (Quaritch's *Catalogue*, July 1870.)

A.D.

500—600 531—579. Khosru Nushirvan, King of Persia; his physician, Barzôi, translates the Indian fables into *Pehlevi*, s.t. 'Qalilag and Damnag' (lost).

570. Translation of the 'Qalilag and Damnag,' from Pehlevi into *Syriac*, by Bud Periodeutes (Benfey, Bickell, and Socin).

700—800 754—775. Khalif Al-Mansur. Abdallah ibn Almokaffa (d. 760) translates the Pehlevi into *Arabic* (ed. de Sacy, 1816).

900—1000

1000—1100 Poetical Persian versions by Rudegi (d. 914).

1100—1200

1118–53. Into *Persian*, by Abul Maali Nasr Allah (prose).

1080. Into *Greek*, by Symeon Seth, s.t. 'Ichnelates et Stephanites,' ed. Starkins, 1679; Athens, 1851.

1200—1300 Into *Latin*, by Baldo, s.t. Alter Æsopus (ed. du Méril).

1289. Into *Spanish*, by order of the Infante Don Alfonso, s.t. 'Calila é Dymna' (ed. de Gayangos).

1250. Into *Hebrew*, by Rabbi Joel.

1263–78. Into *Latin*, by Johannes of Capua, s.t. 'Directorium humanæ vitæ' (print. 1480).

1300—1400

1313. Into *Latin*, by Raimond de Béziers, s.t. 'Calila et Dimna.'

Into *German*, under Eberhard, Duke of Würtemberg (d. 1325), printed before 1483 (ed. Holland, 1860).

1400—1500

1494. Modernised in *Persian*, by Husain ben Ali, el Vaez, s.t. 'Anvari Suhaili.'

1493. Into *Spanish*, s.t. 'Exemplario contra los engaños.'

1500—1600

1590. New, by Abulfazl, for Akbar, 'Ayari Danish.'

Translated into *Hindustani*, s.t. 'Khirad Ufroz,' the Illuminator of the Understanding.

1540. Into *Turkish*, by Ali Tchelebi, s.t. 'Homayun Nameh.'

1548. Into *Italian*, by Ange Firenzuola, s.t. 'Discorsi degli animali.'

1583. Into *Italian*, by G. Nuti, s.t. 'Governo de' regni' (ed. Teza. Bologna, 1872).

1552. Into *Italian*, by Doni, s.t. 'La filosofia morale.'

1556. Into *French*, by Gabr. Cottier, s.t. 'Le plaisant discours des animaux.'

1570. Into *English*, by North.

1579. Into *French*, by Pierre de La Rivey, s.t. 'Deux livres de filosofie fabuleuse.'

1600—1700 1644. Into *French*, by David Sahid d'Ispahan (Gaulmin), s.t. 'Livre des Lumières, ou la Conduite des Rois, composé par le sage Pilpay, Indien (4 cap. only).

1668—1691 La Fontaine

—Into *Spanish*, by Brattuti, 'Espejo politico,' 1654.

1666. Into *Latin*, by Petrus Possinus.

1700—1800

1724. Into *French*, by Galland, s.t. 'Les Contes et Fables Indiennes de Bidpaï et de Lokman' (4 cap. only); finished in 1778 by G[illegible]

the which shulde bringe forth chekyns, and when they were growyn to hennys she wolde sell them and by piggis, and eschaunge them in to shepe, and the shepe in to oxen, and so whan she was come to richesse she sholde be maried right worshipfully unto some worthy man, and thus she reioycid. And whan she was thus mervelously comfortid and ravisshed inwardly in her secrete solace, thinkynge with howe greate ioye she shuld be ledde towarde the chirche with her husbond on horsebacke, she sayde to her self: "Goo we, goo we." Sodaynlye she smote the ground with her fote, myndynge to spurre the horse, but her fote slypped, and she fell in the dyche, and there lay all her mylke, and so she was farre from her purpose, and never had that she hopid to have.' [1]

Here we have arrived at the end of our journey. It has been a long journey across fifteen or twenty centuries, and I am afraid our following Perrette from country to country, and from language to language, may have tired some of my hearers. I shall, therefore, not attempt to fill the gap that divides the fable of the thirteenth century from La Fontaine. Suffice it to say, that the milkmaid, having once taken the place of the Brâhman, main-

[1] The Latin text is more simple: 'Unde cum quedam domine dedisset ancille sue lac ut venderet et lac portaret ad urbem juxta fossatum cogitare cepit quod de p̄cio lactis emerit gallinam quae faceret pullos quos auctos in gallinas venderet et porcellos emeret eosque mutaret in oves et ipsas in boves. Sic que ditata contraheret cum aliquo nobili et sic gloriabatur. Et cum sic gloriaretur et cogitaret cum quanta gloria duceretur ad illum virum super equum dicendo gio gio cepit pede percutere terram quasi pungeret equum calcaribus. Sed tunc lubricatus est pes ejus et cecidit in fossatum effundendo lac. Sic enim non habuit quod se adepturam sperabat.'—*Dialogus Creaturarum optime moralizatus* (ascribed to Nicolaus Pergaminus, supposed to have lived in the thirteenth century). He quotes Elynandus, in *Gestis Romanorum*. First edition, per Gerardum Leeu in oppido Goudensi inceptum; munere Dei finitus est, Anno Domini, 1480.

tained it against all comers. We find her as Dona Truhana, in the famous 'Conde Lucanor,' the work of the Infante Don Juan Manuel,[1] who died in 1347, the grandson of St. Ferdinand, the nephew of Alfonso the Wise, though himself not a king, yet more powerful than a king; renowned both by his sword and by his pen, and possibly not ignorant of Arabic, the language of his enemies. We find her again in the 'Contes et Nouvelles of Bonaventure des Periers,'[2] published in the sixteenth century, a book which we know that La Fontaine was well acquainted with. We find her after La Fontaine in all the languages of Europe.[3]

You see now before your eyes the bridge on which our fables came to us from East to West. The same bridge which brought us Perrette brought us hundreds of fables, all originally sprung up in India, many of them carefully collected by Buddhist priests, and preserved in their sacred canon, afterwards handed on to the Brahmanic writers of a later age, carried by Barzôî from India to the court of Persia, then to the courts of the Khalifs at Bagdad and Cordova, and of the emperors at Constantinople. Some of them, no doubt, perished on their journey, others were mixed up together, others were changed till we should hardly know them again. Still, if you once know the eventful journey of Perrette, you

[1] Note K, p. 488. [2] Note L, p. 488.

[3] My learned German translator, Dr. Felix Liebrecht, says in a note: 'Other books in which our story appears before La Fontaine are *Esopus*, by Burkhard Waldis, ed. H. Kurz, Leipzig, 1862; ii. 177; Note to *Des Bettlers Kaufmannschaft*; and Oesterley in Kirchoff's *Wendunmuth*, v. 44, note to i. 171, 'Vergebener Anschlag reich zu werden' (*Bibl. des liter. Vereins zu Stuttg.* No. 99).

know the journey of all the other fables that belong to this Indian cycle. Few of them have gone through so many changes, few of them have found so many friends, whether in the courts of kings or in the huts of beggars. Few of them have been to places where Perrette has not also been. This is why I selected her and her passage through the world as the best illustration of a subject which otherwise would require a whole course of lectures to do it justice.

But though our fable represents one large class or cluster of fables, it does not represent all. There were several collections, besides the Buddhist original of the Pañkatantra, which found their way from India to Europe. The most important among them is the 'Book of the Seven Wise Masters, or the Book of Sindbad,' the history of which has lately been written, with great learning and ingenuity, by Signor Comparetti.[1]

These large collections of fables and stories mark what may be called the high roads on which the literary products of the East were carried to the West. But there are, besides these high roads, some smaller, less trodden paths on which single fables, sometimes mere proverbs, similes, or metaphors, have come to us from India, from Persepolis, from Damascus and Bagdad. I have already alluded to the powerful influence which Arabic literature exercised on Western Europe through Spain. Again, a most active interchange of Eastern and Western ideas took place at a later time during the progress of the Crusades. Even the inroads of Mongolian

[1] *Ricerche intorno al Libro di Sindibad.* Milano, 1869.

tribes into Russia and the East of Europe kept up a literary bartering between Oriental and Occidental nations.

But few would have suspected a Father of the Church as an importer of Eastern fables. Yet so it is.

At the court of the same Khalif Almansur (753–774), where Abdallah ibn Almokaffa[1] translated the fables of Kalîlah and Dimnah from Pehlevi into Arabic, there lived a Christian of the name of Sergius, who for many years held the high office of treasurer to the Khalif. He had a son to whom he gave the best education that could then be given, his chief tutor being one Cosmas, an Italian monk, who had been taken prisoner by the Saracens, and sold as a slave at Bagdad. After the death of Sergius, his son succeeded him for some time as chief councillor (*πρωτοσύμβουλος*) to the Khalif Almansur. Such, however, had been the influence of the Italian monk on his pupil's mind, that he suddenly resolved to retire from the world, and to devote himself to study, meditation, and pious works. From the monastery of St. Saba, near Jerusalem, this former minister of the Khalif issued the most learned works on theology, particularly his 'Exposition of the Orthodox Faith.' He soon became the highest authority on matters of dogma in the Eastern Church, and he still holds his place among the saints both of the Eastern and Western Churches. His name was Joannes, and from being born at Damascus, the former capital of the Khalifs, he is best known in history as Joannes Damascenus, or St. John of Damascus. He must have known Arabic, and probably Persian; but his

[1] Joh. Damascenus, 676–760.

mastery of Greek earned him, later in life, the name of Chrysorrhoas, or Gold-flowing. He became famous as the defender of the sacred images, and as the determined opponent of the Emperor Leo the Isaurian, about 726. It is difficult in his life to distinguish between legend and history, but that he had held high office at the court of the Khalif Almansur, that he boldly opposed the iconoclastic policy of the Emperor Leo, and that he wrote the most learned theological works of his time, cannot be easily questioned.

Among the works ascribed to him is a story called 'Barlaam and Joasaph.'[1] Though for our own immediate purposes it would be of little consequence whether the book was written by Joannes Damascenus or by some less distinguished ecclesiastic, I must confess that the arguments hitherto adduced against his authorship do not seem to me convincing. For it has never been explained why it should have been ascribed to Joannes Damascenus.

[1] The Greek text was first published in 1832, by Boissonade, in his *Anecdota Græca*, vol. iv; afterwards by Migne, *Joh. Damasceni Opera*, vol. iii. The title as given in some MSS. is: *ἱστορία ψυχωφελὴς ἐκ τῆς ἐνδοτέρας τῶν Αἰθιόπων χώρας, τῆς Ἰνδῶν λεγομένης, πρὸς τὴν ἁγίαν πόλιν μετενεχθεῖσα διὰ Ἰωάννου τοῦ μοναχοῦ* [other MSS. read, *συγγραφεῖσα παρὰ τοῦ ἁγίου πατρὸς ἡμῶν Ἰωάννου τοῦ Δαμασκηνοῦ*], *ἀνδρὸς τιμίου καὶ ἐναρέτου μονῆς τοῦ ἁγίου Σάβα· ἐν ᾗ ὁ βίος Βαρλαὰμ καὶ Ἰωάσαφ τῶν ἁοιδίμων καὶ μακαρίων.* Joannes Monachus occurs as the name of the author in other works of Joannes Damascenus. See Leo Allatius, Prolegomena, p. L., in *Damasceni Opera Omnia*. Ed. Lequien, 1748. Venice.

At the end the author says: *Ἕως ὧδε τὸ πέρας τοῦ παρόντος λόγου, ὃν κατὰ δύναμιν ἐμὴν γεγράφηκα, καθὼς ἀκήκοα παρὰ τῶν ἀψευδῶς παραδεδωκότων μοι τιμίων ἀνδρῶν. Γένοιτο δὲ ἡμᾶς, τοὺς ἀναγινώσκοντάς τε καὶ ἀκούοντας τὴν ψυχωφελῆ διήγησιν ταύτην, τῆς μερίδος ἀξιωθῆναι τῶν εὐαρεστησάντων τῷ κυρίῳ εὐχαῖς καὶ πρεσβείαις Βαρλαὰμ καὶ Ἰωάσαφ τῶν μακαρίων περὶ ὧν ἡ διήγησις.* See also Wiener, *Jahrbücher*, vol. lxiii. pp. 44–83; vol. lxxii. pp. 274–288; vol. lxxiii. pp. 176–202.

The Jesuits did not like the book, because it was a religious novel. They pointed to a passage in which the Holy Ghost is represented as proceeding from the Father 'and the Son,' as incompatible with the creed of an Eastern ecclesiastic. That very passage, however, has now been proved to be spurious; and it should be borne in mind, besides, that the controversy on the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, or from the Father through the Son, dates a century later than Joannes. The fact, again, that the author does not mention Mohammedanism,[1] proves nothing against the authorship of Joannes, because, as he places Barlaam and Joasaph in the early centuries of Christianity, he would have ruined his story by any allusion to Mohammed's religion, then only a hundred years old. Besides, he had written a separate work, in which the relative merits of Christianity and Mohammedanism were discussed. The prominence given to the question of the worship of images shows that the story could not have been written much before the time of Joannes Damascenus, and there is nothing in the style of our author that could be pointed out as incompatible with the style of the great theologian. On the contrary, the author of 'Barlaam and Joasaph' quotes the same authors whom Joannes Damascenus quotes most frequently—*e.g.* Basilius and Gregorius Nazianzenus. And no one but Joannes could have taken long passages from his own works without saying where he borrowed them.[2]

[1] Littré, *Journal des Savants*, 1865, p. 337.

[2] The *Martyrologium Romanum* (1583 A.D.), whatever its authority may be, states distinctly that the acts of Barlaam and Josaphat were

The story of 'Barlaam and Joasaph'—or, as he is more commonly called, Josaphat—may be told in a few words: 'A king in India, an enemy and persecutor of the Christians, has an only son. The astrologers have predicted that he would embrace the new doctrine. His father, therefore, tries by all means in his power to keep him ignorant of the miseries of the world, and to create in him a taste for pleasure and enjoyment. A Christian hermit, however, gains access to the prince, and instructs him in the doctrines of the Christian religion. The young prince is not only baptized, but resolves to give up all his earthly riches; and, after having converted his own father and many of his subjects, he follows his teacher into the desert.'

The real object of the book is to give a simple exposition of the principal doctrines of the Christian religion. It also contains a first attempt at comparative theology, for in the course of the story there is a disputation on the merits of the principal religions of the world—the Chaldæan, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Jewish, and the Christian. But one of the chief attractions of this manual of Christian theology consisted in a number of fables and parables with which it is enlivened. Most of them have been

written by Sanctus Joannes Damascenus. 'Apud Indos Persis finitimos sanctorum Barlaam et Josaphat, quorum actus mirandos sanctus Joannes Damascenus conscripsit.' See Leonis Allatii Prolegomena, in *Joannis Damasceni Opera*, ed. Lequien, vol. i. p. xxvi. He adds: Et Gennadius Patriarcha per Concil. Florent. cap. 5: *οὐχ ἧττον δὲ καὶ ὁ Ἰωάννης ὁ μέγας τοῦ Δαμασκοῦ ὀφθαλμὸς ἐν τῷ βίῳ* Βαρλαὰμ *καὶ Ἰωσάφατ τῶν Ἰνδῶν μαρτυρεῖ λέγων.* Arguments against his authorship are given in Zotenberg and P. Meyer's edition of B. and J., by Gui de Cambrai (*Bibliothek des Lit. Vereins in Stuttgart*, lxxv. pp. 312–314; see also *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenl. Gesellschaft*, 1878, p. 584.

traced to an Indian source. I shall mention one only which has found its way into almost every literature of the world:[1]—

'A man was pursued by a unicorn, and while he tried to flee from it, he fell into a pit. In falling, he stretched out both his arms, and laid hold of a small tree that was growing on one side of the pit. Having gained a firm footing, and holding to the tree, he fancied he was safe, when he saw two mice, a black and a white one, busy gnawing the root of the tree to which he was clinging. Looking down into the pit, he perceived a horrid dragon with his mouth wide open, ready to devour him, and when examining the place on which his feet rested, the heads of four serpents glared at him. Then he looked up, and observed drops of honey falling down from the tree to which he clung. Suddenly the unicorn, the dragon, the mice, and the serpents were all forgotten, and his mind was intent only on catching the drops of sweet honey trickling down from the tree.'

An explanation is hardly required. The unicorn is Death, always chasing man; the pit is the world; the small tree is man's life, constantly gnawed by the black and the white mouse—*i.e.* by night and day; the four serpents are the four elements which compose the human body; the dragon below is meant for the jaws of hell. Surrounded by all these horrors, man is yet able to forget them all, and to think only of the pleasures of life, which, like a few drops of honey, fall into his mouth from the tree of life.[2]

[1] The story of the caskets, well known from the 'Merchant of Venice,' occurs in *Barlaam and Josaphat*, though it is used there for a different purpose.

[2] Cf. Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, vol. i. p. 80; vol. ii. p. 528; *Les Avadanas, Contes et Apologues indiens*, par Stanislas Julien, i.

But what is still more curious is, that the author of 'Barlaam and Josaphat' has evidently taken his very hero, the Indian Prince Josaphat, from an Indian source. In the 'Lalita Vistara'—the life, though no doubt the legendary life, of Buddha—the father of Buddha is a king. When his son is born, the Brâhman Asita predicts that he will rise to great glory, and become either a powerful king, or, renouncing the throne and embracing the life of a hermit, become a Buddha.[1] The great object of his father is to prevent this. He therefore keeps the young prince, when he grows up, in his garden and palaces, surrounded by all pleasures which might turn his mind from contemplation to enjoyment. More especially he is to know nothing of illness, old age, and death, which might open his eyes to the misery and unreality of life. After a time, however, the prince receives permission to drive out; and then follow the four drives,[2] so famous in Buddhist history. The places where these drives took place were commemorated by towers still standing in the time of Fa Hian's visit to India, early in the fifth century after Christ, and even in the time of Hiouen Thsang, in the seventh century. I shall read you a short account of the four drives:[3]—

'One day when the prince with a large retinue was driving through the eastern gate of the city, on the way to one of his parks, he met on the road an old man, broken

pp. 132, 191; *Gesta Romanorum*, cap. 168; *Homâyun Nameh*, cap. iv.; Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, pp. 758–759; Liebrecht, *Jahrbücher für Rom. und Engl. Literatur*, 1860.

[1] *Lalita Vistara*, ed. Calcutt. p. 126.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 225.

[3] See *Selected Essays*, vol. ii. p. 197.

and decrepit. One could see the veins and muscles over the whole of his body, his teeth chattered, he was covered with wrinkles, bald, and hardly able to utter hollow and unmelodious sounds. He was bent on his stick, and all his limbs and joints trembled. "Who is that man?" said the prince to his coachman. "He is small and weak, his flesh and his blood are dried up, his muscles stick to his skin, his head is white, his teeth chatter, his body is wasted away; leaning on his stick, he is hardly able to walk, stumbling at every step. Is there something peculiar in his family, or is this the common lot of all created beings?"

"Sir," replied the coachman, "that man is sinking under old age, his senses have become obtuse, suffering has destroyed his strength, and he is despised by his relations. He is without support, and useless; and people have abandoned him, like a dead tree in a forest. But this is not peculiar to his family. In every creature youth is defeated by old age. Your father, your mother, all your relations, all your friends, will come to the same state; this is the appointed end of all creatures."

"Alas!" replied the prince, "are creatures so ignorant, so weak, and foolish as to be proud of the youth by which they are intoxicated, not seeing the old age which awaits them? As for me, I go away. Coachman, turn my chariot quickly. What have I, the future prey of old age—what have I to do with pleasure?" And the young prince returned to the city without going to the park.

'Another time the prince was driving through the southern gate to his pleasure-garden, when he perceived on the road a man suffering from illness, parched with fever, his body wasted, covered with mud, without a friend, without a home, hardly able to breathe, and frightened at the sight of himself, and the approach of death. Having questioned his coachman, and received from him the answer which he expected, the young prince said, "Alas! health is but the sport of a dream, and the fear of suffering must take this frightful form. Where is the wise man who, after

having seen what he is, could any longer think of joy and pleasure?" The prince turned his chariot, and returned to the city.

'A third time he was driving to his pleasure-garden through the western gate, when he saw a dead body on the road, lying on a bier and covered with a cloth. The friends stood about crying, sobbing, tearing their hair, covering their heads with dust, striking their breasts, and uttering wild cries. The prince, again, calling his coachman to witness this painful scene, exclaimed, "Oh, woe to youth, which must be destroyed by old age! Woe to health, which must be destroyed by so many diseases! Woe to this life, where a man remains so short a time! If there were no old age, no disease, no death; if these could be made captive for ever!" Then, betraying for the first time his intentions, the young prince said, "Let us turn back; I must think how to accomplish deliverance."

'A last meeting put an end to his hesitation. He was driving through the northern gate on the way to his pleasure-gardens, when he saw a mendicant, who appeared outwardly calm, subdued, looking downwards, wearing with an air of dignity his religious vestment, and carrying an alms-bowl.

'"Who is that man?" asked the prince.

'"Sir," replied the coachman, "this man is one of those who are called Bhikshus, or mendicants. He has renounced all pleasures, all desires, and leads a life of austerity. He tries to conquer himself. He has become a devotee. Without passion, without envy, he walks about asking for alms."

'"This is good and well said," replied the prince. "The life of a devotee has always been praised by the wise. It will be my refuge, and the refuge of other creatures; it will lead us to a real life, to happiness and immortality."

'With these words the young prince turned his chariot, and returned to the city.'

If now we compare the story of Joannes of Damas-

cus, we find that the early life of Josaphat is exactly the same as that of Buddha. His father is a king, and after the birth of his son, an astrologer predicts that he will rise to glory; not, however, in his own kingdom, but in a higher and better one; in fact, that he will embrace the new and persecuted religion of the Christians. Everything is done to prevent this. He is kept in a beautiful palace, surrounded by all that is enjoyable; and great care is taken to keep him in ignorance of sickness, old age, and death. After a time, however, his father gives him leave to drive out. On one of his drives he sees two men, one maimed, the other blind. He asks what they are, and is told that they are suffering from disease. He then inquires whether all men are liable to disease, and whether it is known beforehand who will suffer from disease and who will be free; and when he hears the truth, he becomes sad, and returns home. Another time, when he drives out, he meets an old man with wrinkled face and shaking legs, bent down, with white hair, his teeth gone, and his voice faltering. He asks again what all this means, and is told that this is what happens to all men; and that no one can escape old age, and that in the end all men must die. Thereupon he returns home to meditate on death, till at last a hermit appears,[1]

[1] Minayeff, *Mélanges Asiatiques*, vi. 5, p. 584, remarks: 'According to a legend in the *Mahâvastu* of Yasas or Yasoda (in a less complete form to be found in Schiefner, *Eine tibetische Lebensbeschreibung Śâkyamunis*, p. 247; Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 187; Bigandet, *The Life or Legend of Gaudama*, p. 113), a merchant appears in Yasoda's house, the night before he has the dream which induces him to leave his paternal house, and proclaims to him the true doctrine.'

and opens before his eyes a higher view of life, as contained in the Gospel of Christ.

No one, I believe, can read these two stories without feeling convinced that one was borrowed from the other; and as Fa Hian, three hundred years before John of Damascus, saw the towers which commemorated the four drives of Buddha still standing among the ruins of the royal city of Kapilavastu, it follows that the Greek father borrowed his subject from the Buddhist scriptures. Were it necessary, it would be easy to point out still more minute coincidences between the life of Josaphat and of Buddha, the founder of the Buddhist religion. Both in the end convert their royal fathers, both fight manfully against the assaults of the flesh and the devil, both are regarded as saints before they die. Possibly even a proper name may have been transferred from the sacred canon of the Buddhists to the pages of the Greek writer. The driver who conducts Buddha when he flees by night from his palace where he leaves his wife, his only son, and all his treasures, in order to devote himself to a contemplative life, is called Chandaka, in Burmese Sanna.[1] The friend and companion of Barlaam is called Zardan.[2] Reinaud

[1] *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, vol. iii. p. 21.

[2] In some places one might almost believe that Joannes Damascenus did not only hear the story of Buddha, as he says, from the mouth of people who had brought it to him from India, but that he had before him the very text of the *Lalita Vistara*. Thus in the account of the three or four drives we find indeed that the Buddhist canon represents Buddha as seeing on three successive drives, first an old, then a sick, and at last a dying man; while Joannes makes Joasaph meet two men on his first drive, one maimed, the other blind, and an old man, who is nearly dying, on his second drive. So far there is a difference which might best be explained by ad-

in his 'Mémoire sur l'Inde,' p. 91 (1849), was the first, it seems, to point out that Youdasf, mentioned by Massoudi as the founder of the Sabæan religion, and Youasaf, mentioned as the founder of Buddhism by the author of the 'Kitáb-al-Fihrist,' are both meant for Bodhisattva, a corruption quite intelligible with the system of transcribing that name with Persian letters. Professor Benfey has identified Theudas, the sorcerer in 'Barlaam and Joasaph,' with the Devadatta of the Buddhist scriptures.[1]

How palpable these coincidences are between the two stories is best shown by the fact that they were pointed out, independently of each other, by scholars in France, Germany, and England. I place France first, because in point of time M. Laboulaye was the first who called attention to it in one of his charming articles in the 'Débats.'[2] A more detailed comparison was given by Dr. Liebrecht.[3] And, lastly, Mr. Beal,

mitting the account given by Joannes Damascenus himself, viz. that the story was brought from India, and that it was simply told him by worthy and truthful men. But, if it was so, we have here another instance of the tenacity with which oral tradition is able to preserve the most minute points of the story. The old man is described by a long string of adjectives both in Greek and in Sanskrit, and many of them are strangely alike. The Greek γέρων, old, corresponds to the Sanskrit *gîrna*; πεπαλαιώμενος, aged, is Sanskrit *vriddha*; ἐρρικνώμενος τὸ πρόσωπον, shrivelled in his face, is *balînikitakâya*, the body covered with wrinkles; παρείμενος τὰς κνήμας, weak in his knees, is *pravedhayamânaḥ sarvâṅgapratyaṅgaiḥ*, trembling in all his limbs; συγκεκυφώς, bent, is *kubja*; πεπολιώμενος, grey, is *palitakesa*; ἐστερήμενος τοὺς ὀδόντας, toothless, is *khandadanta*; ἐγκεκομένα λαλῶν, stammering, is *khurakhurâvasaktakantha*.

[1] *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, vol. xxiv. p. 480.

[2] *Débats*, 1859, 21 and 26 Juillet.

[3] *Die Quellen des Barlaam und Josaphat, in Jahrbuch für roman. und engl. Litteratur*, vol. ii. p. 314, 1860.

in his translation of the 'travels of Fa Hian,'[1] called attention to the same fact—viz. that the story of Josaphat was borrowed from the 'Life of Buddha.' I could mention the names of two or three scholars besides who happened to read the two books, and who could not help seeing, what was as clear as day-light, that Joannes Damascenus took the principal character of his religious novel from the 'Lalita Vistara,' one of the sacred books of the Buddhists; but the merit of having been the first belongs to M. Laboulaye.

This fact is, no doubt, extremely curious in the history of literature; but there is another fact connected with it which is more than curious, and I wonder that it has never been pointed out before. It is well known that the story of 'Barlaam and Josaphat' became a most popular book during the Middle Ages. In the East it was translated into Syriac (?), Arabic, Ethiopic, Armenian,[2] and Hebrew; in the West it exists in Latin, French,[3] Italian, German (Rudolf von Ems), English, Spanish, Bohemian, and Polish. As early as 1204, a King of Norway translated it into Icelandic, and at a later time it was translated by a Jesuit missionary into Tagala, the classical language of the Philippine Islands. But this is not all. Barlaam and Josaphat have actually risen to the rank of Saints, both in the Eastern and in the Western Churches. In the Eastern Church August 26 is the saint's day of Josaphat; in the Roman

[1] *Travels of Fah-hian and Sung-Yun, Buddhist Pilgrims, from China to India.* (400 A.D. and 518 A.D.) Translated from the Chinese by Samuel Beal. London, Trübner and Co. 1869.

[2] See Brosset, *Mélanges Asiatiques*, tom. viii. p. 538. Petersburg, 1879.

[3] Published by Zotenberg and P. Meyer, Stuttgart, 1864; see p. 535.

Martyrologium, November 27 is assigned to Barlaam and Josaphat.[1]

There have been from time to time misgivings about the historical character of these two saints. Leo Allatius, in his 'Prolegomena,' ventured to ask the question, whether the story of 'Barlaam and Josaphat' was more real than the 'Cyropaedia' of Xenophon, or the 'Utopia' of Thomas More; but, *en bon Catholique*, he replied, that as Barlaam and Josaphat were mentioned, not only in the Menæa of the Greek, but also in the Martyrologium of the Roman Church, he could not bring himself to believe that their history was imaginary. Billius thought that to doubt the concluding words of the author, who says that he received the story of 'Barlaam and Josaphat' from men incapable of falsehood, would be to trust more in one's own suspicions than in Christian charity, which believeth all things. He might have added that relics of Josaphat, *os et pars spinae*, exist in several Christian Churches (Kuhn, l. c. p. 83). Leo Allatius admitted, indeed, that some of the speeches and conversations occurring in the story might be the work of Joannes Damascenus, because Josaphat, having but recently been converted, could not have

[1] Mr. Brosset, in the *Mélanges Asiatiques* (tom. viii. p. 535), states that in the Greek Church November 19 is devoted to Varlaam and Joasaph. Since 1866 the Russian Almanacs, published by the Academy, call S. Varlaam a martyr, while formerly he was designated simply as *Très-saint*. St. Ioasaph is in some almanacs called King of India; in one at the end of the Georgian Bible, 'Son of the great King of India.' A learned account of the introduction of Barlaam and Josaphat into the Martyrologia and Menologia of the Western and Eastern Churches has lately been published by M. E. Cosquin, *La Légende des Saints Barlaam et Josaphat*, Paris, 1880. See also Zotenberg, *Notice sur le Livre de Barlaam et Joasaph*, 1886; Hommel, *Verhandlungen des VII. Orientalisten Congresses*, Semit. Sect., p. 163; and the excellent essay by E Kuhn, *Barlaam und Joasaph*, 1893.

quoted so many passages from the Bible. But he implies that even this could be explained, because the Holy Ghost might have taught St. Josaphat what to say. At all events, Leo has no mercy for those 'quibus omnia sub sanctorum nomine prodita male olent, quemadmodum de sanctis Georgio, Christophoro, Hippolyto, Catarina, aliisque nusquam eos in rerum natura extitisse impudentissime nugantur.' The Bishop of Avranches had likewise his doubts; but he calmed them by saying: 'Non pas que je veuille soustenir que tout en soit supposé: il y auroit de la témérité à desavouer qu'il y ait jamais eû de Barlaam ni de Josaphat. Le témoignage du Martyrologe, qui les met au nombre des Saints, et leur intercession que Saint Jean Damascene reclame à la fin de cette histoire ne permettent pas d'en douter.'[1]

With us the question as to the historical or purely imaginary character of Josaphat has assumed a new and totally different aspect. We willingly accept the statement of Joannes Damascenus that the story of 'Barlaam and Josaphat' was told him by men who came from India. We know that in India a story was current of a prince who lived in the sixth century B.C., a prince of whom it was predicted that he would resign the throne, and devote his life to meditation, in order to rise to the rank of a Buddha. The story tells us that his father did everything to prevent this; that he kept him in a palace secluded from the world, surrounded by all that makes life enjoyable; and that he tried to keep him in ignorance of sickness, old age, and death. We know from the same story that at last the young prince obtained

[1] Littré, *Journal des Savants*, 1865, p. 337.

permission to drive into the country, and that, by meeting an old man, a sick man, and a corpse, his eyes were opened to the unreality of life, and the vanity of this life's pleasures; that he escaped from his palace, and, after defeating the assaults of all adversaries, became the founder of a new religion. This is the story, it may be the legendary story, but at all events the recognised story of Gautama Śâkyamuni, best known to us under the name of the Buddha.

If, then, Joannes Damascenus tells the same story, only putting the name of Joasaph or Josaphat, *i.e.* Bodhisattva, in the place of Buddha; if all that is human and personal in the life of St. Josaphat is taken from the 'Lalita Vistara'—what follows? It follows that, in the same sense in which La Fontaine's Perrette is the Brâhman of the Pañkatantra, St. Josaphat is the Buddha of the Buddhist canon. It follows that Buddha has become a Saint in the Roman Church; it follows that, though under a different name, the sage of Kapilavastu, the founder of a religion which, whatever we may think of its dogma, is, in the purity of its morals, nearer to Christianity than any other religion, and which counts even now, after an existence of 2,100 years, more believers than any other creed, has received the highest honours that the Christian Church can bestow. And whatever we may think of the sanctity of saints, let those who doubt the right of Buddha to a place among them read the story of his life, as it is told in the Buddhist canon. If he lived the life which is there described, few saints have a better claim to the title than Buddha; and no one either

in the Greek or in the Roman Church need be ashamed of having paid to Buddha's memory the honour that was intended for St. Josaphat, the prince, the hermit, and the saint.

History, here as elsewhere, is stranger than fiction; and a kind fairy, whom men call Chance, has here, as elsewhere, remedied the ingratitude and injustice of the world.

APPENDIX.

I AM enabled to add here a short accounnt of an important discovery made by Professor Benfey with regard to the Syriac translation of our Collection of Fables. Doubts had been expressed by Sylvestre de Sacy and others, as to the existence of this translation, which was mentioned for the first time in Ebedjesu's[1] catalogue of Syriac writers, published by Abraham Ecchellensis, and again (1725) by Assemani ('Biblioth. Orient.' tom. iii. part i. p. 219). M. Renan,[2] on the contrary, had shown that the title of this translation, as transmitted to us, 'Kalilag and Damnag,' was a guarantee of its historical authenticity. As a final k in Pehlvi becomes h in modern Persian, a title such as 'Kalilag and Damnag,' answering to 'Kalilak and Damnak' in Pehlvi,[3] in Sanskrit 'Karaṭaka and Damanaka,' could only have been borrowed from the Persian, before the Mohammedan era. Now that the interesting researches of Professor Benfey on this subject have been rewarded by the happy discovery of a Syriac translation, there remains but one point to be cleared up, viz. whether this is really the translation made by Bud Periodeutes (Visitator), and whether this same translation was made, as Ebedjesu affirms, from the Indian text, or, as M. Renan supposes, from a Pehlvi version. I insert the account which Pro-

[1] Ebedjesu was Bishop of Soba or Nisibis, and died 1318.

[2] See Benfey, *Kalilag und Damnag*, Einleitung, p. xiii; *Journal Asiatique*, 1856, p. 250.

[3] Haug, *Essay on Pahlavi*, p. 117, in *An old Pahlavi-Pazand Glossary*, Bombay, 1870.

fessor Benfey himself gave of his discovery in the Supplement to the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' of July 12, 1871, and I may add that both text and translation are nearly ready for publication (1875).

The oldest MS. of the Pañkatantra.

Göttingen, July 6, 1871.

The account I am about to give will recall the novel of our celebrated compatriot Freytag ('Die verlorene Handschrift,' or 'The Lost MS.'), but with this essential difference, that we are not here treating of a creation of the imagination, but of a real fact; not of the MS. of a work of which many other copies exist, but of an unique specimen; in short, of the MS. of a work which, on the faith of one single mention, was believed to have been composed thirteen centuries ago. This mention, however, appeared to many critical scholars so untrustworthy, that they looked upon it as the mere result of confusion. Another most important difference is, that this search, which has lasted three years, has been followed by the happiest results: it has brought to light a MS. which, even in this century, rich in important discoveries, deserves to be ranked as of the highest value. We have acquired in this MS. the oldest specimen preserved to our days of a work, which, as translated into various languages, has been more widely disseminated and has had a greater influence on the development of civilisation than any other work, excepting the Bible.

But to the point.

Through the researches, which I have published in my edition of the Pañkatantra,[1] it is known that, about the

[1] *Pañkatantra*; 'Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen. Aus dem Sanskrit übersetzt mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen,' 2 Theile, Leipzig, 1859; and particularly in the first part the introduction called 'Ueber das Indische Grundwerk, und

sixth century of our era, a work existed in India, which treated of deep political questions under the form of fables, in which the actors were animals. It contained various chapters, but these subdivisions were not, as had been hitherto believed, eleven to thirteen in number, but, as the MS. just found shows most clearly, there were at least twelve, perhaps thirteen or fourteen.[1] This work was afterwards entirely altered in India; five of its divisions were separated, and much enlarged, whilst the remaining ones were entirely set aside. This apparently curtailed but really enlarged edition of the old work, is the Sanskrit book so well known as the Pañkatantra, 'The Five Books.' It soon took the place, on its native soil, of the old work, causing the irreparable loss of the latter in India.

But before this change of the old work had been effected in its own land, it had, in the first half of the sixth century, been carried to Persia, and translated into Pehlevi under King Khosru Nushirvan (531–579). According to the researches which I have described in my book already quoted, the results of which are fully confirmed by the newly discovered MS., it cannot be doubted that, if this translation had been preserved, we should have in it, a faithful reproduction of the original Indian work, from which, by various modifications, the Pañkatantra is derived. But unfortunately this Pehlevi translation, like its Indian original, is irretrievably lost.

But it is known to have been translated into Arabic in the eighth century by a native of Persia, by name Abdallah ibn Almokaffa (d. 760), who had embraced Islamism, and it acquired, partly in this language, partly in translations and retranslations from it (apart from the recensions in India, which penetrated to East, North, and South Asia),

dessen Ausflüsse, so wie über die Quellen und die Verbreitung des Inhalts derselben.'

[1] Professor Benfey has since shown that the Buddhist original consisted of thirteen divisions.

that extensive circulation which has caused it to exercise the greatest influence on civilisation in Western Asia, and throughout Europe.

Besides this translation into Pehlevi, there was, according to one account, another, also of the sixth century, into Syriac. This account we owe to a Nestorian writer, who lived in the thirteenth century. He mentions in his catalogue of authors[1] a certain Bud Periodeutes, who probably about 570 had to inspect the Nestorian communities in Persia and India, and who says that, in addition to other books which he names, 'he translated the book "Kalîlag and Damnag" from the Indian.'

Until three years ago, not the faintest trace of this old Syrian translation was to be found, and the celebrated orientalist, Silvestre de Sacy, in the historical memoir which he prefixed to his edition of the Arabic translation, 'Kalilah and Dimnah' (Paris, 1816), thought himself justified in seeing in this mention a mere confusion between Barzôî, the Pehlevi translator, and a Nestorian monk.

The first trace of this Syriac version was found in May, 1868. On the sixth of that month, Professor Bickell of Münster, the diligent promoter of Syrian philology, wrote to tell me that he had heard from a Syrian Archdeacon from Urumia, Jochannân bar Bâbisch, who had visited Münster in the spring to collect alms, and had returned there again in May, that, sometime previously, several Chaldean priests who had been visiting the Christians of St. Thomas in India, had brought back with them some copies of this Syriac translation, and had given them to the catholic patriarch in Elkosh (near Mossul). He had received one of these.

Though the news appeared so unbelievable, and the character of the Syrian priest little calculated to inspire confidence in his statements, it still seemed to me of suf-

[1] Cf. Assemani, *Biblioth. Orient.* iii. 1. 220, and Renan, in the *Journal Asiatique*, Cinq. Série, t. vii. 1856, p. 251.

ficient importance for me to ask my friends to make further inquiries in India, where other copies might be supposed to be still in existence. Even were the result but a decided negative, it would be a gain to science. These inquiries had no effect in proving the truth of the Archdeacon's assertions; but, at the same time, they did not disprove them. It would of course have been more natural to make inquiries among the Syrians. But from want of friends and from other causes, which I shall mention further on, I could hardly hope for any certain results, and least of all, that if the MS. really existed, I could obtain it, or a copy of it.

The track thus appeared to be lost, and not possible to be followed up, when, after the lapse of nearly two years, Professor Bickell, in a letter of February 22, 1870, drew my attention to the fact that the Chaldean Patriarch, Jussuf Audo, who, according to Jochannân bar Bâbisch, was in possession of that translation, was now in Rome, as member of the Council summoned by the Pope.

Through Dr. Schöll of Weimar, then in Rome, and an Italian savant, Signor Ignazio Guidi, I was put into communication with the Patriarch, and with another Chaldean priest, Bishop Qajjât, and received communications, the latest of June 11, 1870, which indeed proved the information of Jochannân bar Bâbisch to be entirely untrustworthy; but at the same time pointed to the probable existence of a MS. of the Syriac translation in Mardîn.

I did not wait for the last letters, which might have saved the discoverer much trouble, but might also have frustrated the whole inquiry; but, as soon as I had learnt the place where the MS. might be, I wrote, May 6, 1870, exactly two years after the first trace of the MS. had been brought to light, to my former pupil and friend, Dr. Albert Socin of Basle, who was then in Asia on a scientific expedition, begging him to make the most careful inquiries in Mardîn about this MS., and especially to satisfy himself

whether it had been derived from the Arabic translation, or was independent of and older than the latter. We will let Dr. Socin, the discoverer of the MS., tell us himself of his efforts and their results. 'I received your letter of May 6, 1870, a few days ago, by Bagdad and Mossul, at Yacho on the Chabôras. You say that you had heard that the book was in the library at Mardîn. I must own that I doubted seriously the truth of the information, for oriental Christians always say that they possess every possible book, whilst in reality they have but few. I found this on my journey through the "Christian Mountain," the Tûr el' 'Abedîn, where I visited many places and monasteries but little known. I only saw Bibles in Estrangelo character, which were of value, nowhere profane books; but the people are so fanatical, and watch their books so closely, that it is very difficult to get sight of anything; and one has to keep them in good humour. Except after a long sojourn, and with the aid of bribery, there can never be any thought of buying anything from a monastic library. Arrived in Mardîn, I set myself to discover the book. I naturally passed by all Moslem libraries, as Syriac books only exist among the Christians. I settled at first that the library in question could only be the Jacobite Cloister, "Der ez Zâferân," the most important centre of the Christians of Mardîn. I therefore sent to the Patriarch of Diarbekir for most particular introductions, and started for "Der ez Zâferân," which lies in the mountains, five and a half hours from Mardîn. The recommendations opened the library to me. I looked through 400 volumes, without finding anything; there was not much of any value. On my return to Mardîn, I questioned people right and left; no one knew anything about it. At length I summoned up courage one day, and went to the Chaldean monastery. The different sects in Mardîn are most bitter against each other, and as I unfortunately lodged in the house of an American mis-

sionary, it was very difficult for me to gain access to these Catholics, who were unknown to me. Luckily my servant was a Catholic, and could state that I had no proselytising schemes. After a time I asked about their books. Missals and Gospels were placed before me. I asked if they had any books of fables. "Yes, there was one there." After a long search in the dust, it was found and brought to me. I opened it, and saw at the first glance, in red letters, "Kalîlag and Damnag," with the old termination g, which proved to me that the work was not translated from the Arabic "Kalilah ve Dimnah." You may be certain that I did not show what I felt. I soon laid the book quietly down. I had indeed before asked the monk specially for "Kalilah and Dimnah," and with some persistency, before I inquired generally for books of fables; but he had not the faintest suspicion that the book before him was the one so eagerly sought after. After about a week or ten days, in order to arouse no suspicion, I sent a trustworthy man to borrow the book; but he was asked at once if it were for the "Fréngi den Prot" (Protestant), and my confidant was so good as to deny it, "No, it was for himself." I then examined the book more carefully. Having it safely in my possession, I was not alarmed at the idea of a little hubbub. I therefore made inquiries, but in all secrecy, whether they would sell it. "No, never," was the answer I expected and received, and the idea that I had borrowed it for myself was revived. I therefore began to have a copy made. But I was obliged to leave Mardin and even the neighbouring Diarbekir, before I received the copy. In Mardin itself the return of the book was loudly demanded, as soon as they knew I was having it copied. I was indeed delighted when, through the kindness of friends, *post tot discrimina rerum* I received the book at Aleppo.'

So far writes my friend, the fortunate discoverer, who, as early as the nineteenth of August 1870, announced in a

letter the happy recovery of the book. On April 20, 1871, he kindly sent it to me from Basle.

This is not the place to descant on the high importance of this discovery. It is only necessary to add that there is not the least doubt that it has put us in possession of the old Syriac translation, of which Ebedjesu speaks. There is only one question still to be settled, whether it is derived direct from the Indian, or through the Pehlvi translation? In either case it is the oldest preserved rendering of the original, now lost in India, and therefore of priceless value.

The fuller treatment of this and other questions, which spring from this discovery, will find a place in the edition of the text, with translation and commentary, which Professor Bickell is preparing in concert with Dr. Hoffmann and myself.

THEODOR BENFEY.

SECOND APPENDIX.

(Sept. 1880.)

BOTH the old Syriac text and a German translation of it have since been published by Professor Bickell (s.t. 'Kalilag und Damnag,' Leipzig, 1876), and Professor Benfey, in an elaborate Introduction to this work, has again most fully shown the importance of this Syriac translation in its bearing on the early migration of Buddhist fables from India to Europe. He holds, however, that the Syriac translation was not made direct from Sanskrit, or, as the Syriac catalogue stated, from the Indian, but from the Pehlevi translation, and he produces strong evidence in support of that opinion (pp. xxxi *seq.*). He believes that the Pehlevi was a faithful rendering of the Sanskrit original, and that the Syriac translation from the Pehlevi was likewise, in its original form, a close imitation of Barzôi's work, but that it

suffered many changes before it reached us in the form in which we now have it. He therefore concludes that the Syriac, both when it stands alone and when it agrees with the Arabic translation or any of its descendants, represents the Pehlevi, and most likely also the Sanskrit original, while whenever the Arabic translation and its descendants differ from the Syriac, they may be supposed to have been influenced by Abdallah ibn Almokaffa, or later translators, unless the contrary can be distinctly proved by a reference to Sanskrit or Pali stories which we still possess (p. cv). He has pointed out that several alterations in the Arabic translation may be attributed to the religious scruples of Abdallah ibn Almokaffa, who was a Persian by birth, and anxious to avoid anything that could give offence to his zealous and suspicious co-religionists. In the same manner in which the traces of the strongly marked Buddhist character of the original vanished under the hands of the Brahmanic compilers of the Pañkatantra, many features of the original stories that might seem objectionable or unintelligible to Mohammedan readers, were silently removed by Abdallah ibn Almokaffa and his various copyists, editors, and translators. But there are other changes, too, which can only be attributed to the literary tastes of the various translators. We shall give one instance.[1] In the Pañkatantra, v. 109, we read :—

'A mouse, though born in the house, must be killed, because it does mischief.

'A cat is asked for from elsewhere, and paid for, because it is useful.'

In the Arabic translation (Guidi's Codd. F. and V.), instead of the *cat* we find the *falcon*; in the *Directorium*, *nisus*, sparrow-hawk; in the *Stephanites*, ἱέραξ; in the Old Spanish translation, *azor*. It was natural to suppose that, as the cat occurred in the Pañkatantra, the Arabic translator had changed the cat into a falcon, particularly as falconry

[1] Benfey, *Einleitung*, p. cviii.

was a favourite amusement among Persians and Arabs. But the Syriac translation gives an entirely new aspect to the matter. The old Syriac version has:—

'Mice, though bred in the house, are killed on account of their mischievousness, but falcons are caught on account of their usefulness, and carried on the hand.'

This leaves no doubt that, in the Buddhist original, the falcon, not the cat, was the simile used—a simile far more appropriate, as Professor Benfey shows, to the purpose than that of the cat. For what has to be illustrated is that the son of an old minister is not favoured by a king simply on account of his birth, but only if he prove himself useful, a stranger being quite as welcome, if his services should be more efficient. The enmity, therefore, between the mouse and the cat was nothing to the point, nay, the simile was actually spoiled by the cat, for, like the mice, most cats also are born and bred in the house, while a falcon has first to be caught, and may therefore well be represented as a stranger. The cat, therefore, was a later thought, and by no means an improvement. Nay, it would be curious to inquire whether, at the time when the Buddhist original was compiled, cats, as the enemies of mice, were known in India, while falconry is well attested in India as early as Pa*ṇ*ini, iv. 2, 58; vi. 3, 71.

The state of the case, therefore, so far as we know at present, is this: A Buddhist work in thirteen chapters was translated into Pehlevi by Barzôi, in the sixth century.

This translation, now lost, was a very few years later turned into Syriac. This translation has lately been discovered, and represents the earliest form of the original now within our reach.

Two hundred years later the Pehlevi text was again translated into Arabic by Abdullah ibn Almokaffa, *s. t.* 'Kalilah ve Dimnah,' which became in turn the fountain from which all other Oriental and European renderings were derived, with the exception of the Sanskrit text, the

Pañkatantra. This was an arrangement of the original Buddhist work in thirteen chapters, carried out by Brahmanic writers, who, after removing what seemed to them objectionable, produced a work in five books, the Pañkatantra, which became widely spread in India. The relation of these three principal texts, the Syriac 'Kalîlag and Damnag,' the Arabic 'Kalilah and Dimnah,' and the Sanskrit Pañkatantra may be seen from the following table:—

Kalilah and Dimnah.	Pañkatantra.	Kalîlag and Damnag.
1 (Life of Burzuyeh)		
2–4 (Introduction)		
5	I.	I.
6 (addition)		
7	II.	II.
8	III.	VI.
9	IV.	III.
10	V.	IV.
11	Mahâbh. XII. 4930	V.
12	*ibid.* XII. 5133	VII.
13	*ibid.* XII. 4084	VIII.
14	Kandjur (Tibet)	IX.
15		Deest.
16 (addition)		
17	Pañkat. cod. Berol. cap. I.	Deest.
18	Pañkat. cod. Berol. cap. I.	Deest.
Kal. and Dim. cod. V. cap. 8. Greek trans. cap. 14		X.

We can now only hope that the Buddhist original in thirteen chapters may still be recovered, if not in Sanskrit or Pâli, at least in one of the numerous translations of Buddhist books preserved in Tibetan, Chinese, Mongolian, Mandshu, or even Japanese. One chapter, the fourteenth in the Arabic translation, the ninth in Syriac, has been traced by the late Professor Schiefner in the Kandjur, the Tibetan translation of Buddhist texts. In the tenth and eleventh volumes of that collection, as published in the monastery of Narthang (vol. x. fol. 270–310; vol. xi. fol. 1–27), a number of stories are found, belonging to the Vinaya-

Kshudraka, relating the events which happened at the time when Mahâkâtyâyana was sent by Buddha to convert the king of U*gg*ayinî, called *Kanda*-Pradyota.[1] The identical stories form the subject of the fourteenth chapter of the 'Kalilah and Dimnah' and the Syriac 'Kalilag and Damnag,' and allow us to see most clearly what kind of influence was exercised both by the Syriac and Arabic translators on the original, and what further changes the Arabic text had to undergo on passing on through the four principal channels—the Greek, eleventh century, the Persian, twelfth century, the Hebrew, 1250, the Old Spanish, 1289.

[1] *Bharatæ Responsa Tibetice cum Versione Latina*, ab A. Schiefnero edita, Petropoli, 1875; and *Mahâkâtyâyana und König Tchaṇḍa-Pradyota, ein Cyklus Buddhistischer Erzählungen*, mitgetheilt von A. Schiefner, St. Petersburg, 1875.

NOTES.

NOTE A.

In modern times, too, each poet or fabulist tells the story as seems best to him. I give three recensions of the story of Perrette, copied from English schoolbooks.

The Milkmaid.

A milkmaid who poised a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said :—
Let me see, I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs or fourscore, to be sure.
Well, then, stop a bit, it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.
Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens I mean :
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen ;
Seventeen, not so many !—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.
But then there's their barley, how much will they need ?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed,
So that's a mere trifle ;—now then, let me see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.
Six shillings a pair, five, four, three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes that low price I will fix ;
Now what will that make ? Fifty chickens I said ;
Fifty times three-and-six ?—I'll ask brother Ned.

Oh! but stop, three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell them!
Well, a pair is a couple; now then let us tell them.
A couple in fifty will go (my poor brain),
Why just a score times, and five pairs will remain.
Twenty-five pairs of fowls, now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this.
Well there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.
Twenty pounds I am certain will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys, eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear.
Forgetting her burden when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head,
When, alas for her prospects! her milkpail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.
This moral, I think, may be safely attached—
'Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched!'

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

FABLE.

A country maid was walking with a pail of milk upon her head, when she fell into the following train of thoughts: 'The money for which I shall sell this milk will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs will bring at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Christmas, when poultry always bear a good price; so that by May-day I shall have money enough to buy me a new gown. Green?—let me consider—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner; but I shall perhaps refuse every one of them, and with an air of disdain toss from them.' Charmed with this thought, she could not forbear acting with her

head what thus passed in her mind, when down came the pail of milk, and with it all her fancied happiness.—From Guy's 'British Spelling Book.'

Alnasker.

Alnasker was a very idle fellow, that would never set his hand to work during his father's life. When his father died he left him to the value of a hundred pounds in Persian money. In order to make the best of it he laid it out in glasses and bottles, and the finest china. These he piled up in a large open basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall of his shop, in the hope that many people would come in to buy. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into an amusing train of thought, and talked thus to himself: 'This basket,' says he, 'cost me a hundred pounds, which is all I had in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it by selling in retail. These two hundred shall in course of trade rise to ten thousand, when I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn a dealer in pearls and diamonds, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got as much wealth as I can desire, I will purchase the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves and horses. Then I shall set myself on the footing of a prince, and will ask the Grand Vizier's daughter to be my wife. As soon as I have married her, I will buy her ten black servants, the youngest and best that can be got for money. When I have brought this princess to my house, I shall take care to breed her in due respect for me. To this end I shall confine her to her own rooms, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated on a sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg me to take her into my favour. Then will I, to impress her with a proper respect for my person, draw up my leg, and spurn her from me with my foot in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces

from the sofa.' Alnasker was entirely absorbed with his ideas, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts; so that, striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grand hopes, he kicked his glasses to a great distance into the street, and broke them into a thousand pieces.—'Spectator.' (From the Sixth Book, published by the Scottish School Book Association, W. Collins and Co., Edinburgh.)

NOTE B.

L'Aurore et le Jour.[1]

To look for fragments of ancient mythology in modern folk-lore is like looking for Sanskrit or Greek in English or French. We now and then meet with a modern word which seems hardly to have suffered at all from the wear and tear of centuries, and looks as fresh and sharp as if it had just been issued from the mint; but such cases are rare, and frequently they are deceptive. Lolling may be the Sanskrit lal, roi is the Sanskrit râgan, *daughter* is the Sanskrit duhitar; but *to call* is certainly not καλεῖν, nor can *Wodan* be identified with *Buddha*, or *Paradise* with the Sanskrit Paradesa. Then come all the doubts as to whether what we find so strangely like in English and Sanskrit comes direct from the primeval Aryan inheritance, or whether it was borrowed at a later time by one heir from the other. *Sugar* sounds very much like Sanskrit sarkara, grit, pebbles; it is in fact the same word. But the Sanskrit sarkara passed through Persian and Arabic before it reached Europe, where it appears as σάκχαρον, *saccharum*, *zucchero*, grannlated sugar. In English the word has reached the very point from which it started,

[1] *La Chaîne Traditionelle: Contes et Légendes au point de vue mythique.* Par Hyacinthe Husson. (Paris, 1874.)

for cabmen now speak of the sharp stones on newly macadamised roads as *sugar*, Sanskrit *sarkara*.

There is but one safe path to follow in these researches into the origin of words or stories. We must trace the modern words back to their most ancient forms in their own language, and the modern stories back to their most ancient version in their own country, before we attempt any comparison. Without this process all combinations are guesswork, sometimes very attractive and almost irresistible, but always dangerous, and never of any really scientific value.

M. Husson, in a small volume just published, called 'La Chaîne Traditionelle,' has selected some well-known popular stories, and has pointed out in them fragments of ancient mythology, such as we find in the Vedas and elsewhere. His analysis is always clever and ingenious, but the conviction which it carries must greatly depend on the disposition of the readers. It may be or it may not be, is what many will say after reading his book, though few will put it down without feeling that some of the coincidences discovered by the author are very strange and very startling.

He begins with the story of Little Red Riding-Hood, and he points out that, like her, the Dawn in the Veda is represented as a young maiden, as carrying messages, as bringing food, as travelling along to join the old Dawn, and as intercepted and swallowed by the Wolf, whether as the representative of the sun, or of the night. All this is true, and might be supported by ample evidence. Even the fact that the dawn was rescued from the mouth of the wolf may be matched by the German story which represents Rothkäppchen as cut out of the wolf's stomach. But in spite of all this, it would be a bold assertion to say that the story of Red Riding-Hood was really a metamorphosis of an ancient story of the rosy-fingered Eos or the Vedic Ushas with her red horses, and that the two ends, Ushas

and Rothkäppchen, are really held together by an unbroken traditional chain.

Everything is changed as soon as, in addition to the coincidences in characteristic events, we have the evidence of language. Names are stubborn things, and those who imagine they can dispute away their evidence by joking on Mr. John *Bright* as a solar hero, forget that in ancient times, to say nothing of mythological periods, names were not what they are with us, inherited, accidental, and meaningless, but real *cognomina*, given with a purpose, which purpose it is for us to discover. We read, for instance, in the Veda that the being swallowed by the wolf is called Vârtikâ. Now, Vârtikâ has a meaning; it means a quail, *i.e.* the returning bird. But as a being delivered by the Asvins, the representatives of Day and Night, Vârtikâ can only be the returning dawn, delivered from the mouth of the wolf, *i.e.* the dark night, or, in a different application, the returning year, *Vertumnus*, delivered from the prison of the winter. The Greek word for quail is the same, it is ὄρτυξ; and when we read that Apollo and Artemis, the children of Latona, the night, were born in Ortygia, which is an old name of Delos, we see that there is here a real traditional chain between Vârtikâ, the Dawn, and Ortygia, the Dawnland; we feel we have arrived at a living mythological germ, which was afterwards developed independently in Greece and India.[1]

M. Husson's identification of Cendrillon and Sodewa-Bai with the Dawn that 'stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops' is again very ingenious; but will it convince the unbelievers who see nothing but human elements in all these stories, and shake their head at everything short of the positive proof afforded by identity of name? M. Husson has himself, with reference to Mr. Fergusson's work, 'Tree and Serpent Worship,' pointed out *qu'il y a serpent et serpent*, that the serpent occurs in different parts of the world as a symbol of various and totally independent conceptions.

[1] Od. O. 404 Ὀρτυγίης καθύπερθεν, ὅθι τροπαὶ ἠελίοιο.

Sometimes the serpent represents darkness and evil, sometimes he is the Agathodæmon, the *genius loci*, sometimes he is the symbol of an autochthonous race. In one myth the serpent represents the sun, in another lightning and the thunderbolt, in another the serpents are meant for serpentine rivers. In India, as in Europe, serpents are the guardians of treasures; though poisonous, they are supposed to possess the art of healing, the gift of wisdom, the power of prophecy. The serpent with seven heads exists in India and Babylon, in the steppes of Russia, and in the ruins of Cambodia. There is an Aryan, there is a Semitic, there is a Turanian, there is an African serpent; and who but an evolutionist would dare to say that all these conceptions came from one and the same original germ, that they are all held together by one traditional chain?

But although we doubt whether M. Husson will convert those who do not like to be converted, his book can hardly fail to make them feel a little uneasy.

M. Husson is very successful in unravelling one of the stories found in the 'Contes de ma Mère l'Oie,' published by Perrault, and there called *La Belle au Bois*. It is the world-wide story of the maiden who receives a wound, falls into a deep sleep, and can only be delivered by a truly solar hero. Perrault, who wrote in 1697, knew nothing as yet of solar theories, yet in the simplicity of his heart he tells us that the children born of the marriage between *La Belle au Bois* and the young prince who called her back to life were called *L'Aurore* and *Le Jour*, while in a Breton story (Luzel, 'Rapport,' p. 8) *La Belle au Bois* herself goes by the name of *La Princesse Tourne-sol*. Another strange coincidence is that *La Belle au Bois* has a little dog, called *Pouffe*. In a Norse story, the heroine who pines away in the kitchen, sitting on the ashes (Cendrillon), has a little dog called *Flo*. She says to him: 'Run along, little dog Flo, and see whether it will soon be day!' This is repeated three times; and at the very moment when the dog looked

out for the third time, the dawn began to rise. It is impossible to read this, as M. Husson points out, without thinking of the well-known Vedic Story of Saramâ, the dog of Indra, and most likely a name of the morning. ('Lectures on the Science of Language,' vol. ii. p. 506.)

There are many comparisons of the same character in M. Husson's book, all of them very ingenious and suggestive, but few supported by strong and irresistible evidence. In his comparisons of names, M. Husson is less successful; and such comparisons as Ahriman and the Vedic Aryaman, or the tree *Ash* in Egyptian, and the Teutonic *Ask*, will certainly be quoted against him and against the system of mythological interpretation which he follows. Nothing but the strictest adherence to the rules of comparative philology can lead to solid results in comparative mythology, and silence the objections of those who seem to think that there is nothing irrational in mythology that requires explanation.

NOTE C.

Pertsch, in Benfey's 'Orient und Occident,' vol. ii. p. 261. Here the story is told as follows: 'Perche si conta che un certo pouer huomo hauea uiciuo a doue dormiua, un mulino & del buturo, & una notte tra se pensando disse, io uenderò questo mulino, & questo butturo tanto per il meno, che io comprerò diece capre. Le quali mi figliaranno in cinque mesi altre tante, & in cinque anni multiplicheranno fino a quattro cento; Le quali barattero in cento buoi, & con essi seminarò una cãpagna, & insieme da figliuoli loro, & dal frutto della terra in altri cinque anni, sarò oltre modo ricco, & farò un palagio *quadro*, adorato, & comprerò schiaui una infinità, & prenderò moglie, la quale mi farà un figliuolo, & lo nominerò Pancalo, & lo farò ammaestrare come bisogna. Et se vedrò che non si curi con questa bacchetta

cosi il percoterò. Con che prendendo la bacchetta che gli era uicina, & battendo di essa il vaso doue era il buturo, e lo ruppe, & fuse il buturo.' [1] (P. 516.)

NOTE D.

This and some other extracts, from books not to be found at Oxford, were kindly copied for me by my late friend, E. Deutsch, of the British Museum.

'Georgii Pachymeris Michael Palæologus, sive Historia rerum a M. P. gestarum,' ed. Petr. Possinus. Romæ, 1666.

Appendix ad observationes Pachymerianas, Specimen Sapientiæ Indorum veterum liber olim ex lingua Indica in Persicam a Perzoe Medico; ex Persica in Arabicam ab Anonymo: ex Arabica in Græcam a Symeone Seth, a Petro Possino Societ. Iesu, novissime e Græca in Latinam translatus.

'Hnic talia serio nuganti haud paulo cordatior mulier. Mihi videris, Sponse, inquit, nostri cujusdam famuli egentissimi hominis similis ista inani provisione nimis remotarum et incerto eventu pendentium rerum. Is diurnis mercedibus mellis ac butyri non magna copia collectâ duobus ista vasis e terra coctili condiderat. Mox secum ita ratiocinans nocte quadam dicebat: Mel ego istud ac butyrum quindecim minimum vendam denariis. Ex his decem Capras emam. Hæ mihi quinto mense totidem alias parient. Quinque annis gregem Caprarum facile quadringentarum confecero. Has commutare tunc placet cum bobus centum, quibus exarabo vim terræ magnam et numerum tritici maximum congeram. Ex fructibus hisce quinquennio multiplicatis, pecuniæ scilicet tantus existet modus, ut facile in locupletissimis numerer. Accedit dos uxoris quam istis opibus ditissimam nanciscar. Nascetur mihi filius quem jam nunc decerno

[1] Italian translation of the Greek translation, first published at Ferrara, 1583; edited by Teza, Bologna, 1872.

nominare Pancalum. Hunc educabo liberalissime, ut nobilium nulli concedat. Qui si ubi adoleverit, ut juventus solet, contumacem se mihi præbeat, haud feret impune. Baculo enim hoc illum hoc modo feriam. Arreptum inter hæc dicendum lecto vicinum baculum per tenebras jactavit, casuque incurrens in dolia mellis et butyri juxta posita, confregit utrumque, ita ut in ejus etiam os barbamque stillæ liquoris prosilirent; cætera effusa et mixta pulveri prorsus corrumperentur; ac fundamentum spei tantæ, inopem et multum gementem momento destitueret.' (P. 602.)

NOTE E.

'Directorium Humanæ Vitæ alias Parabolæ Antiquorum Sapientum,' fol. s. l. e. a. k. 4 (circ. 1480 ?): 'Dicitque olim quidam fuit heremita apud quendam regem Cui rex providerat quolibet die pro sua vita. Scilicet provisionem de sua coquina et vasculum de melle. Ille vero comedebat decocta, et reservabat mel in quodam vase suspenso super suum caput donec esset plenum. Erat autem mel percarum in illis diebus. Quadam vero die: dum jaceret in suo lecto elevato capite, respexit vas mellis quod super caput ei pendebat. Et recordatus quoniam mel de die in diem vendebatur pluris solito seu carius, et dixit in corde suo. Quum fuerit hoc vas plenum: vendam ipsum uno talento auri: de quo mihi emam decem oves, et successu temporis hæ oves facient filios et filias et erunt viginti. Postea vero ipsis multiplicatis cum filiis et filiabus in quatuor annis erunt quatuor centum. Tunc de quibuslibet quatuor ovibus emam vaccam et bovem et terram. Et vaccæ multiplicabuntur in filiis, quorum masculos accipiam mihi in culturam terre, præter id quod percipiam de eis de lacte et lana, donec non consummatis aliis quinque annis multiplicabuntur in tantum quod habebo mihi magnas substantias et divitias, et ero a cunctis reputatus dives et honestus. Et edificabo mihi tunc grandia et excellentia edificia pre

omnibus meis vicinis et consanguinibus, itaque omnes de meis divitiis loquantur, nonne erit mihi illud jocundum, cum omnes homines mihi reverentiam in omnibus locis exhibeant. Accipiam postea uxorem de nobilibus terre. Cumque eam cognovero, concipiet et pariet mihi filium nobilem et delectabilem cum bona fortuna et dei beneplacito qui crescet in scientia virtute, et relinquam mihi per ipsum bonam memoriam post mei obitum et castigabo ipsum dietim: si mee recalcitraverit doctrine; ac mihi in omnibus erit obediens, et si non: percutiam eum isto baclo et erecto baculo ad percutiendum percussit vas mellis et fregit ipsum et defluxit mel super caput ejus.'

NOTE F.

'Das Buch der Weisheit der alten Weisen,' Ulm, 1415. Here the story is given as follows:—

'Man sagt es wohnet eins mals ein brûder der dritten regel der got fast dienet, bei eins künigs hof, den versach der künig alle tag zû auff enthalt seines lebens ein kuchen speiss und ein fleschlein mit honig. diser ass alle tag die speiss von den kuchen und den honig behielt er in ein irden fleschlein das hieng ob seiner petstat so lang biss es voll ward. Nun kam bald eine grosse teür in den honig und eins morgens früe lag er in seinem pett und sach das honig in dem fleschlein ob seinem haubt hangen do fiel ym in sein gedanck die teüre des honigs und fieng an mit ihm selbs ze reden. wann diss fleschlein gantz vol honigs wirt so verkauff ich das umb fünff güldin, darum̃ kauff ich mir zehen gûter schaff und die machen alle des jahrs lember. und dann werden eins jahrs zweintzig und die und das von yn kummen mag in zehen jaren werden tausent. dann kauff ich umb fier schaff ein kû und kauff dobei ochsen und ertrich die meren sich mit iren früchten und do nimb ich dann die frücht zû arbeit der äcker. von den andern küen und schaffen nimb

ich milich und woll ee das andre fünff jar fürkommen so wird es sich allso meren das ich ein grosse hab und reichtumb überkumen wird dann will ich mir selbs knecht und kellerin kauffen und hohe und hübsche bäw ton. und darnach so nimm ich mir ein hübsch weib von einem edeln geschlecht die beschlaff ich mit kurtzweiliger lieb. so enpfecht sie und gebirt mir ein schön glückseligten sun und gottförchtigen. und der wirt wachsen in lere und künsten und in weissheit. durch den lass ich mir einen gůten leümde nach meinem tod. aber wird er nit fölgig sein und meiner straff nit achten so wolt ich yn mit meinem stecken über sein rucken on erbermde gar hart schlahen. und nam sein stecken da mit man pflag das pet ze machen ym selbs ze zeigen wie frefelich er sein sun schlagen wölt. und schlůg das irden fass das ob seinem haubt hieng zů stücken das ym der honig under sein antlit und in das pet troff und ward ym von allen sein gedencken nit dann das er sein antlit und pet weschen můst.'

NOTE G.

This translation has lately been published by Don Pascual de Gayangos in the 'Biblioteca de Autores Españoles,' Madrid, 1860, vol. li. Here the story runs as follows (p. 57):

'Del religioso que vertió la miel et la manteca sobre su cabeza.

'Dijo la mujer:—"Dicen que un religioso habia cada dia limosna de casa de un mercader rico, pan é manteca é miel é otras cosas, et comia el pan é lo ál condesaba, et ponia la miel é la manteca en un jarra, fasta quel a finchó, et tenia la jarra colgada á la cabecera de su cama. Et vino tiempo que encareció la miel é la manteca, et el religioso fabló un dia consigo mismo, estando asentado en su cama, et dijo así: Venderé cuanto está en esta jarra por tantos maravedís, é comparé con ellos diez cabras, et empreñarse-

han, é parirán á cabo de cinco meses; et fizo cuenta de esta guisa, et falló que en cinco años montarian bien cuatrocientas cabras. Desí dijo: Venderlas-he todas, et con el precio dellas compraré cien vacas, por cada cuatro cabezas una vaca, é haberé simiente é sembraré con los bueyes, et aprovecharme-he de los becerros et de las fembras é de la leche é manteca, é de las mieses habré grant haber, et labraré muy nobles casas, é compraré siervos é siervas, et esto fecho casarme-he con una mujer muy rica, é fermosa, é de grant logar, é empreñarla-he de fijo varon, é nacerá complido de sus miembros, et criarlo-he como á fijo de rey, é castigarlo-he con esta vara, si non quisiere ser bueno é obediente." E él deciendo esto, alzó la vara que tenia en la mano, et ferió en la olla que estaba colgada encima dél, é quebróla, é cayóle la miel é la manteca sobre su cabeza,' etc.

NOTE H.

See 'Poésies inédites du moyen âge,' par M. Edelstand Du Méril. Paris 1854. XVI. De viro et vase olei (p. 239):—

'Uxor ab antiquo fuit infecunda marito.
Mesticiam (l. mœstitiam) cujus cupiens lenire vix (l. *vir*) hujus,
His blandimentis solatur tristi[ti]a mentis:
Cur sic tristaris? Dolor est tuus omnis inanis:
Pulchræ prolis eris satis amodo munere felix.
Pro nihilo ducens conjunx hæc verbula prudens,
His verbis plane quod ait vir monstrat inane:
Rebus inops quidam . . . (bone vir, tibi dicam)
Vas oleo plenum, longum quod retro per ævum
Legerat orando, loca per diversa vagando,
Fune ligans ar(c)to, tecto[que] suspendit ab alto
Sic præstolatur tempus quo pluris ematur[atur]
Qua locupletari se sperat et arte beari.

Talia dum captat, hæc stultus inania jactat:
Ecce potens factus, fuero cum talia nactus,
Vinciar uxori quantum queo nobiliori:
Tunc sobolem gignam, se meque per omnia dignam,
Cujus opus morum genus omne præibit avorum.
Cui nisi tot vitæ fuerint insignia rite,
Fustis hic absque mora feriet caput ejus et [h]ora.
Quod dum narraret, dextramque minando levaret,
Ut percussisset puerum quasi præsto fuisset
Vas in prædictum manus ejus dirigit ictum
Servatumque sibi vas il[l]ico fregit olivi.'

I owe the following extract to the kindness of M. Paul Meyer:—

'Apologi Phædrii ex ludicris I. Regnerii Belnensis doct. Medici, Divione, apud Petrum Palliot, 1643 in 12, 126 pages et de plus un index.'

(Le recueil se divise en deux partis, pars I., pars II. La fable en question est à la page 32, pars I., fab. xxv.)

XXV.

Pagana et eius mercis emptor.

Pagana mulier, lac in olla fictili,
Ova in canistro, rustici mercem penus,
Ad civitatem proximam ibat venditum.
In eius aditu factus huic quidam obvius
Quanti rogavit ista quæ fers vis emi?
Et illa tanti. Tantin'? hoc fuerit nimis.
Numerare num me vis quod est æquum? vide
Hac merce quod sit nunc opus mihi plus dabo
Quam præstet illam cede, et hos nummos cape,
Et quam superbe fœde rusticitas agit,
Hominem reliquit additis conviciis,
Quasi æstimasset vilius mercem optimam.

Aversa primos inde vix tulerat gradus,
Cum lubricato corruit strato viæ:
Lac olla fundit quassa, gallinaceæ
Testæ vitellos congerunt cœno suos
Caput cruorem mittit impingens petræ
Luxata nec fert coxa surgentem solo:
Ridetur ejus non malum, sed mens procax,
Qua merx et ipsa mercis et pretium perit;
Seque illa deflens tot pati infortunia
Nulli imputare quam sibi hanc sortem potest
Dolor sed omnis sæviter recruduit
Curationis danda cum merces fuit.

In re minori cum quis et fragili tumet
Hunc sartis ingens sternit indignatio.

The following extract was sent to me by Professor Havald Schütz:—

'Democritus Ridens sive Campus recreationum honestarum cum exorcismo Melancholiae. Coloniae, apud Andream Bingium in Laureto, 1649, p. 275.

Mulier inani spe ditescendi inflata.

Mercatum ad urbis proximae profectura
Rustica ferebat, Pascha circiter, plenum
Ovis quasillum: laeta jamque tum lucro,
Factura certò quod sibi videbatur,
Sed nondum habebat, cogitatione, ut fit,
Inter vias fingebat aureos montes
Sibi, ratiocinata in hunc modum: Dextra
Plena aere multo mihi domum revertetur,
Bene collocetur, ovis emetur, haec anno
Vertente tantum, spero, mi dabit quaestum,
Ut comparari foeta eo queat vacca:
Foecunda pariet haec brevi gregem armenti,
Numerosum: et auro me beabit ex lacte,
Caseoque, butyroque, quod forum plena

Manu refundet. Nobile inde equorum par
Hoc aere commercabor. At solum, tanto
Studio exaratum, fructuum feret magnam
Vim. Prata, silvas, vineas dein nummo
Praesente coemam. Laeta denique in tanto
Proventu et opibus delicatam agam vitam.
Convivia apparabo: non ibi cantor,
Psaltesve deerit. Cum marito ego restim
Saltabo ductans: jò, Evoe, Evoe, ô Bacche.
Haec mente volvens, corbis et sui oblita,
In gyrum agebat corpus, et pede alterno
Terram feribat, corbis it: cadunt ova,
Et fracta ad unum decolorem humum pingunt.
Stupet illa, inopsque consili omnis: Ergo, inquit
Grave ingemescens, somnium puto vidi
Vigilans, eadem dives atque inops hora.'

NOTE I.

Hulsbach, 'Sylva Sermonum,' Basileæ, 1568, p. 23: 'In sylva quadam morabatur heremicola jam satis provectæ ætatis, qui quaque die accedebat civitatem, afferens inde mensuram mellis, qua donabatur. Hoc recondebat in vase terreo, quod pependerat supra lectum suum. Uno dierum jacens in lecto, et habens baculum in manu sua, hæc apud se dicebat: Quotidie mihi datur vasculum mellis, quod dum indies recondo, fiet tandem summa aliqua. Jam valet mensura staterem unum. Corraso autem ita floreno uno aut altero, emam mihi oves, quæ fœnerabunt mihi plures: quibus divenditis coëmam mihi elegantem uxoreulam, cum qua transigam vitam meam lætanter: ex ea suscitabo mihi puellam, quam instituam honeste. Si vero mihi noluerit obedire, hoc baculo eam ita comminuam: atque levato baculo confregit suum vasculum, et effusum est mel, quare cassatum est suum propositum, et manendum adhuc in suo statu.'

NOTE K.

'El Conde Lucanor, compuesto por el excelentissimo Principe don Iuan Manuel, hijo del Infante don Manuel, y nieto del Santo Rey don Fernando,' Madrid, 1642; cap. 29, p. 96. He tells the story as follows: 'There was a woman called Dona Truhana (Gertrude), rather poor than rich. One day she went to the market carrying a pot of honey on her head. On her way she began to think that she would sell the pot of honey, and buy a quantity of eggs, that from those eggs she would have chickens, that she would sell them and buy sheep; that the sheep would give her lambs, and thus calculating all her gains, she began to think herself much richer than her neighbours. With the riches which she imagined she possessed, she thought how she would marry her sons and daughters, and how she would walk in the street surrounded by her sons and daughters-in-law; and how people would consider her very happy for having amassed so large a fortune, though she had been so poor. While she was thinking over all this, she began to laugh for joy, and struck her head and forehead with her hand. The pot of honey fell down, was broken, and she shed hot tears because she had lost all that she would have possessed if the pot of honey had not been broken.'

NOTE L.

Bonaventure des Periers, 'Les Contes ou les Nouvelles.' Amsterdam, 1735. Nouvelle XIV. (vol. i. p. 141). (First edition, Lyon, 1558): 'Et ne les (les Alquemistes) sçauroit-on mieux comparer qu'à une bonne femme qui portoit une potée de laict au marché, faisant son compte ainsi: qu'elle la vendroit deux liards: de ces deux liards elle en achepteroit une douzaine d'œufs, lesquelz elle mettroit couver,

et en auroit une douzaine de poussins : ces poussins deviendroient grands, et les feroit chaponner : ces chapons vaudroient cinq solz la piece, ce seroit un escu et plus, dont elle achepteroit deux cochons, masle et femelle : qui deviendroient grands et en feroient une douzaine d'autres, qu'elle vendroit vingt solz la piece ; apres les avoir nourris quelque temps, ce seroient douze francs, dont elle achepteroit une iument, qui porteroit un beau poulain, lequel croîstroit et deviendroit tant gentil : il sauteroit et feroit *Hin*. Et en disant *Hin*, la bonne femme, de l'aise qu'elle avoit en son compte, se print à faire la ruade que feroit son poulain : et en ce faisant sa potée de laict va tomber, et se respandit toute. Et voila ses œufs, ses poussins, ses chapons, ses cochons, sa jument, et son poulain, tous par terre.'

LADY TOAD.

One of the earliest tales which I remember hearing as a little child in my native town, Dessau, was that of the *Frau Kröte*, the Lady Toad. I heard it again and again, told by different persons and in different ways, but always with a mysterious air, and as if those who told it knew a great deal more than they chose to tell. If I ask myself whether I ever really believed the story, I can hardly say Yes or No. Children scarcely know as yet what it is to doubt, and, in consequence, what it is to believe. They listen and feel interested in what a nurse or a mother or a grandmother may tell them, and they soon begin to repeat with a kind of pride what they have learnt; nay, they would resent any depreciatory remarks, whether they came from their schoolfellows, or from their schoolmaster. Besides, in the case of Frau Kröte, there was always an answer which seemed unanswerable. Some highly privileged persons who had had the entry at the Ducal Castle at Dessau had actually seen and handled the ring of the Frau Kröte. I myself was one of those privileged few, and, no doubt, resisted with all the warmer indignation any juvenile scepticism as to the truth of the story of the Frau Kröte.

But what is still more extraordinary, even when the age of doubt had come, and many things had to be surrendered which make the dream-life of our childhood so bright and so secure, the story of the Frau Kröte still kept its hold on our imagination. After all, one thought, there is the old ring, which is kept as a sacred heirloom in the treasury of the reigning family. That ancient family of the Ascanian princes of Anhalt is surrounded by a half-mythical halo, and can claim an antiquity which is the envy of all the reigning houses in Europe. Even if they had to surrender their ancient claim to a direct descent from Ascenas, the son of Gomer, the son of Japhet, the son of Noah, or from Ascanius θεοειδὴς τῆλ' ἐξ Ἀσκανίης (*Il.* ii. 863), or from Ascanius, the son of Æneas and Creusa, certain it is that their ancestor was *Albertus Ursus*, and that the Abbas Urspergensis in his chronicle, *ad annum* 1157, speaks of Bernhardus de Anhalde, the son of Albrecht the Bear, as having received the *Ducatus Saxoniæ*, and being then still alive.[1] There has been an uninterrupted succession of Ascanian princes from that time to the present day, and they are still a fine and vigorous race.

Instead of telling the story of the Frau Kröte as I heard it myself, it will be better to give it here in that form in which I find it recorded for the first time, viz., in the ponderous folios of Johann Christoff Beckmann, *Historie des Fürstenthums Anhalt*, published at Zerbst in 1710. Beckmann writes (i. 352):—

We ought to record here a curious history of a ring which,

[1] J. Ch. Beckmann, *Historie des Fürstenthums Anhalt*; Zerbst, 1710, i. 509, *a*.

to the present day, is kept in safe custody by the high princely family. It is said that many years ago a princess of Anhalt, when she was expecting the birth of a child, was in the habit of dining alone in her own room in the ducal castle. After dinner the crumbs were collected in a napkin and shaken out of the window, whereupon a large toad appeared and swallowed the crumbs. Some time after, when she and her husband were sleeping in the same room, an unknown woman, holding a lantern in her hand, is said to have approached her bed, saying that the Lady Toad sent her best thanks for the crumbs which she had eaten under the princess's window, and, in token of her gratitude, a ring, which should be well kept in the ducal palace, so that the family dwelling therein might prosper, and the race never become extinct. Besides, great care should be taken of all fires every Christmas Eve, because on that night the palace might easily catch fire and be destroyed.

Beckmann adds a slight variant, according to which a woman, holding a lantern, had approached the bed of a princess of Anhalt, asking her to come to the assistance of a mother who, without her help, could not be delivered of a child, at the same time assuring her of safe conduct. After many entreaties the princess consented, and was conducted through a subterraneous passage, the woman with the lantern walking before her, till they came to the mother. After assisting her at the birth of a child, the princess was reconducted to her chamber by the same woman who, some nights later, appeared again, thanking the princess in the name of the mother, and offering her the ring, with the same conditions as before. Another feature of the story is that the subterraneous passage was under the river, the Mulde, and under the mill,

close to the palace, so that the princess when passing through it could hear the roaring of the water and the noise of the wheels overhead. Nay, I may add that traces of such a passage are said to exist leading from the palace under the river to a distant monastery at Pötnitz.

Beckmann continues :—

Although it is not known which princess of Anhalt it was to whom all this happened, and at what time she lived, the tradition has been current for many years, and the ring itself is still in existence. It is made of gold, somewhat between crown and ducat gold, of a pale colour, smaller at the bottom and open, broader at the top and adorned with three diamonds. These stones are old and not too well polished, the two outside ones triangular, the one in the centre oblong.

To the present day, as Beckmann adds in 1710, all fires are extinguished in the castle on Christmas Eve, in the rooms of the servants at the approach of dark, in the rooms of the prince at eight o'clock, and the castellaneus, in company with other servants, has to patrol all the rooms of the castle till three o'clock in the morning.

So much for the facts of the case, to which the learned chronicler adds some observations of his own, saying that though some things may sound suspicious, there must be some truth in the story, particularly as similar traditions exist elsewhere, a horn being preserved with the same care in Oldenburg, and golden herrings in the Ranzow family in Holstein.

Granting even (he continues) that such things do not happen in our own age, we should not forget that each *sæculum* has its own character, each claims some pecu-

liarities *in rebus naturalibus et civilibus*, which are not to be met with in any other. They are recorded for the very reason that they are extraordinary, and would cease to be extraordinary if they happened more frequently.

Honesty, however, requires him to admit that *piæ fraudes* also have sometimes been committed, and that the object of the story of the ring may have been to admonish its princely owner to exercise great care and diligence to prevent a conflagration in the palace. Nay, he starts a guess that one of the Anhalt princes may have possessed the art of making gold (as Prince Augustus not many years ago), and that the ring may be a specimen of his art. In the end, however, he makes this important remark that, as the ducal castle was burnt down in 1467, the admonition to take great care of the fire in the castle would have been vain, and the ring, as a *pignus*, have lost its credit, while, after that event, the admonition would be intelligible, and the ring might have become very useful.

So far the historian Beckmann. There are several versions of the tale of Frau Kröte, in prose and verse, of later date, but all of them were written by persons who knew Beckmann's book, and their versions are chiefly interesting, therefore, as showing the liberties which poets, and even historians, may take in telling popular tales. If Beckmann's history had been lost, these later versions would be our only authorities, in the same way as we must accept versions of Greek legends from Pausanias or Kallimachos, if they happen to be absent in the Homeric poems. A comparison of Beckmann's unvarnished tale with the poems of Fr. Hesekiel (1824), A. von Marées (1836), Fr. Stah-

mann and Ludwig Züllich (1844), the anonymous author of *Anhalt's Lieder und Sagen* (1856), of which specimens may be seen in the *Mittheilungen des Vereins für Anhaltische Geschichte und Alterthumskunde*, i. 256, 266, is full of interest to the student of mythology, for we can see how, without any independent authority, so far as we can judge, one poet changes the woman with the lantern into a beautiful fairy, appearing to the princess in the month of May, while another christens the princess Hilda and makes her the wife of Esico, though the real Esico lived in the eleventh century, and had a wife called Mathilda. The Frau Kröte then discloses herself as Bathildis, the ancestress of the princess of Anhalt. A third poet calls the princess Agnes, and represents the subterraneous passage as leading to a palace of toads, lighted with 1,000 candles. This unrestrained freedom in handling the old story is an element but seldom allowed for by those who analyse old stories by purely mythological tests, and though we may admit that such freedom is more unrestrained in a literary age, we ought not to imagine that it existed in modern times only. Modern is a relative term, and in one sense even the Homeric poems may be called modern.

But the story of the Frau Kröte contains several other lessons and warnings, which the students of comparative mythology should take to heart, if they do not want to see their own princely palace burnt down for want of a watchful castellaneus.

It has often been said that myths and legends belong to the dark ages only, and that the light of modern civilisation destroys their growth. Now, the age of the Reformation is generally represented as

the age of enlightenment, by some even as the age of too much enlightenment and criticism. Nevertheless, if, as we shall see, the ring of Frau Kröte cannot well be older than the time of Luther, the growth of myth and fable cannot be said to have come to an end in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We speak indeed very glibly of centuries, as if they were units with which the historian can work his calculations without fear of going wrong. But the people of whom we think when we speak of centuries are a few individuals only, hardly 'the upper ten thousand,' but a hundred, or at the utmost, a thousand, and many of them better known to us than they were to their own contemporaries. If we wish to gain an insight into the real enlightenment of a century, and more particularly the enlightenment of those layers of society in which tales spring up and abound, if we want to know what those lower millions were capable of doing, saying, and believing, we have only to read an account of the burning of a witch in the very same Duchy of Anhalt, not in the fifteenth, but in the seventeenth century, and we shall then have a better measure as to what a century is capable of, than by reading the works of Descartes and Leibniz.

An excellent popular writer, L. Würdig, who lives at Dessau, and publishes every year the *Anhaltische Volkskalender*, has devoted himself to the study of old archives, and, more particularly, of the records of old law-suits, as throwing a clearer light on the social state of the people than almost any other historical documents. From some musty papers, preserved in the public office at Kosa, Würdig gives us, in his

calendar for 1868, p. 38, a full description of the burning of an old woman at Kösitz, a village in Anhalt Coethen. This poor woman, Marie Winzer by name, had led a blameless life to the age of seventy-five, when she was denounced by another witch, Margarethe Kieseler, who deposed to having seen her, on the Walpurgis Night, dancing with Beelzebub on the Blockersberg. The judge, Dr. Mylius, at once wrote to make inquiries as to the character of Marie Winzer, the widow of one Jacob Winzer, and received excellent accounts, except that one nobleman, Ludwig von Wuthenau of Schraditz, declared she had bewitched his dog; another, Valentin Lorenz, called Kankerlank, of Görzig, that she had bewitched a child two years old, and a cow; and a third, Georg Linke, of Fernsdorf, that he had seen the dragon flying into the chimney of the old woman's house, the whole village being lighted up as if by fire. On such evidence that respectable old woman was sent to prison, and admonished to confess her guilt, which was tantamount to being burnt. When she declined to confess, she was confronted with the other witch, Margarethe Kieseler, who declared before the judges that she had seen the old woman in the last Walpurgis Night dancing and flirting with Beelzebub. On this the old woman declared that she had never been on the Blockersberg, had never danced or flirted with Beelzebub, that she had received the Holy Communion after the late harvest, and that all that she knew about the other woman was that she herself had found fault with her for going about with dishevelled hair.

The next step was to burn the witch, Margarethe

Kieseler, who had confessed to having herself been on the Blockersberg, though she denied having danced with Beelzebub, while the other was sent back to prison. As she still refused to confess, she was condemned to 'sharp torture, though in a moderate form,' on the 29th of December, 1656. She called on God to witness her innocence, and, as the report says, in spite of the painful torture, would confess nothing, nor even shed a tear.

Upon the case being referred to the 'Schöppenstuhl' at Halle, the famous University, the following order was returned to the judge at Kösitz:—'The old woman must be stripped and washed, her hair is to be cut off, and her body is to be carefully examined, whether it shows any mark or mole.' When this was done, a boil was discovered, and was declared at once as a mark of the devil. The accused was once more tortured, this time more severely. Ropes were fastened on her and drawn tight, screws and Spanish boots were put on, and she was hammered with the torture hammer, till about midnight she could bear it no longer and declared she would confess. Being released, she again denied, was tortured again, confessed again, was released again, denied again, was tortured again, and then confessed that she had danced with Beelzebub, that she had bewitched the child, the dog, the cow; in fact that she had done everything they wished her to confess, and that Beelzebub had stood behind her all the time, admonishing her not to confess.

The next morning she again protested her innocence, but she soon repented and called out, 'Yes, yes, I have done everything you say; go and finish the matter quickly,' that is, 'Make haste and let me be burnt.'

Hereupon sentence came from the princely Schöppenstuhl of Magdeburg, and was confirmed by the high wise Schöppenstuhl of Leipzig, that 'Marie Winzer, the widow of Jacob Winzer, was to be burnt to death on account of her witchery and her flirtation with Beelzebub on the Blockersberg,' &c.

On the 28th of February, 1657, that sentence was approved by Prince Johann Kasimir of Anhalt Dessau. A clergyman, himself seventy-five years of age, was ordered to give her ghostly advice and help, and on the 11th of March, 1657, before a large concourse of people, Marie Winzer was burnt. The following extract from the bill of expenses shows how such trials and executions were conducted. We find :—

12 groschen, for an oak to serve as the stake.
16 groschen, for birchwood.
3 thaler, for two clergymen.
12 groschen, for a schoolmaster and four pupils who had to sing during the execution.
11 thaler, for the executioner.
1 thaler 18 groschen, for pork, spices, and bread, consumed during the kindly examination and the two torturings.
1 thaler, for pork, eaten at the execution.
1 thaler 12 groschen, for beer drunk during the trial.
1 thaler, for a sheep, eaten at the first torturing.
1 thaler 18 groschen, for three calves, eaten at the second torturing and the execution.
15 groschen, for ten fowls, eaten likewise on the days of torture and execution.
5 thaler, for four quarts of beer, drunk at the execution.

Here we have an authentic picture of what took place about two hundred years ago. A poor respectable old woman was tortured and burnt, because she

had danced with Beelzebub on the Blockersberg on midsummer night, that sentence being approved by the highest judicial tribunals at Halle, Magdeburg, and Leipzig, acquiesced in by two clergymen, confirmed by a reigning prince, and carried out with public carousings before large crowds of people, not one of them daring to utter an anathema on such hideous revelries and devilries.

I mention all this, not that each of us should do penance in sackcloth and ashes for the deeds of such miscreants, some of whom may have been our own great-grandfathers, but, for the present, simply in order to silence such vague and unhistorical assertions as that it would have been impossible in modern days, and more particularly after the discovery of printing and after the introduction of the Reformation, for such superstitions as the tale of the Lady Toad to spring up or to be believed in by anybody. Princes, judges, and clergymen, to say nothing of the people who ate pork and drank four quarts of beer during the burning of a witch, who could believe in a poor woman, seventy-five years old, flirting on the Blockersberg with Beelzebub, could have had no difficulty in believing, for some good reason, in a toad bringing a ring to a princess—it may be, to an ancestress of that very prince, Johann Kasimir of Anhalt Dessau, who signed the death-warrant of Marie Winzer.

Enough of this, and more than enough, I hope, to warn comparative mythologists against such dogmatic assertions as that the mythopœic age came to an end before the beginning of authentic history, that no legends could spring up after the Peloponnesian wars or in the days of Cæsar Augustus, or

that ages of enlightenment cannot be ages of superstition.

But our story of the Frau Kröte may teach us some other lessons still. There can be no doubt, I should think, that there must be some mythological ingredients in the story of the Lady Toad, unless we admit with Beckmann that each century has its peculiarities, and that in the fifteenth century a real toad may have presented the gold ring to a princess of Anhalt.

Unless we take that strictly realistic view of the story, we must ask the question, Why a toad?

Now, toads and frogs are by no means excluded from the list of animals that have acted an important part in the mythologies of the world. Some students of mythology, and some great philosophers also, would say that this was quite natural, that certain families might be called 'the Toads' or 'the Frogs,' and that after that, stories would be told of them which originally applied to real toads and frogs. Certain families, we are assured, might also have worshipped toads as fetishes, or chosen frogs as their totems, and then everything would become rational, and mythology have no further difficulties for anybody. All this may be, but to the student of language and thought, i. e. to the true logician, the question to be solved lies beyond that narrow horizon. What he wants to know is, whether toad and frog were really mere names, or whether these names had originally a meaning, or, it may be, many meanings, and whether what is told of frogs and toads in ancient or modern stories had a meaning and a purpose too; in fact, whether there is some sense in all the apparent nonsense of mythology.

Even old Beckmann, the Anhalt chronicler, had his doubts and misgivings whether the toad had been a real toad. Toad is called *Kröte* in German, and so he begins to dabble in comparative mythology, and says that the old inhabitants[1] of Anhalt were Wends of Slavonic origin, and that besides Radegast and other gods, they worshipped one *Krodo*. This Krodo, as Sagittarius[2] informs us, had an image in the fortress of Harzburg near Goslar, viz. an old man standing on a fish, holding in his right hand a basket with fruit, and in his left a wheel. That image was destroyed by Charlemagne, but the name remained though changed in meaning, and signifying no longer a god, but anything very execrable. Might not Frau Kröte, Beckmann continues, be a revival of the old god Krodo? Dr. Lange, in his article on *Die Sage vom Krötenring*,[3] improves on this conjecture by pointing to the fish as the water through which Frau Kröte passed, and to the wheel as possibly the wheel of the mill near the palace. Kröte, he adds, has remained to the present day a term of reproach, and it may have been originally applied to old women of Wendic extraction. One of these Wendic old toads may have received some kindness from a princess of Dessau, may have found a ring which originally belonged to the ducal family, nay, which may have been lost at a fire in the castle, and may have restored it to the owner with some good advice.

All this is, no doubt, very ingenious, and very

[1] Vol. vi. p. 3

[2] *Antiquitates Gentil. et Christ. Thuring.* l. i. c. 1, § 6; and *Crantzii Saxonia*, l. ii. c. 12; Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 228.

[3] *Mittheilungen des Vereins für Anhalt. Gesch* i. 265.

rational; only there are too many 'mays' in the explanation, and there remains, as we shall see, one great difficulty, namely, the age of the ring. That ring is referred by the best judges, and by Dr. Lange himself, to the end of the 15th or beginning of the 16th century, and shows traces of the central coat of arms, as it was used by the princes of Anhalt about the same time.

But if the Frau Kröte, who was the giver of the ring, was neither a revival of the Wendic god Krodo, nor a Wendic old woman, contemptuously called a toad, might she not have been, as another Anhalt antiquarian, Dr. Kindscher suggests, 'a lady originally called *Chrôdhild*,[1] whose name was shortened to *Chrôd* and *Kröte*? Dr. Kindscher derives this name from the Old High German *hruod*, *hruodâ*, Old Frankish *chrodâ*, Anglo-Saxon *hrêdh*, all meaning glory, and he supposes that the Lady *Chrôdhild* may have been a real lady of noble birth, who presented the valuable ring to a Princess of Anhalt, but that she was believed to have been a toad, or an ugly Wendish witch, simply because her name was best known in its abbreviated form of *Chrodâ*.

All this sounds very plausible, if only the real existence of such a lady could be proved about the beginning of the 15th century; but this, as Dr. Kindscher himself admits, has hitherto been impossible.

After all these attempts had failed, Dr. Hosaeus, the learned editor of the *Mittheilungen des Vereins für Anhaltische Geschichte* (ii. 318), took an independent course, by fixing his attention chiefly on the historical elements of the old tale. The ring, he says,

[1] *Mittheilungen*, ii. 162.

is an historical ring, and belongs, both by its workmanship, and particularly by the coat of arms which is still visible on it, to the end of the 15th century.

He then remarks that, according to Beckmann, the old castle at Dessau was burnt down in 1467, and that, if the ring was a preservative against fire, it would have lost its credit, supposing it had existed before 1467. If then the ring belonged to a princess of Dessau, she must have lived about 1500, and at that very time there lived, as Dr. Hosaeus points out, a famous princess, the wife of Prince Ernst, who, after her husband's death in 1516, ruled as the guardian of her sons, and died in 1530. During her husband's reign the church at Dessau, the mill, and several other important buildings were erected, and the princess more particularly is described as a most careful and successful administrator. We know that the old castle had been burnt in 1467. What would be more natural then than that she should have made her sons promise her to be extremely careful about fires in the castle, and that she should have given them one of her favourite rings to remind them of that promise? That ring would be called the ring of Margarethe, or, as Margarethe was shortened to Grete, the ring of Frau Grete. After that, when Frau Grete had been forgotten, people might change the pronunciation and call it the ring of 'Frau Kröte,' and then as soon as there was a ring of the Lady Toad, explanations of such a name would be required, and readily given, as is always the case in popular mythology. Even after that change, when the Frau Kröte had become the mysterious donor, not the possessor, of the ring, Dr. Hosaeus points out that one of

the rooms in the castle continued to be called 'the room of the Frau Kröte.'

This is, no doubt, an extremely ingenious explanation, and particularly valuable as showing how legends may spring from historical facts, how a mere change of pronunciation may lead to a myth, and how, even in recent times, mothers and grandmothers are always ready to explain what seems inexplicable, and people in all ranks of society ready to believe what satisfies their curiosity.

That *Margarethe* became in the mouths of the people *Grete* is well known, and equally well that *Grete* was used as a general name for a common girl. *Du dumme Grete* is often heard in the streets of Dessau, and if some people pronounce it *Griete*, I have heard quite as often the expression *Du infame Kräte*. Now, from *Kräte* to *Kröte* the transition is easy enough, and if once made, everything else would follow almost as a matter of course.

And yet this is not all. The student of mythology gladly welcomes every euhemeristic explanation which has the slightest countenance from real history, but after he has seen the ring of the venerable Princess of Anhalt changed into the ring of the Lady Toad he asks again, Whence all this readiness to accept the story of a toad, who is fed by crumbs from the window of a princess, and then either sends a woman to present a ring possessing a kind of charm against fire and other dangers, or leads a princess through a subterraneous passage to a woman who cannot be delivered without her assistance, and then conducts her safely back to the palace, carrying a lantern, and presenting her with a ring?

Surely, nowhere would such a story be accepted, if there did not exist beforehand a certain acquaintance with toads or frogs as fabulous beings, having the character of fairies or witches, or where apparitions of women announcing fortunate or unfortunate events to princes and princesses had not become articles of popular faith. Thus we see that, after all, the help of the Comparative Mythologist cannot be altogether dispensed with, if we want to know by what spell a real historical event can be changed into a Märchen, or a Märchen into a real historical event.

And here we shall see at once the immense importance of comparative studies. If the story of the Frau Kröte who invites a princess to attend a childbirth in some subterraneous place, and who rewards her services with some valuable present, existed at Dessau only, the explanation given by Dr. Hosaeus would probably be accepted by most people. But what shall we say if we look about and find the same or very similar stories all over Germany, without any princess *Margarethe* or *Grete* or *Kröte* to account for it. Such stories have been collected, and Dr. Th. Elze in a paper called *Die Sage und der Ring*, 1889, gives nearly a dozen versions of it. It exists in Vorarlberg, as shown by Vonbun in his *Die Sagen Vorarlbergs*, 1858, p. 6; it exists in the Lech-valley of the Tyrol, see Ritter von Alpenburg, *Deutsche Alpensagen*, 1861, p. 159; it exists near the Bodium in Swabia, see E. Meyer, *Deutsche Sagen aus Schwaben*, 1852, vol. i. p. 69; in Dornhan and Boll near Oberndorf, l. c. p. 62; and again in Pfullingen near Reutlingen, l. c. p. 17. In the Mark, south of the Havel and the Spree, the same story with small modifications has been collected

by A. Kuhn, *Märkische Sagen und Märchen*, 1843, p. 82, while Haupt has heard it near Schadewalde in Lusatia, see *Sagenbuch der Lausitz*, 1863, vol. i. p. 55, and traces of it have been discovered even in Bohemia, see Waldau, *Böhmisches Märchenbuch*, 1860, p. 202. A somewhat different though possibly related story was told to Dr. Ogle at Zürich. There is a statue of Charlemagne on one of the towers of the Münster, and on one of the houses near the Münster there were some curious stone carvings representing a toad sitting on eggs, and a snake with a chalice and a ring. The sacristan, when questioned, told an ancient tale of Charlemagne walking one day by the lake, when he found a toad squatting on a snake's eggs. He seized the poor 'Kröte' by the leg and threw it into the lake. In repayment of the service, the snake gave him a ring and a chalice. Even Luther alludes to such stories in his *Tischreden*, 1576, fol. 446, but he declares them to be mere *somnia*. This must suffice to show that the euhemeristic explanation of the Lady Toad breaks down before the evidence of its existence in many parts of Germany where the name of the Princess Margarethe of Dessau was utterly unknown. We have therefore to look for a different explanation.

We have not very far to seek before we find toads and frogs—for these two animals are almost always mixed up together—representing certain phenomena of nature, and after a time endowed with a human personality. In different parts of the world the clouds, the moon, and the sun have been conceived as toad, or frog-like characters. It is easy to understand why clouds should have been likened to frogs. The

Mexicans, for instance, who worshipped a god of rain under the name of Tlaloc, i.e. the Nourisher, represented his children, probably the clouds, as frogs. Another great goddess in Mexico, Cantaotl, a kind of Demeter, is likewise pictured in the form of a frog, with a large number of mouths or breasts on her body.

It is more difficult to understand why the moon should have been conceived as a frog. The fact, however, admits of no doubt, for Mr. Powell, in his article on the Mythology of the American Indians, tells us that the Indians believe that in ancient times a council of the gods was held, to consider how they could make a new moon, and that this was achieved by Whippoorwill changing a frog into the moon. The Indians imagine even now that they can see the frog riding the moon, and they say that the moon is cold, because the frog from which it was made was cold.

Lastly the sun, and more particularly the rising and setting sun, or what we should call the dawn and the gloaming, have been conceived under the same image. Two explanations are possible here. Either the sun, as rising from the waters or the clouds, and setting again in the waters, was accepted as an amphibious animal, like the frog, or the name given to the frog was, for some reason or other, found applicable to the dawn and the gloaming also, so that the two, the frog and the dawn, became synonymous, and then gave rise in the usual way to a number of misunderstood legends.

When we are told in the Mahâbhârata that Agni, the solar fire, who hides in the waters, was betrayed

by a frog, that frog could hardly have been meant for anything but the dawn, announcing to the world the return of the sun.

A more decided case of solar metaphor is mentioned by Plutarch, who sees in the frog a symbol of the vernal sun. The Corinthians, he tells us, had sent a bronze palm-tree to the temple of Apollo. Round its root were frogs and water-serpents. As these animals had nothing in common either with palm-trees or with Apollo, or with the Corinthians, it was suggested by the Greeks that they were intended as symbols of spring, when the sun begins to grow strong and drives away the winter. In the same manner they state that the cock in the hand of Apollo was meant to indicate the approach of morning.

In other cases, however, we must appeal to language itself in order to explain why the sun should have been called a frog. Bheka in Sanskrit means a frog, and a well-known story is told of Bhekî, a female frog, who became the wife of a prince on condition that she should never see water. One day she saw water, and immediately she vanished. This is but one of the many versions of the world-old story that the dawn, conceived as a woman and as the wife of a king, originally the sun, vanishes in the gloaming as soon as she sees the water, that is, as soon as she approaches the clouds or the sea in which the sun sets.

But why should the Dawn be called a female frog? It has been suggested that this was simply due to the amphibious nature of the dawn, sitting, like a frog, on the line which divides the clouds from the earth. This may be so. But there is a more potent reason still. Bheka would in Greek appear as φοῖκος. This

does not exist, but with a change of οῖ into ῖ—very common in one of the Greek dialects, namely the Bœotian—φοῖκος may be the Greek φῦκος. This means sea-weed, and was called so from its dark-red colour, for we know that it was a favourite article for making *rouge*. The Latin *fucus* also means a rock-lichen, a red colour, and *rouge*. If *fucus* (for *foicos*, like *unus* for *oinos*) meant dark-red, bheka also must have had originally the same meaning, and the frog would have been called the dark-red one. We know that in Latin the toad is called *rubeta* also, the red one. The Sanskrit word bheka, therefore, if it meant originally a dark red frog, would have been a most appropriate name for the dawn, and still more for the gloaming. Thus aruna in Sanskrit means red, arunî, the dawn; *tsu* in Hottentot meant bloody, red, *tsui-goab* became a name for the rising sun, and, at last, for the supreme deity.[1]

If this is granted, all becomes clear. Bhekî, the dark-red one, originally a name of the gloaming, ceased to be understood, and became a mere name, and then a myth. When it was asked who Bhekî was, she was readily accepted as a beautiful girl. But the old story remained that she had been discovered by her lover sitting near a well: that he had asked her to marry him, and that she consented on condition that he should never show her a drop of water. One day, being tired, she asked the king for water. The king forgot his promise, brought her water, and Bhekî plunged into the water, whether as the gloaming, or as the frog, or as the beautiful princess, and disappeared.

[1] M. M., *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, p. 295.

If the intellectual atmosphere of a people is once permeated by such creations of fancy, if fairies, brownies, elves, and gnomes have become familiar friends, nothing is easier to understand than that real characters should be changed into fairies, or that fairies should be changed into real characters. I have little doubt that Frau Kröte too belongs to this class of beings, and that she was originally one of the old Teutonic female deities, the wise women, the Scottish *spae wife*, the old Norse *spâkonor*, whom Grimm has so well described in his German Mythology, and who can generally be traced to the well-known source of all female deities, the dawn, the moon, the clouds, and the earth. These fabulous beings meet us again and again in German Mythology as kind-hearted women, who, under various disguises, warn their friends against coming dangers, protect them in sickness, rescue them from prison, occasionally even marry them, but generally disappear again when some promise made to them by their friends has unwittingly been broken. Grimm's German Mythology is full of these stories, particularly in the chapter on *Göttinnen, Weise Frauen, Wichte und Elbe.* A well-known name for these half-goddesses was *Itis* in Old High German, in Anglo-Saxon *Ides*, plural *Idesa.* The same name, with the loss of the initial vowel, appears in Icelandic as *Dis*, plural *Dîsir.* They, too, as Vigfusson informs us in his Icelandic Dictionary, were female guardian-angels, who follow every man from his birth, and only leave him in the hour of death.

I have little doubt, therefore, that the story of the Lady Toad in Dessau is really a survival of ancient

Teutonic mythology. Such survivals become rarer with every generation, but they die very slowly. I still remember being told by my grandmother, when she warned me not to go too near to the river, the Mulde, that, if I went too near, the *Nicker* would come and carry me off. That Nicker is the Old High German *Nihhus*, of whom Grimm has much to tell in his Mythology (p. 456). The ancient Germans, when the first snow began to fall, used to say that some god or other in the clouds had torn his feather-bed. We boys at school used exactly the same expression when we saw the first flakes of snow. Only we used to say, 'Baibler has torn his bed,' and Baibler was a real person, who lived in the Church tower, and kept watch and gave the signal in case of a fire breaking out in the town or in the neighbourhood.

In the same manner, then, there probably was an old legend of a kind fairy, originally a forgotten goddess, protecting the reigning family of Dessau and warning them against approaching dangers. That story may either have been changed into history by some early chronicler who had nothing better to do; or, and this is more likely, some princess at Dessau may really have made herself known by her kindness to poor people, and then the mere wish of the poor that some good fairy might reward her, would easily have become mixed up with the old legends about wise women appearing in various animal disguises, and bestowing their blessing, or even some substantial gift in the shape of a gold ring, on their deserving friends. Certain it is that the gold ring of Frau Kröte is preserved with religious care to the present day. It is kept in a small safe, carefully hidden away

in the wall of the old castle. The Duke only has the key which opens the safe, and when it was last shown to me by the reigning Duke the greatest precaution was taken against every possible accident, and, more particularly, against the danger of the ring falling on the floor, which, as I was informed, would have portended some dire misfortune to the reigning family, more particularly, a conflagration in the ancient castle.

If, finally, we ask the question what may have been the original mythological atoms which became crystallised in the story of the Frau Kröte inciting some lady to act as a midwife in a subterraneous abode, and bestowing on her a present, generally something bright or golden, we can, of course, offer no more than a guess, for the original elements of such stories have to be looked for far beyond the beginning of literature or even of tradition. There is one birth constantly alluded to in the Veda, that is the birth of the morning sun, the child that cries in the morning. The mother belongs to the invisible or dark regions beyond the East or below the waters, and the messenger who announces the impending birth is the Dawn. The Dawn rouses men and women from their sleep, and the lighting of the fire on the hearth or on the altar is often conceived as causing that which is really the cause of the morning sacrifice, namely, the birth or the rising of the sun. Again and again in the Veda are the old sages said to have opened the gates of the East, and to have brought back the light of the sun. The Dawn was actually called *Bhekî* in Indian legends, and it was called so, as we saw, on account of its tawny or dark-red colour and of its sitting on the

waters. That the Dawn brings bright golden presents is still attested by the German proverb, *Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde.* Out of such floating elements the story of Frau Kröte might easily have been formed in the course of centuries, till at last it clustered round the historical figure of a princess of the name of *Margarethe* or *Grethe,* who died at Dessau in 1530.

FOLK-LORE.[1]

As the science of language has supplied a new basis for the science of mythology, the science of mythology bids fair, in its turn, to open the way to a new and scientific study of the folk-lore of the Aryan nations. Not only have the radical and formal elements of language been proved to be the same in India, Greece, Italy, among the Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic nations, not only have the names of many of their gods, the forms of their worship, and the mainsprings of their religious sentiment been traced back to one common Aryan source; but a further advance has been made. A myth, it was argued, dwindles down to a legend, a legend to a tale; and if the myths were originally identical in India, Greece, Italy, and Germany, why should not the tales also of these countries show some similarity even in the songs of the Indian Ayah and the English nurse? There is some truth in this line of argument, but there is likewise great danger of error. Granted that a number of words and myths were originally identical among all the members of the Aryan family, granted likewise that they all went through the same vicissi-

[1] *Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore.* By W. K. Kelly. London: Chapman and Hall, 1863.

tudes, would it not follow that, as no sound scholar thinks of comparing Hindustani and English, or Italian and Russian, no attempt at comparing the modern tales of Europe to the modern tales of India could ever lead to any satisfactory results? The tales, or *Märchen*, are the modern *patois* of mythology, and if they are to become the subject of scientific treatment, the first task that has to be accomplished is to trace back each modern tale to some earlier legend, and each legend to some primitive mythical root. And here it is very important to remark that, although originally our popular tales were reproductions of more ancient legends, yet after a time a general taste was created for marvellous stories, and new ones were invented in large numbers, whenever they were required, by every grandmother and every nurse. Even in these purely imaginative tales, analogies may, no doubt, be discovered with more genuine tales; because they were made after original patterns, and, in many cases, were mere variations of an ancient air. But if we tried to analyse them by the same tests as the genuine tales, if we attempted to recognise in them the features of ancient legends, or to discover in these fanciful strains the key-notes of still more distant mythology, we should certainly share the fate of those valiant knights who were led through an enchanted forest by the voices of fairies till they found themselves landed in a bottomless quagmire. Jacob Grimm, as Mr. Kelly tells us in his work on *Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore*, was the first scholar who pointed out the importance of collecting all that could be saved of popular stories, customs, sayings, superstitions, and beliefs. His *German Mythology* is a store-

house of such curiosities, and, together with his collection of *Märchen*, it shows how much of this jetsam and flotsam is still floating about, belonging originally to the most ancient cargo of language, thought, fancy, and belief. The Norse Tales lately published by Dr. Dasent are another instance that shows how much there is to reward the labours of a careful collector and a thoughtful interpreter. Sufficient material has been collected to enable scholars to see that these tales are not arbitrary inventions or modern fictions, but that their fibres cling in many instances to the very germs of ancient language and ancient thought. Among those who, in Germany, have followed in the track of Grimm, and endeavoured to trace the modern folk-lore back to its most primitive sources, the names of Kuhn, Schwartz, Mannhardt, and Wolf held a prominent place, and it has been the object of Mr. Kelly to make known in his book the most remarkable discoveries which have been achieved by the successors and countrymen of Jacob Grimm in this field of antiquarian research.

Mr. Kelly deserves great credit for the pains he has taken in mastering this difficult subject, but we regret the form in which he has thought fit to communicate to an English public the results of his labours. He tells us that a work by Dr. Kuhn, *On the Descent of Fire and the Drink of the Gods*, is his chief authority; but he adds:

'Although the very different nature of my work has seldom allowed me to translate two or three consecutive sentences from Dr. Kuhn's elaborate treatise, yet I wish it to be fully understood that, but for the latter, the former could not have been written. I am

the more bound to state this once for all, as emphatically as I can, because the very extent of my indebtedness has hindered me from acknowledging my obligations to Dr. Kuhn, in the text or in foot-notes, as constantly as I have done in most other cases.'

We cannot help considering this an unsatisfactory arrangement. If Mr. Kelly had given a translation of Dr. Kuhn's Essay, English readers would have known whom to hold responsible for the statements, many of them very startling, as to the coincidences in the tales and traditions of the Aryan nations. Or, again, if Mr. Kelly had written a book of his own, we should have had the same advantage; for he would, no doubt, have considered himself bound to substantiate every fact quoted from the Edda or from the Veda by a suitable reference. As it is, the reader's curiosity is certainly excited to the highest degree, but his incredulity is in no way relieved. Mr. Kelly does not tell us that he is a Sanskrit or an Icelandic scholar, and hence we naturally infer that his assertions about the gods of the Indian and Northern pantheons are borrowed from Dr. Kuhn and other German writers. But, if so, it would have been far preferable to give the *ipsissima verba* of these scholars, because, in descriptions of ancient forms of belief or superstition, the slightest change of expression is apt to change the whole bearing of a sentence. Many of Dr. Kuhn's opinions have been challenged and controverted by his own countrymen—by Welcker, Pott, and others; some he has successfully supported by new evidence, others he may be supposed to have surrendered. All this could not be otherwise in a subject so new and necessarily so full of guess-work as

the study of folk-lore, and it detracts in no way from the value of the excellent essays in which Dr. Kuhn and others have analysed various myths of the Aryan nations. All we insist on is this, that before we can accept any conclusions as to the Vedic character of Greek gods, or the deep meaning of so whimsical a custom as divination with the sieve and shears, we must have chapter and verse from the Veda, and well authenticated descriptions of the customs referred to. People do not object to general assertions about the Bible, or Homer, or Virgil, or Shakespeare, because here they can judge for themselves, and would not mind the trouble of checking for themselves any statements which seem at all startling. But if they are asked to believe that the Veda contains the true theogony of Greece, that Orpheus is *Ribhu*, or the wind, that the Charites are the Vedic Haritas, or horses, the Erinnys Sara*n*yû, or the lightning, such statements, however true they may be, should, in the present state of comparative mythological research, be supported by evidence such as should enable students to judge for themselves, before assenting to even the most plausible theories. What authority is there for saying (p. 14) that—

'The Sanskrit tongue, in which the Vedas are written, is the sacred language of India; that is to say, the oldest language, the one which was spoken, as the Hindus believe, by the gods themselves, when gods and men were in frequent fellowship with each other, from the time when Yama descended from heaven to become the first of mortals'?

The Hindus, as far as we know, never say that the gods spoke Vedic as opposed to ordinary Sanskrit;

they never held that during the Vedic period the gods lived in more frequent fellowship with men; they never speak of Yama as descending from heaven to become the first of mortals. These are three mistakes, or at least three entirely un-Indian ideas, in one sentence. Again, when we are told (p. 19) that, 'in the Vedas, Yama is the first lightning-born mortal,' we imagine that this is a simple statement from the Veda, whereas it is a merely hypothetical and, we believe, erroneous view of the nature of Yama, drawn from the interpretation of the names of some Vedic deities. If given as a guess, with all its *pros* and *cons*, it would be valuable; if given, as here, as a simple fact, it is utterly deceptive.

In page 18 we are told:

'On the whole, it is manifest that all these divine tribes, Maruts, *Ri*bhus, Bh*ri*gus, and Aṅgiras, are beings identical in nature, distinguished from each other only by their elemental functions, and not essentially different from the Pit*ri*s or fathers. The latter are simply the souls of the pious dead.'

Now these are strong and startling assertions, but again given dogmatically, and without any proof. The Pit*ri*s are, no doubt, the fathers, and they might be called the souls of the pious dead; but, if so, they have no elementary origin, like the gods of the storms, the days, and the seasons; nor can they have any elementary functions. To say that the Pit*ri*s or Manes shone as stars to mortal eyes (p. 20) is another assertion that requires considerable limitation, and is apt to convey as false an idea of the primitive faith of the Vedic *Ri*shis, as when (p. 21) we read that the Âpas (waters) are cloud-maidens, brides

of the gods, or navigators of the celestial sea (nâvyaḥ), and that the Apsaras are damsels destined to delight the souls of heroes, the houris, in fact, of the Vedic paradise. The germs of some of these ideas may, perhaps, be discovered in the hymns of the Veda, but to speak thus broadly of a Vedic paradise, of houris, and cloud-maidens, is to convey, as far as we can judge from texts hitherto published, an utterly false idea of the simple religion of the Vedic poets.

One other instance must suffice. At the end of the sixth chapter, in order to explain why a healing virtue is ascribed in German folk-lore to the mistletoe and the ash, Mr. Kelly makes the following statement: 'This healing virtue, which the mistletoe shares with the ash, is a long-descended tradition, for the Kush*th*a, the embodiment of the Soma, a healing plant of the highest renown among the Southern Aryans, was one that grew beneath the heavenly Asvattha.' We tried in vain to understand the exact power of the *for* in this sentence. Great stress is laid in Northern Mythology on the fact that the mistletoe grows on a tree, and does not, like all other plants, spring from the earth. But the Kush*th*a is never said to grow on the heavenly Asvattha, which Mr. Kelly translates by religious fig, but beneath it. In fact, it is the Asvattha, or Pippal, which, if found growing on another tree, the Sami (*Acacia Suma*), is considered by the Brâhmans as peculiarly fitted for sacrificial purposes. The *for*, therefore, must refer to something else as forming the *tertium comparationis* between the mistletoe and the Kush*th*a. Is it their healing power? Hardly; for, in the case of the mistletoe, the healing power is a popular super-

stition, in the case of the Kush*th*a, the *Costus speciosus*, it is, we believe, a medicinal fact. We suppose, therefore, that Mr. Kelly perceived the similarity between the German and the Indian plants to consist in this, that the Kush*th*a was really an embodiment of Soma, for in another passage he says:

'Besides the earthly Soma, the Hindus recognise a heavenly Soma or Am*r*ita (*ambrosia*), that drops from the imperishable Asvattha or Pippal (*Ficus religiosa*), out of which the immortals shaped the heaven and the earth. Beneath this mighty tree, which spreads its branches over the third heaven, dwell Yama and the Pit*r*is, and quaff the drink of immortality with the gods. At its foot grow plants of all healing virtue, incorporations of the Soma.'

Mr. Kelly then proceeds to remark that 'the parallelism between the Indian and the Iranian world tree on the one hand, and the ash Yggdrasil on the other, is very striking.' We shall pass by the Iranian world tree, the fact being that the Zend-Avesta does not recognise one, but always speaks of two trees. But fixing our attention on Mr. Kelly's comparison of what he calls the Indian world tree and the ash Yggdrasil, the case would stand thus: The Hindus believe in the existence of a Pippal tree (*Ficus religiosa*) that drops Soma (*Asclepias acida*), at the foot of which grows the Kush*th*a (*Costus speciosus*), a medicinal plant, the incorporation of the Soma dropping from the Pippal. As there is a similarity between the ash Yggdrasil and the Pippal, both representing originally, as is maintained, the clouds of heaven, therefore a healing virtue was ascribed to the ash and the mistletoe by the Aryans that came to settle in

Europe. We will not deny that if the facts, as here stated, were quite correct, some similarity of conception might be discovered in the German Yggdrasil and the Indian Pippal. But did the Brâhmans ever believe in a Pippal dropping Soma, and in that Soma becoming embodied in a Costus? Mr. Kelly here, for once, gives a reference to Rig-veda, II. 164, which, as we find from the original work of Dr. Kuhn, is intended for Rig-veda, II. 164, 19–22. In that hymn the word Kush*th*a never occurs. A tree is indeed mentioned there, but it is not called Asvattha, nor is it said to drop Soma, nor is there any allusion to the fact that heaven and earth were made of that tree. All that can be gathered from the extremely obscure language of that hymn is that the fruit of the tree there described is called Pippala, that birds settle on it eating that fruit, that they sing praises in honour of a share of immortality, and that these birds are called eaters of sweet things. That the word used for 'immortality' may mean Soma, that the word meaning 'sweet' may stand for the same beverage, is perfectly true; but, even if that conjectural rendering should be adopted, it would still leave the general meaning of the verses far too obscure to justify us in making them the basis of any mythological comparisons. As to the Kush*th*a—the *Costus speciosus*, which is said to be called in the Rig-veda an incorporation of Soma, we doubt whether such a word ever occurs in the Rig-veda. It is mentioned in the mystical formulas of the Atharva-veda, but there again it is called, indeed, the friend of Soma (Ath.-veda, V. 4, 7), but not its embodiment; nor is there any statement that under the Asvattha tree there mentioned the gods

drink Soma, but simply that Yama drinks there with the gods.

It is impossible to be too careful in these matters, otherwise everything becomes everything. Although Mr. Kelly takes it for granted that the poets of the Veda knew a tree similar to the tree Yggdrasil—a world tree, or a cloud tree, or whatever else it may be called—there is not a single passage that has been brought forward in support by Mr. Kelly or by Dr. Kuhn himself, which could stand a more severe criticism. When the poets exclaim, 'What wood, what tree was it, of which they made heaven and earth?'—this means no more in the ancient language of religious poetry than, Out of what material were heaven and earth formed? As to the tree Ilpa—or more correctly, Ilya—nothing is known of it beyond its name in one of the latest works of Vedic literature, the Upanishads, and the remarks of so modern a commentator as Śaṅkara. There is no proof whatever of anything like the conception of the Yggdrasil having entered the thoughts of the Vedic poets; and to ascribe the healing virtue of ash or mistletoe to any reminiscence of a plant, Kush*th*a, that might have grown under a Vedic fig-tree, or Soma-tree, or Yggdrasil, is to attempt to lay hold of the shadow of a dream.

There is but one way in which a comparative study of the popular traditions of the Aryan nations can lead to any satisfactory result. Let each tale be traced back to its most original form, let that form be analysed and interpreted in strict accordance with the rules of comparative philology, and after the kernel, or the simple and original conception of the myth,

has been found, let us see how the same conception and the same myth have gradually expanded and become diversified under the bright sky of India and in the forests of Germany. Before the Northern Yggdrasil is compared to a supposed Indian world tree it is absolutely necessary to gain a clear insight into the nature of the myth of Yggdrasil. That myth seems to be of a decidedly cosmogonic and philosophical character. The tree seems to express the Universe. It is said to have three roots—one in *Niflheim*, near the well called *Hvergelmir*; a second in *Jötunheim*, near the well of the wise *Mimir*; and a third in heaven, near the well of *Vurdh*. Its branches embrace the whole world. In heaven the gods hold their meetings under the shadow of this tree, near the well of *Vurdh*. The place is guarded by the three *Nornas* (*Vurdh*, *Verdhandi*, and *Skuld*), —Past, Present, and Future), who water the roots of the tree with the water of *Vurdh*. In the crown of the tree sits an eagle, and in the well of *Hvergelmir* lies the serpent *Nidhöggr*, and gnaws its roots. In none of these conceptions are there any clear traces of clouds or thunderstorms; but if there were, this would be the very reason why the Yggdrasil could not be compared to the Indian Asvattha, in which no ingenuity will ever discover either a bank of clouds or a thunderstorm.

THE NORSEMEN IN ICELAND.[1]

THERE is, after Anglo-Saxon, no language, no literature, no mythology so full of interest for the elucidation of the earliest history of the race which now inhabits these British Isles as the Icelandic. Nay, in one respect, Icelandic beats every other dialect of the great Teutonic family of speech, not excepting Anglo-Saxon and Old High-German and Gothic. It is in Icelandic alone that we find complete remains of genuine Teutonic heathendom. Gothic, as a language, is more ancient than Icelandic; but the only literary work which we possess in Gothic is a translation of the Bible. The Anglo-Saxon literature, with the exception of the Beowulf, is Christian. The old heroes of the Nibelunge, such as we find them represented in the Suabian epic, have been converted into church-going knights; whereas, in the ballads of the Elder Edda, Sigurd and Brynhild appear before us in their full pagan grandeur, holding nothing sacred but their love, and defying all laws, human and divine, in the name of that one almighty passion. The Icelandic contains the key to many a riddle in the English language, and to many a mystery in the English

[1] *The Norsemen in Iceland.* By Dr. G. W. Dasent. *Oxford Essays,* 1858.

character. Though the Old Norse is but a dialect of the same language which the Angles and Saxons brought to Britain, though the Norman blood is the same blood that ebbs and flows in every German heart, yet there is an accent of defiance in that rugged Northern speech, and a spring of daring madness in that throbbing Northern heart, which marks the Northman wherever he appears, whether in Iceland or in Sicily, whether on the Seine or on the Thames. At the beginning of the ninth century, when the great Northern exodus began, Europe, as Dr. Dasent remarks, 'was in danger of becoming too comfortable. The two nations destined to run neck-and-neck in the great race of civilisation, Frank and Anglo-Saxon, had a tendency to become dull and lazy, and neither could arrive at perfection till it had been chastised by the Norsemen, and finally forced to admit an infusion of Northern blood into its sluggish veins. The vigour of the various branches of the Teutonic stock may be measured by the proportion of Norman blood which they received; and the national character of England owes more to the descendants of Hrolf Ganger than to the followers of Hengist and Horsa.'

But what is known of the early history of the Norsemen? Theirs was the life of reckless free-booters, and they had no time to dream and ponder on the past, which they had left behind in Norway. Where they settled as colonists or as rulers, their own traditions, their very language, were soon forgotten. Their language has nowhere struck root on foreign ground, even where, as in Normandy, they became earls of Rouen, or, as in these isles, kings of England. There is but one exception—Iceland. Iceland was

discovered, peopled, and civilised by Norsemen in the ninth century; and, in the nineteenth century, the language spoken there is still the dialect of Harold Fairhair, and the stories told there are still the stories of the Edda, or the Venerable Grandmother. Dr. Dasent gives us a rapid sketch of the first landings of the Norwegian refugees on the fiords and fells of Iceland. He describes how love of freedom drove the subjects of Harold Fairhair forth from their home; how the Teutonic tribes, though they loved their kings, the sons of Odin, and sovereigns by the grace of God, detested the dictatorship of Harold. 'He was a mighty warrior,' so says the ancient Saga, 'and laid Norway under him, and put out of the way some of those who held districts, and some of them he drove out of the land; and, besides, many men escaped out of Norway because of the overbearing of Harold Fairhair, for they would not stay to be subject to him.' These early emigrants were pagans, and it was not till the end of the tenth century that Christianity reached the Ultima Thule of Europe. The missionaries, however, who converted the freemen of Iceland were freemen themselves. They did not come with the pomp and the pretensions of the Church of Rome. They preached Christ rather than the Pope; they taught religion rather than theology. Nor were they afraid of the old heathen gods, or angry with every custom that was not of Christian growth. Sometimes this tolerance may have been carried too far, for we read of kings, like Helgi, 'mixed in their faith, who trusted in Christ, but at the same time invoked Thor's aid whenever they went to sea, or got into any difficulty.' But, on the whole, the kindly feeling of

the Icelandic priesthood toward the national traditions and customs and prejudices of their converts must have been beneficial. Sons and daughters were not forced to call the gods whom their fathers and mothers had worshipped, devils; and they were allowed to use the name of *Allfadir*, whom they had invoked in the prayers of their childhood when praying to Him who is 'Our Father in Heaven.'

The Icelandic missionaries had peculiar advantages in their relation to the system of paganism which they came to combat. Nowhere else, perhaps, in the whole history of Christianity, has the missionary been brought face to face with a race of gods who were believed by their own worshippers to be doomed to death. The missionaries had only to proclaim that Balder was dead, that the mighty Odin and Thor were dead. The people knew that these gods were to die, and the message of the One Ever-living God must have touched their ears and their hearts with comfort and joy. Thus, while in Germany the priests were occupied for a long time in destroying every trace of heathenism, in condemning every ancient lay as the work of the devil, in felling sacred trees and abolishing national customs, the missionaries of Iceland were able to take a more charitable view of the past, and they became themselves the keepers of those very poems, and laws, and proverbs, and Runic inscriptions, which on the Continent had to be put down with inquisitorial cruelty. The men to whom the collection of the ancient pagan poetry of Iceland is commonly ascribed were men of Christian learning; the one, the founder of a public school; the other, famous as the author of a history of the North, the *Heimskringla*.

It is owing to their labours that we know anything of the ancient religion, the traditions, the maxims, the habits of the Norsemen, and it is from these sources that Dr. Dasent has drawn his information, and composed his vigorous and living sketch of primitive Northern life. It is but a sketch, but a sketch that will bear addition and completion. Dr. Dasent dwells most fully on the religious system of Iceland, which is the same, at least in its general outline, as that believed in by all the members of the Teutonic family, and may truly be called one of the various dialects of the primitive religious and mythological language of the Aryan race. After all, there is nothing more interesting than religion in the whole history of man. By its side, poetry and art, science and law, sink into comparative insignificance. Dr. Dasent, however, has not confined his Essay to the religious life of Iceland. He has added some minute descriptions of the domestic habits, the dress, the armour, the diet, the laws and the customs of the race, and he has proved himself well at home in the Icelandic homestead. One thing only we miss—an account of their epic poetry; and this, we believe, would on several points have furnished a truer picture of the very early and purely pagan life of the Norsemen than the extracts from their histories and law books, which are more or less, if not under the direct influence of Christianity, at least touched by the spirit of a more advanced civilisation. The old poems, in their alliterating metre, were proof against later modifications. We probably possess what we do possess of them, in its original form. As they had been composed in Norway in the sixth century after Christ, they were carried to Iceland in

the ninth, and written down in the eleventh century. The prose portions of the Old Edda, and still more of the Young Edda, are of still later origin. They betray in many instances the hand of a Christian writer. And the same applies to the later Sagas and law books. Here much is still to be done by the critic; and we look forward with great interest to a fuller inquiry into the age of the various parts of Icelandic literature, the history of the MSS., the genuineness of their titles, and similar questions. Such subjects are hardly fit for popular treatment, and we do not blame Dr. Dasent for having passed them over in his Essay. But the translator of the Younger Edda ought to tell us hereafter what is the real history of this, and of the older collection of Icelandic poetry. How do we know, for instance, that Sæmund (1056–1133) collected the Old, Snorro Sturlason (1178–1241) the Young Edda? How do we know that the MSS. which we now possess, have a right to the title of Edda at all? All this rests, as far as we know, on the authority of bishop Brynjulf Swendsen, who discovered the 'Codex regius' in 1643, and wrote on the copy of it, with his own hand, the title of *Edda Sæmundar hinns froda*. None of the MSS. of the second, or Prose Edda, bear that title in any well-authenticated form; still less is it known whether Snorro composed either part or the whole of it. All these questions ought to be answered, as far as they can be answered, before we can hope to see the life of the ancient Norsemen drawn with truthfulness and accuracy. The greater part of the poems, however, bears an expression of genuineness which cannot be challenged; and a comparison of the mythology of the Edda with that of

the Teutonic tribes, and again, in a more general manner, with that of the other Indo-Germanic races, is best calculated to convince the sceptic that the names and the legends of the Eddic gods are not of late invention. There are passages in the Edda which sound like verses from the Veda. Dr. Dasent quotes the following lines from the Elder Edda:

'Twas the morning of time,
When yet naught was,
Nor sand nor sea were there,
Nor cooling streams;
Earth was not formed,
Nor heaven above;
A yawning gap there was,
And grass nowhere.

A hymn of the Veda begins in a very similar way:

Nor Aught nor Naught existed; yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad woof outstretched above.
What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?
Was it the water's fathomless abyss? &c.

There are several mythological expressions common to the Edda and Homer. In the Edda, man is said to have been created out of an ash-tree. In Hesiod, Zeus creates the third race of men out of ash-trees; and that this tradition was not unknown to Homer, we learn from Penelope's address to Ulysses: 'Tell me thy family, from whence thou art; for thou art not sprung from the olden tree, or from the rock.'

There are, however, other passages in the Edda, particularly in the Prose Edda, which ought to be carefully examined before they are admitted as evidence on the primitive paganism of the Norsemen. The Prose Edda was written by a man who mixed classical learning and Christian ideas with Northern traditions. This is clearly seen in the preface. But

traces of the same influence may be discovered in other parts, as, for instance, in the Dialogue called Gylfi's Mocking. The ideas which it contains are meant to be pagan, but are they really pagan in their origin? Dr. Dasent gives the following extract:

'Who is first and eldest of all gods? He is called *Allfadir* (the Father of All, the Great Father) in our tongue. He lives from all ages, and rules over his realm, and sways all things, great and small. He made heaven and earth, and the sky, and all that belongs to them; and he made man, and gave him a soul that shall live and never perish, though the body rot to mould or burn to ashes. All men that are right-minded shall live and be with him in the place called Vingolf: but wicked ones fare to Hell, and thence into Niflhell, that is, beneath in the ninth world.'

We ask Dr. Dasent, Is this pure, genuine, unsophisticated paganism? Is it language that Sigurd and Brynhild would have understood? Is that *Allfadir* really nothing more than Odin, who himself must perish, and whom at the day of doom the wolf, the Fenris-wolf, was to swallow at one gulp? We can only ask the question here, but we doubt not that in his next work on the antiquities of the Northern races, Dr. Dasent will give us a full and complete answer, and thus satisfy the curiosity which he has raised by his valuable contribution to the *Oxford Essays*.

P.S. The questions which I here ventured to ask have been fully answered since by Professor Sophus Bugge. He has shown that not only Greek and Roman, but

also Jewish and Christian ideas have penetrated the mythological lore of the North, before it was finally arranged and written down in the two Eddas. But Professor Bugge and his countryman, Dr. Bang, have gone too far. Northern mythology has only shared the fate of most mythologies in being written down, not during the age which gave rise to them, and when they were in full vitality, but in a later age which no longer shared or even understood the thoughts embodied in the ancient gods and heroes. In some cases, as in Persia, for instance, the ancient stories were collected even by poets of another faith, as we see in our own time the mythology and folk-lore of African races being carefully collected by Christian missionaries and Bishops. Something of the same kind must have happened in Iceland, and the traces of foreign influence, whether classical or Christian, pointed out with great ingenuity and learning by Professor Bugge, explain many things in Icelandic literature which before were puzzling, and which made me ask, in 1858, the questions which he has answered so fully in 1879. But if it is asserted that by his researches Grimm's idea of an ancient Pan-Teutonic mythology, or our belief in a Pan-Aryan mythology has been shaken, this is an assertion and no more. Has the 'Lesson of Jupiter' been quite forgotten? Is it not enough to read in Grimm's *German Mythology* the chapters on *Wuotan, Donar, Zio*, and *Fra* in order to learn that these gods and their names and their histories were not invented by Christian monks, whether in Iceland or in Ireland, that they were not of yesterday at the time when the Eddas were written down, and that they would never

have pervaded all the dialects of Germany and Scandinavia, that they would never have clung to mountains, rivers, villages, trees, and plants as they have, if indeed they had been the learned products of mediaeval monasteries? And as to Pan-Aryan mythology, does any one doubt that the Old Norse *Týr* whose name lives in *Týsdagr*, in A.S. *Tiuesdæg*, in Old High German *Ziestac*, nay, though much changed, in *Tuesday* and German *Dienstag*, was originally the same name and the same god as Ζεύς, as *Iovis*, nay, as the Vedic Dyaus? Scholars may differ as to the Aryan prototype of *Odin*, but that *Odin* was the same name as the Old High German *Wuotan*, that our *Wednesday* corresponds to Icelandic *Odinsdagr*, nay, to Swedish *Onsdag*, can hardly be questioned. Grimm would indeed have written in vain his paper *Über die Namen des Donners*, 1855, if we could doubt that the Teutonic nations, before their separation, had known a god of thunder and called him by names taken from the stores of their own language, and that the names of *Thunder*, *Donar*, and *Thôrr* are derived from the same root which produced *tonitrus* in Latin, and tanyatú, thunder, in Sanskrit. To deny that there existed a Pan-Aryan mythology, would be tantamount to denying that there existed a Pan-Aryan language; to assign the origin of Teutonic mythology to the eleventh century A.D. would require us to assign the origin of all Teutonic dialects to the same period. Professor Sophus Bugge is the last scholar to advocate such unscholarlike theories, and it is to be regretted that his valuable discoveries should so often have been misrepresented by other scholars.

POPULAR TALES FROM THE NORSE.[1]

We had thought that the Popular Tales, the *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* which the brothers Grimm collected from the mouths of old women in the spinning-rooms of German villages, could never be matched. But here we have a collection from the Norse as like those German tales as 'Dapplegrim was to Dapplegrim,' 'there wasn't a hair on one which wasn't on the other as well.' These Scandinavian 'Folkeeventyr' were collected by MM. Asbjörnsen and Moe during the last fifteen years, and they have now been translated into English by Dr. Dasent, the translator of the *Icelandic Edda*, and the writer of an excellent article in the last *Oxford Essays*, 'On the Norsemen in Iceland.' The translation shows in every line that it has been a work of love and unflagging enjoyment; and we doubt not that, even transplanted on a foreign soil, these fragrant flowers will strike root, and live, and be the delight of children—young and old—for many generations to come.

Who can tell what gives to these childish stories their irresistible charm? There is no plot in them

[1] *Popular Tales from the Norse.* By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. With an Introductory Essay on the Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1859.

to excite our curiosity. No gorgeous description of scenery, *à la* Kingsley, dazzles our eyes, no anatomy of human passion, *à la* Thackeray, rivets our attention. No, it is all about kings and queens, about princes and princesses, about starving beggars and kind fairies, about doughty boys and clumsy trolls, about old hags that bawl and screech, and about young maidens, as white as snow and as red as blood. The Devil, too, is a very important personage on this primitive stage. The tales are short and quaint, full of downright absurdities and sorry jokes. We know from the beginning how it will all end. Poor Boots will marry the Princess and get half the kingdom. The stepmother will be torn to pieces, and Cinderella will be a great queen. The troll will burst as soon as the sun shines on him; and the Devil himself will be squeezed and cheated till he is glad to go to his own abode. And yet we sit and read, we almost cry, and we certainly chuckle, and we are very sorry when—

> Snip, snap, snout,
> This tale 's told out.

There is witchery in these simple old stories yet! But it seems useless to try to define in what it consists. We sometimes see a landscape with nothing particular in it. There is only a river, and a bridge, and a red-brick house, and a few dark trees, and yet we gaze and gaze till our eyes grow dim. Why we are charmed we cannot tell. Perhaps there is something in that simple scenery which reminds us of our home, or of some place which once we saw in a happy dream. Or we watch the grey sky and the heavy clouds on a dreary day. There is nothing in that

picture that would strike an artist's eye. We have seen it all hundreds of times before; and yet we gaze and gaze, till the clouds, with their fantastic outlines, settle round the sun, and vanish beyond the horizon. They were only clouds on a grey afternoon, and yet they have left a shadow on our mind that will never vanish. Is it the same, perhaps, with these simple stories? Do they remind us of a distant home, of a happy childhood? Do they recall fantastic dreams, long vanished from our horizon, hopes that have set, never to rise again? Is there some childhood left in us, that is called out by these childish tales? If there is—and there is with most of us—we have only to open our book, and we shall fly away into dream-land, like 'the lassie who rode on the north wind's back to the castle that lies east o' the sun and west o' the moon.' Nor is it dream-land altogether. There is a kind of real life in these tales—life, such as a child believes in—a life, where good is always rewarded, wrong always punished; where every one, not excepting the Devil, gets his due; where all is possible that we truly want, and nothing seems so wonderful that it might not happen to-morrow. We may smile at those dreams of inexhaustible possibilities; but, in one sense, that child's world is a real world too, and those children's stories are not mere pantomimes. What can be truer than Dr. Dasent's happy description of the character of Boots, as it runs through the whole cycle of these tales?

'There he sits idle whilst all work; there he lies with that deep irony of conscious power which knows its time must one day come, and meantime can afford to wait. When that time comes he girds himself to

the feat, amidst the scoffs and scorn of his flesh and blood; but even then, after he has done some great deed, he conceals it, returns to his ashes, and again sits idly by the kitchen fire, dirty, lazy, despised, until the time for final recognition comes, and then his dirt and rags fall off—he stands out in all the majesty of his Royal robes, and is acknowledged once for all a King.'

And then we see—

'The proud, haughty Princess, subdued and tamed by natural affection into a faithful, loving wife. We begin by being angry at her pride; we are glad at the retribution which overtakes her, but we are gradually melted at her sufferings and hardships when she gives up all for the Beggar and follows him; we feel for her when she exclaims, "Oh, the Beggar, and the babe, and the cabin!" and we rejoice with her when the Prince says, "Here is the Beggar, and there is the babe, and so let the cabin be burnt away."'

There is genuine fun in the old woman who does not know whether she is herself. She has been dipped into a tar-barrel, and then rolled on a heap of feathers; and when she sees herself feathered all over, she wants to find out whether it is her or not. And how well she reasons! 'Oh! I know,' she says, 'how I shall be able to tell whether it is me; if the calves come and lick me, and our dog Tray doesn't bark at me when I get home, then it must be me, and no one else.' It is, however, quite superfluous to say anything in praise of these tales. They will make their way in the world and win everybody's heart, as sure as Boots made the Princess say, 'That is a story!'

But we have not done with Dr. Dasent's book yet. There is one part of it, the Introduction, which in reality tells the most wonderful of all wonderful stories—the migration of these tales from Asia to the North of Europe. It might seem strange, indeed, that so great a scholar as Grimm should have spent so much of his precious time in collecting his *Märchen*, if these *Märchen* had only been intended for the amusement of children. When we see a Lyell or an Owen pick up pretty shells and stones, we may be sure that, however much little girls may admire these pretty things, this was not the object which these wise collectors had in view. Like the blue and green and rosy sands which children play with in the Isle of Wight, these tales of the people, which Grimm was the first to discover and collect, are the *detritus* of many an ancient stratum of thought and language, buried deep in the past. They have a scientific interest. The results of the science of language are by this time known to every educated man, and boys learn at school—what fifty years ago would have been scouted as absurd—that English, together with all the Teutonic dialects of the Continent, belongs to that large family of speech which comprises, besides the Teutonic, Latin, Greek, Slavonic, and Celtic, the Oriental languages of Persia and India. Previously to the dispersion of these languages, there was, of course, one common language, spoken by the common ancestors of our own race, and of the Greeks, the Romans, the Hindus and Persians, a language which was neither Greek, nor Latin, nor Persian, nor Sanskrit, but stood to all of them in a relation similar to that in which Latin stands to French, Italian, and Spanish;

or Sanskrit to Bengali, Hindustani, and Marathi. It has also been proved that the various tribes who started from this central home to discover Europe in the North and India in the South carried away with them, not only a common language, but a common faith and a common mythology. These are facts which may be ignored but cannot be disputed, and the two sciences of Comparative Grammar and Comparative Mythology, though but of recent origin, rest on a foundation as sound and safe as that of any of the inductive sciences:

'The affinity,' says Dr. Dasent, 'which exists in a mythological and philological point of view between the Aryan or Indo-European languages is now the first article of a literary creed, and the man who denies it puts himself as much beyond the pale of argument as he who, in a religious discussion, should meet a grave divine of the Church of England with the strict contradictory of her first article, and loudly declare his conviction that there was no God.'

And again:

'We all came, Greek, Latin, Celt, Teuton, Slavonian, from the East, as kith and kin, leaving kith and kin behind us, and after thousands of years, the language and traditions of those who went East and those who went West bear such an affinity to each other as to have established, beyond discussion or dispute, the fact of their descent from a common stock.'

But now we go beyond this. Not only do we find the same words and the same terminations in Sanskrit and Gothic; not only do we find the same names for Zeus and many other deities in Sanskrit, Latin, and German; not only is the abstract name for God the

same in India, Greece, and Italy; but these very stories, these *Märchen*, which nurses still tell, with almost the same words, in the Thuringian forest and in the Norwegian villages, and to which crowds of children listen under the Pippal trees of India, these stories, too, belonged to the common heirloom of the Indo-European race, and their origin carries us back to the same distant past, when no Greek had set foot in Europe, no Hindu had bathed in the sacred waters of the Ganges. No doubt this sounds strange, and it requires a certain limitation. We do not mean to say that the old nurse who rocked on her mighty knees the two ancestors of the Indian and the German races, told each of them the story of Snow-white and Rosy-red, exactly as we read it in the *Tales from the Norse*, and that these told it to their children, and thus it was handed down to our own times. It is true indeed—and a comparison of our Norwegian Tales with the *Märchen* collected by the Grimms in Germany shows it most clearly—that the memory of a nation clings to its popular stories with a marvellous tenacity. For more than a thousand years the Scandinavian inhabitants of Norway have been separated in language from their Teutonic brethren on the Continent, and yet both have not only preserved the same stock of popular stories, but they tell them in several instances in almost the same words. It is a much more startling supposition—or, we should say, a much more startling fact—that those Aryan boys, the ancestors of the Hindus, Romans, Greeks, and Germans, should have preserved the ancient words from *one* to *ten*, and that these dry words should have been handed down to our own schoolboy days, in several

instances, without the change of a single letter. Thus 2 in English is still *two*, in Hindustani *do*, in Persian *du*, in French *deux*; 3 is still *three* in English, and *trys* in Lithuanian; 9 is still *nine* in English, and *nuh* in Persian. Surely it was not less difficult to remember these and thousands of other words than to remember the pretty stories of Snow-white and Rosy-red. For the present, however, all we want to prove is that the elements or the seeds of these fairy tales belong to the period that preceded the dispersion of the Aryan race, that the same people who, in their migrations to the North and the South carried along with them the names of the Sun and the Dawn, and their belief in the bright gods of Heaven, possessed in their very language, in their mythological and proverbial phraseology, the more or less developed germs that were sure to grow up into the same or very similar plants on every soil and under every sky.

This is a subject which requires the most delicate handling, and the most careful analysis. Before we attempt to compare the popular stories, as they are found in India and Europe at the present day, and to trace them to a common source, we have to answer one very important question—Was there no other channel through which some of them could have flowed from India to Europe, or from Europe to India, at a later time? We have to take the same precaution in comparative philology with regard to words. Besides the words which Greek and Latin share in common because they are both derived from one common source, there is a class of words which Latin took over from Greek ready-made. These are called foreign words, and they form a considerable

element, particularly in modern languages. The question is whether the same does not apply to some of our common Indo-European stories. How is it that some of Lafontaine's fables should be identically the same as those which we find in two collections of fables in Sanskrit, the Pañkatantra and the Hitopadesa? This is a question which, many years ago, has been most fully treated in one of the most learned and most brilliant essays of Sylvestre de Sacy [1]. He there proves that, about 570 after Christ, a Sanskrit work which contained these very fables was brought to the court of the Persian king, Khosru Nushirvan, and translated into ancient Persian, or Pehlevi. The kings of Persia preserved this book as a treasure till their kingdom was conquered by the Arabs. A hundred years later, the book was discovered and translated into Arabic by Almokaffa, about 770 after Christ. It then passed through the hands of several Arabic poets, and was afterwards retranslated into Persian, first into verse, by Rudaki, in the tenth century, then into prose, by Nasrallah, in the twelfth. The most famous version, however, appeared towards the end of the fifteenth century, under the name of *Anvari Suhaili*, by Husain Vaiz. Now, as early as the eleventh century the Arabic work of Almokaffa, called *Kalila Dimna*, was translated into Greek by Simeon. The Greek text and a Latin version have been published, under the title of *Sapientia Indorum Veterum*, by Starkius, Berlin, 1697. This work passed into Italian. Again the Arabic text was translated into Hebrew by Rabbi Joel; and this Hebrew trans-

[1] See this subject more fully treated in the essay on the Migration of Fables, pp. 412 seq.

lation became the principal source of the European books of fables. Before the end of the fifteenth century, John of Capua's Latin translation, 'Directorium humanæ vitæ, alias, parabolæ antiquorum sapientium,' composed between 1263 and 1278, had been published. In his preface, he states that this book was called *Belile et Dimne*, that it was originally in the language of India, then translated into Persian, afterwards into Arabic, then into Hebrew, and lastly by himself into Latin. This work, to judge from the numerous German, Italian, Spanish, and French translations, must have been extremely popular all over Europe in the sixteenth century. In the seventeenth century a new stream of Oriental fables reached the literary world of Europe, through a translation of the *Anvari Suhaili* (the Persian *Kalila Dimna*) into French, by David Sahid d'Ispahan. This work was called *Le Livre des Lumières, ou la conduite des rois, composé par le sage Bilpay, Indien.* It afterwards went by the name of *Les Fables de Pilpay.* This was the book from which Lafontaine borrowed the subjects of many of his later fables. An excellent English translation, we may here state, of the *Anvari Suhaili* has lately been published by Professor Eastwick.

This migration of fables from India to Europe is a matter of history, and has to be taken into account, before we refer the coincidences between the popular stories of India and Norway to that much earlier intercourse of the ancestors of the Indo-European races of which we have spoken before. Dr. Dasent is so great an admirer of Grimm, that he has hardly done justice to the researches of Sylvestre de Sacy. He says:

'That all the thousand shades of resemblance and

affinity which gleam and flicker through the whole body of popular tradition in the Aryan race, as the Aurora plays and flashes in countless rays athwart the Northern heavens, should be the result of mere servile copying of one tribe's traditions by another, is a supposition as absurd as that of those good country-folk, who, when they see an Aurora, fancy it must be a great fire, the work of some incendiary, and send off the parish engine to put it out. No! when we find in such a story as the Master Thief traits which are to be found in the Sanskrit Hitopadesa, and which are also to be found in the story of Rhampsinitus in Herodotus, which are also to be found in German, Italian, and Flemish popular tales, but told in all with such variations of character and detail, and such adaptation to time and place, as evidently show the original working of the national consciousness upon a stock of tradition common to all the race, but belonging to no tribe of that race in particular, and when we find this occurring not in one tale, but in twenty, we are forced to abandon the theory of such universal copying, for fear lest we should fall into a greater difficulty than that for which we were striving to account.'

The story which Dr. Dasent has chosen to prove that it is one of those that cannot have been borrowed from the East, the story of *The Masterthief*, speaks most strongly against his theory. A story intended to show the cleverness of a thief lends itself naturally to every kind of local variation. Every narrator is free to improve on the tricks of the original, or to invent entirely new tricks. As soon as a character like that of *Eulenspiegel* is started, the growth of *Espiègleries*

becomes superabundant. Nevertheless a comparison of the story of Rhampsinitus as told by Herodotus (ii. 121) with the stories that have been discovered in the Buddhist canon,[1] and in the Sanskrit collection of fables by Somadeva,[2] leaves no doubt, as the late Dr. Schiefner has shown,[3] that the original of all these stories came from the East.

Another, in some respects still cleverer story of a thief getting what he wanted by a trick is found in the Hitopadesa. A Brâhman, who had vowed a sacrifice, went to the market to buy a goat. Three thieves saw him, and wanted to get hold of the goat. They stationed themselves at intervals on the high road. When the Brâhman, who carried the goat on his back, approached the first thief, the thief said, 'Brâhman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' The Brâhman replied: 'It is not a dog, it is a goat.' A little while after, he was accosted by the second thief, who said, 'Brâhman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' The Brâhman felt perplexed, put the goat down, examined it, and walked on. Soon after he was stopped by the third thief, who said, 'Brâhman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' Then the Brâhman was frightened, threw down the goat, and walked home to perform his ablutions for having touched an unclean animal. The thieves took the goat and ate it.

The gist of the story is that a man will believe almost anything if he is told the same by three different people. The Indian story, with slight

[1] Kandjur, vol. iii. ff. 132–135.

[2] Kathâ sarit-sâgara, X. 65, 140–175.

[3] See Schiefner in *Mélanges Asiatiques*, vol. vi. p. 161.

variations, is told in the Arabic translation, the *Kalila and Dimna*. It was known through the Greek translation at Constantinople, at least at the beginning of the Crusades, and was spread all over Europe, in the Latin of the 'Directorium humanæ vitæ.'

The most modern version is perhaps that which was sent me from Ireland: 'A farmer was taking a wee pig to market, under his arm, and three of his friends determined to possess themselves of the pig. They stationed themselves at intervals along the road. When the farmer arrived at the first friend, he was accosted with: 'Well Mick, where are you taking the goose?' 'It's not a goose, you fool,' said he, 'but a pig.' He passed on until he met with the second friend, who asked him the same question, upon which Mick looked at the pig under his arm, gave it a pinch to make it squeal, and went on without giving an answer. But when the third friend asked him about the goose, he dropped the pig: 'Bedad, it was a pig when I left home, but the devil's bewitched the beast.' He left the pig on the road, and went home again.

If the key-note of any of these popular stories had once been caught up by any Norman sailor, or any Northern traveller or student, of whom there were many in the Middle Ages who visited the principal seats of learning in Europe, nothing was easier than to invent ever so many variations. There were thieves, more or less clever, in Egypt as well as India, and some of their stratagems were possibly the same at all times. But there is a keen and well-defined humour in the story of the Brâhman and his deference to public opinion, which found an echo in many countries, and more particularly in Ireland, where the

goat was naturally changed into a wee pig. The story of Rhampsinitus did enter into the popular literature of Europe by a well-defined channel. We find it in the *Gesta Romanorum*, where Octavianus has taken the place of Rhampsinitus, and we can hardly doubt that it came there from Herodotus. There are other stories, however, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, which are borrowed direct from the Hitopadesa and its translations. We need only mention that of prince Llewellyn and his hound Gellert, a story which Dr. Dasent would likewise refer to the period previous to the dispersion of the Aryan race, but which, as can be proved, reached Europe by a much shorter route.

But if in these special instances we differ from Dr. Dasent, we fully agree with him in the main. There are stories, common to the different branches of the Aryan stock, which could not have travelled from India to Europe at so late a time as that of Nushirvan. They are ancient Aryan stories, older than the Pañkatantra, older than the Odyssey, older than the dispersion of the Aryan race. We can only mention one or two instances.

In the Pañkatantra there is the story of the king who asked his pet monkey to watch over him while he was asleep. A bee settled on the king's head, the monkey could not drive her away, so he took his sword, killed the bee, and in killing her killed the king. A very similar parable is put into the mouth of Buddha. A bald carpenter was attacked by a musquito. He called his son to drive it away. The son took the axe, aimed a blow at the insect, but split his father's head in two, and killed him. This fable

reached Lafontaine through the *Anvari Suhaili*, and appears in the French as the Bear and the Gardener. But the same fable had reached Europe at a much earlier time, and, though the moral has been altered, it can hardly be doubted that the fable in Phædros of the bald man who in trying to kill a gnat gives himself a severe blow in the face, came originally from the East. There may have been some direct communication, and Æsop of old may have done very much the same as Khosru Nushirvan did at a later time. But it is more likely that there was some old Aryan proverb, some homely saw, such as 'Protect us from our friends,' or 'Think of the king and the bee.' Such a saying would call for explanation, and stories would readily be told to explain it. There is in our Norwegian Tales a passage very much to the same effect:

'A man saw a goody hard at work banging her husband across the head with a beetle, and over his head she had drawn a shirt without any slit for the neck.

'"Why, Goody!" he asked, "will you beat your husband to death?"

'"No," she said, "I only must have a hole in this shirt for his neck to come through."'

The story of the donkey in the lion's skin must likewise have reached Europe at a much earlier date. It was known as a proverb to Plato. It exists as a fable in the Hitopadesa, 'The Donkey in the Tiger's skin.' Many of the most striking traits of animal life which are familiar to us from Phædros, are used for similar purposes in the Hitopadesa. The mouse delivering her friends by gnawing the net, the turtle flying and dying, the tiger or fox as pious hermits,

the serpent as king, or friend of the frogs, all these are elements common to the early fabulists of Greece and India. One of the earliest Roman apologues, 'The dispute between the belly and the other members of the body,' was told in India long before it was told by Menenius Agrippa at Rome.

With regard to the ancient Aryan fables, which are common to all the members of the Aryan family, it has been said that there is something so natural in most of them, that they might well have been invented more than once. This is a sneaking argument, but nevertheless it has a certain weight. It does not apply, however, to our fairy tales. They surely cannot be called natural. They are full of the most unnatural conceptions—of monsters such as no human eye has ever seen. Of many of them we know for certain that they were not invented at all, but that they are the *detritus* of ancient mythology, half-forgotten, misunderstood, and reconstructed. Dr. Dasent has traced the gradual transition of myth into story in the case of the Wild Huntsman, who was originally the German god Odin. He might have traced the last fibres of 'Odin, the hunter,' back to Indra, the god of Storms, in the Veda; and lower even than the 'Grand Veneur' in the Forest of Fontainebleau, he might have dodged the Hellequin of France to the very Harlequin of our Christmas pantomimes. William Tell, the good archer, whose mythological character has been fully acknowledged by Dr. Dasent, is the last reflection of the Sun-god, whether we call him Indra, or Apollo, or Ulysses. Their darts are unerring. They hit the apple, or any other point; and they destroy their enemies with the

same bow with which they have hit the mark. The countless stories of all the princesses and snow-white ladies who were kept in dark prisons, and were invariably delivered by a young bright hero, can all be traced back to mythological traditions about the Spring being released from the bonds of Winter, the Sun being rescued from the darkness of the Night, the Dawn being brought back from the far West, the Waters being set free from the prison of the Clouds. In the songs of the Veda, where the powers of nature have hardly assumed as yet their fixed divine personality, we read over and over again of the treasures which the God of light recovers from the dark clouds. These treasures are either the golden rays of the Sun, or the waters, conquered after a fierce thunderstorm. Sometimes these waters are called the cows, which the robbers have hidden in caves—sometimes, the wives of the gods (Devapatnî), who had become the wives of the fiend (Dâsapatnî or Dâsa-narî = Deianeira). Their imprisonment is called a curse; and when they are delivered from it, Indra is praised for having destroyed 'the seven castles of the autumn.' In the Veda the thief or the fiend is called the serpent with seven heads.

Every one of these expressions may be traced in the German *Märchen*. The loves and feuds of the powers of nature, after they had been told, first of gods, then of heroes, appear in the tales of the people as the flirting and teasing of fairies and imps. Christianity had destroyed the old gods of the Teutonic tribes, and supplied new heroes in the saints and martyrs of the Church. The gods were dead, and the heroes, the sons of the gods, forgotten. But the

stories told of them would not die, and in spite of the excommunications of the priests they were welcomed wherever they appeared in their strange disguises. Kind-hearted grannies would tell the pretty stories of old, if it was only to keep their little folk quiet. They did not tell them of the gods; for those gods were dead, or, worse than that, had been changed into devils. They told them of nobody; aye, sometimes they would tell them of the very saints and martyrs, and the apostles themselves have had to wear some of the old rags that belonged by right to Odin and other heathen gods. The oddest figure of all is that of the Devil in his half-Christian and half-heathen garb. The Aryan nations had no Devil. Pluto, though of a sombre character, was a very respectable personage; and Loki, though a mischievous person, was not a fiend. The German goddess, Hell, too—like Proserpina—had once seen better days. Thus, when the Germans were indoctrinated with the idea of a real Devil, the Semitic Satan or Diabolus, they treated him in the most good-humoured manner. They ascribed to him all the mischievous tricks of their most mischievous gods. But while the old Northern story-tellers delighted in the success of cunning, the new generation felt in duty bound to represent the Devil in the end as always defeated. He was outwitted in all the tricks which had formerly proved successful, and thus quite a new character was produced—the poor or stupid Devil, who appears not unfrequently in the German and in Norwegian tales.

All this Dr. Dasent has described very tersely and graphically in his Introduction, and we recommend

the readers of his tales not to treat that Introduction as most introductions are treated. We should particularly recommend to the attention of those who have leisure to devote to such subjects, what Dr. Dasent says at the close of his Essay:

'Enough has been said, at least, to prove that even nursery tales may have a science of their own, and to show how the old Nornir and divine spinners can revenge themselves if their old wives' tales are insulted and attacked. The inquiry itself might be almost indefinitely prolonged, for this is a journey where each turn of the road brings out a new point of view, and the longer we linger on our path the longer we find something fresh to see. Popular mythology is a virgin mine, and its ore, so far from being exhausted or worked out, has here, in England at least, been scarcely touched. It may, indeed, be dreaded lest the time for collecting such English traditions is not past and gone; whether the steam-engine and printing-press have not played their great work of enlightenment too well; and whether the popular tales, of which, no doubt, the land was once full, have not faded away before these great inventions, as the race of giants waned before the might of Odin and the Æsir. Still the example of this very Norway, which at one time was thought, even by her own sons, to have few tales of her own, and now has been found to have them so fresh and full, may serve as a warning not to abandon a search, which, indeed, can scarcely be said to have been ever begun; and to suggest a doubt whether the ill success which may have attended this or that particular attempt, may not have been from the fault rather of the seekers

after traditions, than from the want of the traditions themselves. In point of fact, it is a matter of the utmost difficulty to gather such tales in any country, as those who have collected them most successfully will be the first to confess. It is hard to make old and feeble women, who generally are the depositaries of these national treasures, believe that the inquirer can have any real interest in the matter. They fear that the question is only put to turn them into ridicule; for the popular mind is a sensitive plant; it becomes coy, and closes its leaves at the first rude touch; and when once shut, it is hard to make these aged lips reveal the secrets of the memory. There they remain, however, forming part of an undercurrent of tradition, of which the educated classes, through whose minds flows the bright upper-current of faith, are apt to forget the very existence. Things out of sight, and therefore out of mind. Now and then a wave of chance tosses them to the surface from those hidden depths, and all Her Majesty's inspectors of schools are shocked at the wild shapes which still haunt the minds of the great mass of the community. It cannot be said that the English are not a superstitious people. Here we have gone on for more than a hundred years proclaiming our opinion that the belief in witches, and wizards, and ghosts, and fetches, was extinct throughout the land. Ministers of all denominations have preached them down, and philosophers convinced all the world of the absurdity of such vain superstitions; and yet it has been reserved for another learned profession, the Law, to produce in one trial at the Staffordshire Assizes, a year or two ago, such a host of witnesses who firmly believe in

witchcraft, and swore to their belief in spectre dogs and wizards, as to show that, in the Midland Counties at least, such traditions are anything but extinct. If so much of the bad has been spared by steam, by natural philosophy, and by the Church, let us hope that some of the good may still linger along with it, and that an English Grimm may yet arise who may carry out what Mr. Chambers has so well begun in Scotland, and discover in the mouth of an Anglo-Saxon Gammer Grethel some, at least, of those popular tales which England once had in common with all the Aryan race.'

TALES OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.[1]

When reviewing, some time ago, Dr. Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse*, we expressed a hope that something might still be done for recovering at least a few fragments here and there of similar tales once current in England. Ever since the brothers Grimm surprised the world by their *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, which they had picked up in various parts of Germany—in beer-houses, in spinning-rooms, or in the warm kitchen of an old goodie—an active search has been set on foot in every corner of Germany, in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, nay, even in Finland and Lapland, for everything in the shape of popular sayings, proverbs, riddles, or tales. The result has been more than could have been expected. A considerable literature has been brought together, and we have gained an insight into the natural growth of popular lore, more instructive than anything that could be gathered from chronicles or historians. Our hope that Dr. Dasent's work would give a powerful impulse to similar researches in this country has not been disappointed. Good books seem to beget good

[1] *Popular Tales of the West Highlands.* Orally collected, with a translation by J. F. Campbell. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1860.

books, and in Mr. Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, orally collected, with a translation, we are glad to welcome the first response to the appeal made by the translator of the Norse Tales. It might be feared, indeed, as Dr. Dasent said in his learned and eloquent Introduction, whether the time for collecting such English traditions was not past and gone, whether the steam-engine and printing-press had not played their great work of enlightenment too well, and whether the popular tales, of which no doubt the land was once full, had not faded away before these great inventions, as the race of giants waned before the might of Odin and the Æsir. But not so. Of course such stories were not to be found in London or its immediate neighbourhood. People who went out story-fishing to Richmond or Gravesend would find but poor sport among white-tie'd waiters or barmaids in silk. However, even in St. James' Street a practised hand may get a rise, as witness the following passage from Mr. Campbell's preface:

'I met two tinkers in St. James' Street, in February, with black faces and a pan of burning coals each. They were followed by a wife, and preceded by a mangy terrier with a stiff tail. I joined the party, and one told me a version of "the man who travelled to learn what shivering meant," while we walked together through the Park to Westminster.'

But though a stray story may thus be bagged in the West-end of London, Mr. Campbell knew full well that his best chance would lie as far away from the centre of civilisation as railways could carry him, and as far away from railways as his legs could take

him. So he went to his own native country, the Western Islands and Highlands of Scotland. There he knew he would meet with people who could neither read nor write, who hardly knew a word of English, and from whom he remembered as a child to have heard stories exactly like those which Dr. Dasent had lately imported from Norway. We must copy at least one description of the haunts explored by Mr. Campbell:

'Let me describe one of these old story-men as a type of his kind. I trust he will not be offended, for he was very polite to me. His name is MacPhie; he lives at the north end of South Uist, where the road ends at a sound, which has to be forded at the ebb to go to Benbecula. The house is built of a double wall of loose boulders, with a layer of peat three feet thick between the walls. The ends are round, and the roof rests on the inner wall, leaving room for a crop of yellow gowans. A man might walk round the roof on the top of the wall. There is but one room, with two low doors, one on each side of the house. The fire is on the floor; the chimney is a hole above it; and the rafters are hung with pendants and festoons of shining black peat reek. They are of birch of the mainland, American drift-wood, or broken wreck. They support a covering of turf and straw, and stones and heather ropes, which keep out the rain well enough.

'The house stands on a green bank, with grey rocks protruding through the turf; and the whole neighbourhood is pervaded by cockle-shells, which indicate the food of the people and their fishing pursuits. In a neighbouring kiln there were many

cart-loads about to be burned, to make that lime which is so durable in the old castles. The owner of the house, whom I visited twice, is seventy-nine. He told me nine stories, and, like all the others, declared that there was no man in the island who knew them so well. "He could not say how many he knew;" he seemed to know versions of nearly everything I had got; and he told me plainly that my versions were good for nothing. "Huch! thou hast not got them right at all." "They came into his mind," he said, "sometimes at night when he could not sleep—old tales that he had not heard for threescore years."

'He had the manner of a practised narrator, and it is quite evident that he is one; he chuckled at the interesting parts, and laid his withered finger on my knee as he gave out the terrible bits with due solemnity. A small boy in a kilt, with large, round, glittering eyes, was standing mute at his knee, gazing at his wrinkled face, and devouring every word. The boy's mother first boiled and then mashed potatoes; and his father, a well-grown man in tartan breeks, ate them. Ducks and ducklings, a cat and a kitten, some hens, and a baby, all tumbled about on the clay floor together, and expressed their delight at the savoury prospect, each in his own fashion; and then wayfarers dropped in and listened for a spell, and passed their remarks, till the ford was shallow. The light came streaming down the chimney, and through a single pane of glass, lighting up a track in the blue mist of the peat smoke; and fell on the white hair and brown, withered face of the old man, as he sat on a low stool, with his feet to the fire; and the rest of the dwelling, with all its plenishing of boxes and box-

beds, dishes and dresser, and gear of all sorts, faded away, through shades of deepening brown, to the black darkness of the smoked roof and the "peat corner." There we sat, and smoked and talked for hours till the tide ebbed; and then I crossed the ford by wading up to the waist, and dried my clothes in the wind in Benbecula.'

Mr. Campbell, we see, can describe well, and the small sketches which he inserts in his preface—bits of scenery from Scotland or Lapland, from Spain or Algiers—are evidently the work of a man who can handle brush and pen with equal skill. If he had simply given a description of his travels in the Western Highlands, interspersed with some stories gathered from the mouths of the people, he would have given us a most charming Christmas-book. But Mr. Campbell had a higher aim. He had learned from Dr. Dasent's preface, that popular stories may be made to tell a story of their own, and that they may yield most valuable materials for the palæontology of the human race. The nations who are comprehended under the common appellation of Aryan or Indo-European—the Hindus, the Persians, the Celts, Germans, Romans, Greeks, and Slaves—do not only share the same words and the same grammar slightly modified in each country, but they seem to have likewise preserved a mass of popular tradition which had grown up before they had left their common home. That this is true with regard to mythological traditions has been fully proved, and comparative mythology has by this time taken its place as a recognised science, side by side with comparative philology. But it is equally known that the

gods of ancient mythology were changed into the demi-gods and heroes of ancient epic poetry, and that these demi-gods again became, at a later age, the principal characters of our nursery tales. If, therefore, the Saxons, Celts, Romans, Greeks, Slaves, Persians, and Hindus once spoke the same language, if they worshipped the same gods and believed in the same myths and legends, we need not be surprised that even at the present day there is still a palpable similarity between the stories told by MacPhie of South Uist and those for which we are indebted to the old grannies in every village of Germany—nay, that the general features of their tales should be discovered in the stories of Vishnusarman and Somadeva in India.

The discovery of such similarities is no doubt highly interesting, but at the same time the subject requires the most delicate handling. Such has been the later literary intercourse between the nations of the East and the West, that many channels, besides that of the one common primitive language, were open for the spreading of popular stories. The researches of De Sacy and Benfey have laid open several of these channels through which stories, ready-made, were carried through successive translations from India to Persia and Greece and the rest of Europe. This took place during the Middle Ages; whereas the original seeds of Indo-European legends must have been brought to Europe by the first Âryas who settled in Greece, Italy, Germany, and Gaul. These two classes of legends must, therefore, be carefully kept apart, though their separation is often a work of great difficulty. The first class of legends—those

which were known to the primæval Aryan race, before it broke up into Hindus, Greeks, Romans, Germans, and Celts—may be called primitive, or organic. The second—those which were imported in later times from one literature into another—may be called secondary, or inorganic. The former represent one common ancient stratum of language and thought, reaching from India to Europe; the latter consist of boulders of various strata carried along by natural and artificial means from one country to another. As we distinguish in each Aryan language between common and foreign words—the former constituting the ancient heir-loom of the Aryan race, the latter being borrowed by Romans from Greeks, by Germans from Romans, by Celts from Germans—so we ought to distinguish between common aboriginal Aryan legends and legends borrowed and transplanted at later times. The rules which apply to the treatment of words apply with equal force to the comparative analysis of legends. If we find words in Sanskrit exactly the same as in Greek, we know that they cannot be the same words. The phonetic system of Greek is different from that of Sanskrit; and words, in order to prove their original identity, must be shown to have suffered the modifying influences of the phonetic system peculiar to each language. Ekatara in Sanskrit cannot be the same word as ἑκάτερος in Greek; *better* in English cannot be the same as *behter* in Persian. *Ei* in German cannot be the same as English *eye*. If they were the same words, they would necessarily have diverged more widely through the same influence which made Greek different from Sanskrit, Persian different from

English, and English different from German. This of course does not apply to foreign words. When the Romans adopted the word *philosophos* from Greek, they hardly changed it at all; whereas the root *sap* had, by a perfectly natural process, produced *sapiens* in Latin, and *sophos* in Greek.

Another rule of the science of language which ought to be carefully observed in the comparative study of legends is this, that no comparison should be made before each word is traced back to its most primitive form and meaning. We cannot compare English and Hindustani, but we can trace an English word back to Anglo-Saxon and Gothic, and a Hindustani word back to Hindu and Sanskrit; and then from Gothic and Sanskrit we can measure and discover the central point from whence the original Aryan word proceeded. We thus discover not only its original form, but at the same time its etymological meaning. Applying this rule to the comparison of popular tales, we maintain that before any comparison can be instituted between nursery tales of Germany, England, and India, each tale must be traced back to a legend or myth from whence it arose, and in which it had a natural meaning: otherwise we cannot hope to arrive at any satisfactory results. One instance must suffice to illustrate the application of these rules. In Mr. Campbell's West Highland Tales we meet with the story of a frog who wishes to marry the daughter of a queen, and who, when the youngest daughter of the queen consents to become his wife, is freed from a spell and changed into a handsome man. This story can be traced back in the Highlands to the year 1548. In Germany it is well known as the story of the

Froschkönig, and a similar tale was told to Mason by a Karen.[1] Mr. Campbell thinks it is of Gaelic origin, because the speech of the frog in Gaelic is an imitation of the gurgling and quacking of spring frogs. This, however, would hardly carry conviction to folk-lorists. The first question to answer is this, How came such a story ever to be invented? Human beings, we may hope, were at all times sufficiently enlightened to know that a marriage between a frog and the daughter of a queen was absurd. No poet could ever have sat down to invent such utter nonsense. We may ascribe to our ancestors any amount of childlike simplicity, but we must take care not to degrade them to the rank of mere idiots. There must have been some excuse, something rational in their stories, as in their myths; and until we find a reason for each, we must just leave them alone as we leave many a curious petrifaction which we cannot trace back to any living type.

In our case the discovery of any sense in the story of the Frog-Prince is by no means easy. If anybody were to suggest an historical foundation for it and ask us to believe that there was a king of the name of Frog, the mere fact that the same or very similar stories are told in the most distant parts of the world, and by people, as far as we know, unconnected by language, race, or history, would be a sufficient answer. Nothing, no doubt, would be easier than to recognise in the frog some kind of totem, but even the most persuasive of writers would find it difficult to persuade us of the existence of one and the same totem among the Gaels in Scotland and the Karens in Burma.

[1] *Journ. of the Americ. Or. Soc.* x. p. v, Proceedings.

Nothing, therefore, remains but to try to discover the original elements of this story, and its many variations, in the forgotten annals of language and mythology.

I have tried to prove (p. 509) that one name of frog, the feminine bhekî, was used as a name of the Dawn, as representing the dark red light that announces the advent of the sun. The story told of Bhekî in Sanskrit was that she was a beautiful girl, and that one day, when sitting near a well, she was discovered by a king who asked her to be his wife. She consented on condition that he should never show her a drop of water. One day, being tired, she asked the king for water, the king forgot his promise, brought her the wished-for water, and Bhekî at once disappeared. The Dawn, however, and the Sun, though generally kept distinct, the one as female, the other as male, are sometimes mixed up, nay, the Sun is actually called Agnir aushasya, the auroral Agni or the light of the morning. If therefore, Bhekî, fem., could be used as a name of the Dawn, Bheka, masc., might well have been used as a name of the rising Sun. We must bear in mind that the return of the day and the celestial phenomena connected with it were observed far more carefully by the ancient nations than by ourselves. How seldom do we observe a sunrise, and how little do we distinguish between its various stages, between the first shimmer of light, the morning grey, the far-spreading Dawn, the gradual fading of her splendour, and her final absorption in the fiery rays of the risen sun. People in the East are far better observers. What was described for the first time by Kepler as the Zodiacal light preceding the dawn and following sunset, was known long before

his time in the East as the False Dawn or the Wolf's Tail.[1] A modern observer, Palgrave (*Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia*, 1859, p. 186), writes:—

'The Zodiacal light always discernible in these transparent skies, but now at its full equinoctial display, would linger cone-like in the west for full three hours after sunset, perfectly distinct in colour, shape, and direction, from the last horizontal glimmer of daylight; while its reappearance in the east long before morning could only be confounded by inexperience with the early dawn.' In Eastern poetry the distinction between this False and True Dawn is quite familiar, and is used by poets as a common metaphor for anything true and real following after what only seems to be so. The Muezzin who has to give the call for prayer when the true Dawn appears, has to be careful not to take the false Dawn for the true, and the shepherd with his dog, after watching the whole night, is told not to go to rest till the True Dawn has shot up a beam of light from out of False Dawn or the Wolf's Tail (Nizámi). Popular astronomy in the East explained this False Dawn by a chink in that impassable barrier of Caucasus (the rug*n*am adre*h*, Rig-veda, III. 31, 6), which was supposed to surround the earth. While the true dawn is caused by the incidence of the sun's rays on the higher strata of the atmosphere, gradually increasing in breadth along the whole horizon, the false dawn is caused by the sun's rays striking through that chink for a time, then vanishing again, and being followed by a temporary darkness till the real dawn appears. If this

[1] See Redhouse, *On the Natural Phenomenon known in the East by the name Sub-Hi-Kazib.*

false dawn was like a cone of light, and likened in Arabia to a wolf's tail, why should it not have been likened in India to a frog sitting on the edge of the clouds or the celestial waters, then disappearing, and at last coming forth again in full royal splendour at the time of sunrise? In Arabic the Wolf's Tail is called Sirhân's Tail, and Sirhân is the name of a dog. This dog has been compared by Redhouse to the mythical dog *Orthros*, and it is certainly very curious that in one passage of the Pentateuch שחר, morning, should in the Septuagint also have been rendered by ὄρθρος.

If, then, we try to separate the mythological elements in this one story of the Dawn, we shall find the following short sayings: (1) The frog is looking through the darkness of the night; (2) The frog has vanished; (3) The frog has returned in full splendour in the arms of the Dawn. It did not require much poetical imagination, particularly when the meaning of Bheka was no longer clearly understood, to combine these sayings into so simple a story as the one before us, that there was once upon a time a frog who wished to marry the daughter of a queen (the Dawn), and who, when the youngest daughter of the queen consented to become his wife, was changed into a handsome prince (the radiant Sun).

I know that some scholars will say that all this is mere guesswork, and I am the last person to deny that it is. But what else *could* it be? In treating of times far beyond the reach of history, what method is there but the conjectural? The origin of language, the etymology of words, the dates of ancient dynasties, the periods of geology, to say nothing of the origin of

species, all these are subjects that could not be treated at all, if we discarded the help of conjectural combination. How do we know the meaning and the date of the ancient Egyptian or Babylonian inscriptions, of the Veda and the Avesta, how do we know the exact date of Homer, of Buddha, of Pâṇini, nay, even of Christ, except by the help of conjecture? How then could we hope to unravel the threads of ancient mythology and folk-lore unless we had recourse to conjecture? No doubt, our conjectural explanations must not run counter to facts or general rules. An etymology, for instance, must not violate phonetic laws, so far as they have been ascertained for those distant periods. But the belief that phonetic laws admit of no exception when applied to the most ancient and almost prehistoric periods of language is itself conjectural only, while many an etymology is known to be wrong, even though it conforms to every phonetic law. If, therefore, the solar origin of a considerable portion of ancient mythology has once been established, and if the transition of old mythological sayings into heroic traditions, legends, and *Märchen* is generally admitted, it will be difficult to say that the explanation here proposed of the original intention of the Frog-stories is untenable, while on the other hand no comparative mythologist would venture to say that it is more than conjectural. When such a story had once been framed and had taken possession of the popular mind, ever so many new stories would follow, and some of them might be no more than the outcome of poetical imagination. Like the story of Hercules in Greece, like the story of Punch and Judy with our children, which is different in every village and yet the same,

the story of the Frog Prince, too, has taken ever so many guises and disguises in different parts of the world; but its kernel or its type is the same, and requires an explanation. If such an explanation can be discovered in those phenomena of nature which have supplied the human mind with the earliest subjects of wonder, of meditation, and of poetry, we ought to be satisfied, and not require more proof than from the nature of the case can reasonably be expected. It may happen, and it does happen, that, as in the case of etymologies, more than one explanation of a legend or a myth can be suggested and defended. The Moon in her relation to the Sun will often supply as good a solution of a mythological riddle as the Dawn in her various characters, whether as the mother, the sister, the beloved or the deserted wife of the Sun. This, too, cannot be helped. Legends told originally of the Dawn or of the Moon, when they had lost their physical meaning, would almost inevitably become mere stories, sometimes sentimental or tragical, sometimes amusing and childish. They are often so similar in character that it is hard to say whether in the beginning they were lunar or auroral. The names alone can sometimes help us to decide between the two claimants. *Euryphaessa*, for instance, the wide-shining, might have been originally a name of the moon as well as of the dawn, but when we see that εὐρύς, wide, is almost a typical epithet of the dawn, as spreading far and wide over the whole sky (urviyâ prathânâm, Rv. VI. 64, 3), we can hardly be wrong in recognising in this and in other names compared with εὐρύ, Sk. uru, the Dawn rather than the Moon, though the Moon also is called the luminous, Selene, and similar names.

If we take frog or toad, for the two are constantly mixed up, as a symbol of the Dawn, fem., or the Rising Sun, masc., the conditions imposed by them in their respective characters of bride or bridegroom are intelligible. The Dawn, as the bride, says that she must vanish as soon as she sees her husband, the Sun, naked, that is that she becomes invisible as soon as the Sun rises in his naked splendour. If the frog is the Sun, his condition is that the Dawn should accept him as her lover, when he is as yet a mere frog, sitting unsightly on the edge of the waters or the clouds, but that she will be rewarded if she accepts him on trust. The third condition in these Frog-stories, namely, that the bride must never see water, would find a natural explanation in the fact that the Dawn, after remaining with her husband during his daily course, vanishes in the gloaming when she sees the water of the Western ocean, or of the clouds of the sunset.

If we take frog or toad as a name or symbol of the moon, it seems to become much more difficult to discover in his love story some natural event that takes place every day or every night. The Moon does not vanish if she sees the Sun naked, nor is the sight of the water particularly fatal to her. If, as a masculine, the Moon acts as a lover of the Sun, fem., it might be said that, in his unsightly and despised state, he was meant for the New Moon, who, after being once accepted by the Solar Princess, grew and grew till he reached his full glory.

Ethnologists have generally been in favour of taking frog and toad as moon-symbols, nor can it be denied that there are many stories about a frog or a toad in the moon. Many of them have been collected

by the Rev. T. Harley in his *Moon Lore*. The Selish race of North-West American Indians tell how the little Wolf, being desperately in love with the Toad, went a-wooing one night, and prayed that the moon might shine brightly on his adventure; his prayer was granted, and by the clear light of a full moon he was pursuing the toad, and had nearly caught her, when, as a last chance of escape, she made a desperate spring on to the face of the moon, where she remains to this day.

In China, the story is told how, about 2,500 B.C., *Chang Ngo*, the wife of *How I*, stole the drug of immortality from her husband and fled with it to the moon, and became the frog in the moon. Dr. Wells Williams also states that in China the Moon is represented as a three-legged toad, and likewise as a rabbit sitting on his hind legs with a mortar before him.

With all this it would be difficult to make a Moon-story out of the adventures of the Frog, whether in his male or her female character, while, as we saw, the Dawn lends herself far more readily as the person hidden behind these animal disguises. Other scholars, however, have collected ample materials to show that in many parts of the world the moon was represented as a frog or a toad, more particularly Count de Gubernatis in his *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 375 seq. All we can say, therefore, is that behind the stories of the Frog marrying a beautiful maiden, or the Frog as the beloved of a beautiful youth, there is some distant physical background, and that these stories were neither based on real events, nor invented spontaneously for the amusement of the people, young or

old. Having been brought up myself on the stories of the *Froschkönig* or *Der eiserne Heinrich* (see Grimm's *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, vol. iii. p. 1), I can testify that they still fulfil that purpose. As a child I have shed many a tear when the iron clasps which the *eiserne Heinrich* had fastened round his heart, that it might not break for grief, burst asunder for joy at the recovery of his young master. This is what becomes in the end of these mythological sayings, and whatever may be uncertain in our interpretations, this lesson at all events may be considered as safe, that the ancient ancestors of our race were not mere *imbéciles*, but that there was something organic, something rational in every myth, in every fable, nay, in every fragment of folk-lore that may still be picked up among the old women in our villages.

In all branches of science we want to know the origin of things, and to watch their growth and decay. In the same way we must always discover the component elements of stories, and then trace them back to their most plausible origin. If 'Storiology,' as Mr. Campbell calls it, is to be a scientific study, it must follow this course. Mr. Campbell has brought together in his introduction and his notes much that is valuable and curious. The coincidences which he has pointed out between the stories of the Western Highlands and other parts of the Aryan world, are striking in themselves, and will be useful for further researches. But they require to be carefully sifted and analysed before they can serve the purpose of Comparative Mythology. The most valuable part of his work are the stories themselves. For these he will receive the thanks of

all who are interested in the study of language and popular literature, and we hope that he will feel encouraged to go on with his work, and that his example will be followed by others in other parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

ZULU NURSERY TALES.[1]

We should before now have brought the Rev. Dr. Callaway's collection of the Nursery Tales, Traditions, and Histories of the Zulus to the notice of our readers, if we had not been waiting for a new instalment of his interesting work. Dr. Callaway calls what he has published the first part of the first volume, and as this first part contained only about three or four sheets, we looked forward to a speedy continuation. The fact is that one cannot well form an opinion of the real character of nursery tales and popular stories without seeing a good many of them. Each story by itself may seem rather meaningless or even absurd, but if certain features occur again and again, they become important in spite of their childishness, and enable us to discover some method in their very absurdity. If we knew of only three or four of the stories of Jupiter or Herakles, we should hardly give much thought to them; but having before us the immense quantity of fables about Greek gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, we naturally look upon them, with all their strangeness and extrava-

[1] *Izinganekwane nensumansumane nezindaba zabantu.* Nursery Tales, Traditions, and Histories of the Zulus. By the Rev. Henry Callaway, M.D. Vol. i. part i. Natal, 1866.

gance, as a problem in the history of the growth of the Greek nation, and we try to discover in them certain characteristics which throw light on the origin of these abnormal creations of the human mind. It was the same with the German nursery tales. Their existence in every country where German races had settled was perfectly well known, but they did not become the subject of historical and psychological inquiry till the brothers Grimm published their large collection, and thus enabled scholars to generalise on these popular fictions. By this time the study of popular tales has become a recognised branch of the study of mankind. It is known that such tales are not the invention of individual writers, but that, in Germany as well as everywhere else, they are the last remnants— the *detritus*, if we may say so—of a more ancient mythology; that some of the principal heroes bear the nicknames of old heathen gods; and that in spite of the powerful dilution produced by the admixture of Christian ideas, the old leaven of heathendom can still be discovered in many of the stories now innocently told by German nurses of saints, apostles, and the Virgin Mary.

From this point of view, the mere fact that the Zulus possess nursery tales is curious, because nursery tales, at least such as treat of ghosts and fairies and giants, generally point back to a distant civilisation, or at least to a long-continued national growth. Like the anomalies of a language, they show by their very strangeness that time enough has elapsed for the consolidation of purely traditional formations, and that a time must have been when what is now meaningless or irregular was formed with a purpose, and according

to rule. But before it is possible to analyse these Zulu tales, two things are necessary. First, we must have a much larger collection of them than we now possess; and, secondly, more collections must be made among tribes of the same large race to which the Zulus belong. The Zulus are a Kafir race, and recent researches have made it very clear that the Kafir races occupy the whole east coast of Africa, from the south to several degrees beyond the Equator. They migrated from north to south, and in the south they are bounded by the Hottentots, who belong to a different race. The Hottentots, too, are now believed to have migrated from the north of Africa, and their language is supposed to be akin to the dialects spoken in the countries south of Egypt. If the ethnological outlines of the continent of Africa are once firmly established, the study of the sacred and profane traditions of the several African tribes will acquire a new interest; and it is highly creditable to Dr. Callaway, Dr. Bleek, and others, to have made a beginning in a field of research which at first sight seemed not very attractive or promising. Many people, no doubt, will treat these stories with contempt, and will declare that they are not worth the paper on which they are printed. The same thing was said of Grimm's *Märchen*; nay, it was said by Frederick the Great of the *Nibelungenlied*, by Sir William Jones of the Zend-Avesta, and, by less distinguished scholars, even of the Veda. But fifty years hence the collection of these stories may become as valuable as the few remaining bones of the dodo. Stories become extinct like dodos and megatheria, and they die out so rapidly that in Germany, for

instance, it would be impossible at present to discover traces of many of the stories which the brothers Grimm and their friends collected from the mouth of an old granny or a village doctor half a century ago. Nor is it an easy matter to catch popular stories. The people who know them are willing enough to tell them to their children, but they do not like to repeat them to grown-up people, least of all to strangers, who are supposed to laugh at them. Thus Dr. Callaway says:

'Like most other people, the Zulus have their nursery tales. They have not hitherto, as far as I know, been collected. Indeed, it is probable that their existence even is suspected but by a few, for the women are the depositaries of these tales; and it is not common to meet with a man who is well acquainted with them, or who is willing to speak of them in any other way than as something which he has some dim recollection of having heard his grandmother relate. It has been no easy matter to drag out the following tales; and it is evident that many of them are but fragments of some more perfect narration.'

Waiting, then, for a larger instalment of Zulu stories before we venture to pronounce an opinion of their value for ethnological purposes, we proceed to point out a few of their most curious features, which may serve as a lesson and as a warning to the student of the folk-lore of European and Indo-European nations. If we admit for the present, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that the Zulus were free from the influence of German missionaries or Dutch settlers in the formation of their popular stories, it is certainly surprising to see so

many points of similarity between the heroes of their kraals and of our own nurseries. The introduction of animals, speaking and acting the parts of human beings, was long considered as an original thought of the Greek and the Teutonic tribes. We now find exactly the same kind of 'animal fable' among the Zulus, and Dr. Bleek has actually discovered among the Hottentots traces of the stories of Renard the fox.[1] The idea that among animals cunning is more successful than brute force—an idea which pervades the stories of Reineke Fuchs, and of many other fables—predominates likewise in the fables of the Zulus. In the Basuto legend of the Little Hare, the hare has entered into an alliance with the lion, but, having been ill-treated by the latter, determines to be avenged. 'My father,' said he to the lion, 'we are exposed to the rain and hail; let us build a hut.' The lion, too lazy to work, left it to the hare to do, and 'the wily runner' took the lion's tail, and interwove it so cleverly into the stakes and reeds of the hut that it remained there confined for ever, and the hare had the pleasure of seeing his rival die of hunger and thirst. The trick is not quite so clever as that of

[1] *Reynard the Fox in South Africa*, by W. H. I. Bleek, London, 1864. 'Whether these fables are indeed the real offspring of the desert, and can be considered as truly indigenous native literature, or whether they have been either purloined from the superior white race, or at least brought into existence by the stimulus which contact with the latter gave to the native mind (like that resulting in the invention of the Tshiroki and Vei alphabets), may be matters of dispute for some time to come, and it may require as much research as was expended upon the solving of the riddle of the originality of the Ossianic poems' (p. xiii). The fox is mentioned in a Japanese proverb, 'Kitsune tora-no iwo Karu, Le Renard emprunte l'importance au tigre, i.e. tel maître, tel valet,' *Athénée Oriental*, tome iii. p. 142.

Reineke, when he persuades the bear to go out fishing on the ice; but then the hare compasses the death of the lion, while Reineke by his stratagem only deprives the bear of his ornamental tail.

As in the German tales the character of Renard the fox is repeated in a humanised shape as Till Eulenspiegel, so among the Zulus one of the most favourite characters is the young rogue, the boy U*hl*akanyana, who at first is despised and laughed at, but who always succeeds in the end in having the laugh on his side. This U*hl*akanyana performs, for instance, the same trick on a cannibal by which the hare entrapped the lion. The two have struck up a friendship, and are going to thatch their house before they sit down to devour two cows. U*hl*akanyana is bent on having the fat cow, but is afraid the cannibal will assign to him the lean cow. So he says to the cannibal, 'Let the house be thatched now; then we can eat our meat. You see the sky, that we shall get wet.' The cannibal said, 'You are right, child of my sister.' U*hl*akanyana said, 'Do you do it then; I will go inside and push the thatching-needle for you.' The cannibal went up. His hair was very, very long. U*hl*akanyana went inside and pushed the needle for him. He thatched in the hair of the cannibal, tying it very tightly; he knotted it into the thatch constantly, taking it by separate locks and fastening it firmly. He saw the hair was fast enough, and that the cannibal could not get down. When he was outside, U*hl*akanyana went to the fire, where the udder of the cow was boiled. He took it out and filled his mouth. The cannibal said, 'What are you about, child of my sister? Let us just finish the

house; afterwards we can do that; we can do it together.' U*hl*akanyana replied, 'Come down then.' The cannibal assented. When he was going to quit the house, he was unable to quit it. He cried out, 'Child of my sister, how have you managed your thatching?' U*hl*akanyana said, 'See to it yourself, I have thatched well, for I shall not have any dispute. Now I am about to eat in peace; I no longer dispute with anybody, for I am alone with my cow.' It hailed and rained. The cannibal cried on the top of the house; he was struck with the hailstones, and died there on the house. It cleared. U*hl*akanyana went out, and said, 'Uncle, just come down. It has become clear. It no longer rains, and there is no longer hail, neither is there any more lightning. Why are you silent?' So U*hl*akanyana eat his cow alone, and then went his way.'

Dr. Callaway compares the history of the travels and adventures of U*hl*akanyana to those of Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer, and it is curious indeed to observe how many of the tricks which we admired as children in English or German story-books are here repeated with but trifling modifications. The feat performed by U*hl*akanyana of speaking before he was born exceeds indeed the achievements even of the most precocious of German imps, and can only be matched, as Dr. Callaway points out, by St. Benedict, who, according to Mabillon, sang eucharistic hymns in the same state in which U*hl*akanyana was clamouring for meat. The stratagem by which this Zulu 'Boots,' after being delivered to the cannibal's mother to be boiled, manages to boil the old woman herself, can easily be matched by

Peggy or Grethel who bakes the cannibal witch in her own oven, or by the Shifty Highland Lad, or by Maol a Chliobain who puts the giant's mother in the sack in which she had been suspended. U*hl*akanyana had been caught by cannibals, and was to be boiled by their mother; so, while the cannibals are away, U*hl*akanyana persuades the old mother to play with him at boiling each other. The game was to begin with him, a proposal to which the old dame readily assented. But he took care to prevent the water from boiling, and after having been in the pot for some time, he insisted on the old mother fulfilling her part of the bargain. He put her in, and put on the lid. She cried out, 'Take me out, I am scalded to death.' He said, 'No, indeed, you are not. If you were scalded to death, you could not say so.' So she was boiled, and said no more.

There is a story of a cook which we remember reading not long ago in a collection of German anecdotes. His master gives him a brace of partridges to roast, and being very hungry, the cook eats one of them. When his master returns, he eats one partridge, and then asks for the other. 'But this was the other,' says the cook, and nothing can persuade him that it wasn't. The same witticism, such as it is, reappears in the story of U*hl*akanyana teaching the leopard how to suckle her cubs. The leopard wants to have both her cubs together, but he insists that only one ought to be suckled at a time, the fact being that he had eaten one of the cubs. He then gives her the one that is still alive, and after it has been suckled, he gives it back to her as the second cub.

Those of our readers who still recollect the fearful sensations occasioned by the 'Fee fo fum, I smell the blood of an Englishmun,' will meet with several equally harrowing situations in the stories of the Zulus, and of other races too to whom the eating of an Englishman is naturally a much less startling event than it seemed to us. Usikulumi, a young Zulu hero, goes to court two daughters of Uzembeni, who had devoured all the men of the country in which she lived. The two girls dug a hole in the house to conceal their sweetheart, but towards sunset Uzembeni, the mother, returned. She had a large toe; her toe came first, she came after it; and as soon as she came, she laughed and rolled herself on the ground, saying, 'Eh, eh! in my house here to-day there is a delicious odour; my children, what is there here in the house?' The girls said, 'Away! Don't bother us; we do not know where we could get anything; we will not get up.' Thus Usikulumi escapes, and after many more adventures and fights with his mother-in-law, carries off her two girls.

It is impossible of course to determine the age of these stories, so as to show that foreign influences are entirely out of the question. Yet nursery tales are generally the last things to be adopted by one nation from another, and even in the few stories which we possess we should probably have been able to discover more palpable traces of foreign influences, if such influences had really existed. Nay, there is one feature in these stories which to a certain extent attests their antiquity. Several of the customs to which they allude are no longer in existence among the Zulus. It is not, for instance, any longer the

custom among the natives of South Africa to bake meat by means of heated stones, the recognised mode of cookery among the Polynesians. Yet when Usikulumi orders a calf to be roasted, he calls upon the boys of his kraal to collect large stones, and to heat them. There are several other peculiarities which the Zulus seem to share in common with the Polynesians. The avoiding of certain words which form part of the names of deceased kings or chieftains is a distinguishing feature of the Zulu and Polynesian languages, being called Ukuhlonipa in the one, and Tepi in the other.[1] If a person who has disappeared for some time, and is supposed to be dead, returns unexpectedly to his people, it is the custom both among the Zulus and Polynesians to salute him first by making a funeral lamentation. There are other coincidences in the stories of both races which make it more than probable that at some distant period they lived either together or in close neighbourhood; and if we find that some of the customs represented as actually existing in the Zulu stories, have long become extinct on the African continent, while they continue to be observed by the Polynesian islanders, we might indeed venture to conclude, though only as a guess, that the origin of the Zulu stories should be referred to a time preceding the complete separation of these two races. While some customs that have become obsolete at present are represented as still in force among the Zulus of the nursery tales, as, for instance, the use of the U*hl*akula or wooden weeding-stick, which is now generally replaced by an iron pick; other things, such as the use of medicines, so

[1] *Science of Language*, vol. ii. p. 47.

much talked of now among the natives, and which they imagine can produce the most marvellous results, are never alluded to. All this would be so much prima facie evidence of the genuineness and antiquity of these Zulu tales, and would seem to exclude the idea of European influences. The only allusion to foreigners occurs in a story where one of the heroes, in order to be taken for a stranger, commits a number of grammatical blunders by leaving out the prefixes that form so essential a feature in all Kafir dialects. But this would not necessarily point to Europeans, as other strangers too, such as Hottentots, for instance, would naturally neglect these grammatical niceties.

We hope that Dr. Callaway will soon be able to continue his interesting publication. Apart from other points of interest, his book, as it contains the Zulu text and an English translation on opposite columns, will be of great use to the student of that language. The system of writing the Zulu words with Roman letters, adopted by Dr. Callaway, seems both rational and practical. Like many others, he has tried Dr. Lepsius' standard alphabet, and found it wanting. 'The practical difficulties,' he writes, 'in the way of using the alphabet of Lepsius are insuperable, even if we were prepared to admit the soundness of all the principles on which it is founded.'

MYTHS AND SONGS FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC.[1]

HAVING expressed a strong desire that the collection of Myths and Songs from the South Pacific, which the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill brought home with him from Mangaia, should not be allowed to lie forgotten, or, like other valuable materials collected by hardworking missionaries, perish altogether, I could not well decline to write a short preface, and to state, in a few words, what I consider the real importance of this collection to be.

I confess it seemed strange to me that its importance should be questioned. If new minerals, plants, or animals are discovered, if strange petrifactions are brought to light, if flints or other stone weapons are dredged up, or works of art disinterred, even if a hitherto unknown language is rendered accessible for the first time, no one, I think, who is acquainted with the scientific problems of our age, would ask what their importance consists in, or what they are

[1] Preface to the Rev. William Wyatt Gill's *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*, 1876.

good for. Whether they are products of nature or works of man, if only there is no doubt as to their genuineness, they claim and most readily receive the attention, not only of the learned, but also of the intelligent public at large.

Now, what are these Myths and Songs which the Rev. W. W. Gill has brought home from Mangaia, but antiquities, preserved for hundreds, it may be for thousands of years, showing us, far better than any stone weapons or stone idols, the growth of the human mind during a period which, as yet, is full of the most perplexing problems to the psychologist, the historian, and the theologian? The only hope of our ever unravelling the perplexities of that mythological period, or that mythopœic phase of the human intellect, lies in our gaining access to every kind of collateral evidence. We know that mythopœic period among the Aryan and Semitic races, but we know it from a distance only, and where are we to look now for living myths and legends, except among those who still think and speak mythologically, who are, in fact, at the present moment what the Hindus may have been before the collection of their sacred hymns, and the Greeks long before the days of Homer? To find ourselves among a people who really believe in gods and heroes and ancestral spirits, who still offer human sacrifices,who in some cases devour their human victims, or, at all events, burn the flesh of animals on their altars, trusting that the scent will be sweet to the nostrils of their gods, is as if the zoologist could spend a few days among the megatheria, or the botanist among the waving ferns of the forests, buried beneath our feet. We must not suppose that the earliest ancestors

of our race were exactly like the savages of the present time, the Andaman Islanders or the Mohawks, but we may use their beliefs and customs as collateral evidence in trying to understand many things that seem to us irrational in the religion, the mythology, and the ceremonial of Aryan and Semitic tribes. So much is written just now, and has been written during the last fifty years, on human archæology, on the growth and progress of the intellect, on the origin of religion, on the first beginnings of social institutions; so many theories have been started, so many generalisations put forward with perfect confidence, that one might almost imagine that all the evidence was before us, and no more new light could be expected from anywhere. But the very contrary is the case. There are many regions still to be explored, there are many facts, now put forward as certain, which require the most careful investigation, and as we read again and again the minute descriptions of the journey which man is supposed to have made from station to station, from his childhood to his manhood, or, it may be, his old age, it is difficult to resist a feeling of amazement, and to suppress at almost every page the exclamation, Wait! wait!

There are the two antagonistic schools, each holding its tenets with a kind of religious fervour—the one believing in a descending, the other in an ascending, development of the human race; the one asserting that the history of the human mind begins of necessity with a state of purity and simplicity which gradually gives way to corruption, perversity, and savagery; the other maintaining with equal confidence, that the first human beings could not have

been more than one step above the animals, and that their whole history is one of progress towards higher perfection. With regard to the beginnings of religion, the one school holds to a primitive suspicion of something that is beyond—call it supernatural, transcendent, infinite, or divine. It considers a silent walking across this *jhûla*[1] of life, with eyes fixed on high, as a more perfect realisation of primitive religion than singing of Vedic hymns, offering of Jewish sacrifices, or the most elaborate creeds and articles.

[1] 'So, on the 12th of August, we made the steep ascent to the village of Namgea, and from there to a very unpleasant *jhûla*, which crosses the foaming torrent of the Sutlej. In this part of the Himâlaya, and, indeed, on to Kashmîr, these bridges are constructed of twigs, chiefly from birch trees or bushes, twisted together. Two thick ropes of these twigs, about the size of a man's thigh, or a little larger, are stretched across the river, at a distance of about six to four feet from each other, and a similar rope runs between them, three or four feet lower, being connected with the upper ropes by more slender ropes, also usually of birch twigs twisted together, but sometimes of grass, and occurring at an interval of about five feet from each other. The unpleasantness of a *jhûla* is that the passenger has no proper hold of the upper ropes, which are too thick and rough to be grasped by the hand; and that, at the extremities, they are so far apart that it is difficult to have any hold of both at the same time; while the danger is increased by the bend or hang of the *jhûla*, which is much lower in the middle than at its ends. He has also to stoop painfully in order to move along it, and it is seldom safe for him to rest his feet on the lower rope, except where it is supported from the upper ropes by the transverse ones. To fall into the raging torrent underneath would be almost certain destruction. The high wind which usually prevails in the Himâlaya during the day, makes the whole structure swing about frightfully. In the middle of the bridge there is a cross-bar of wood (to keep the two upper ropes separate) which has to be stepped over; and it is not customary to repair a *jhûla* until some one falls through it, and so gives practical demonstration that it is in rather a rotten condition.'—Andrew Wilson, *The Abode of Snow*, p. 197.

The other begins with the purely animal and passive nature of man, and tries to show how the repeated impressions of the world in which he lived, drove him to fetishism and totemism, whatever these words may mean, to ancestor-worship, to a worship of nature, of trees and serpents, of mountains and rivers, of clouds and meteors, of sun and moon and stars, and the vault of heaven, and at last, by what is called a very natural mistake, to a belief in One who dwells in heaven above.

There is some truth in every one of these views; but they become untrue by being generalised. The time has not come yet, it probably never will come, when we shall be able to assert anything about the real beginnings of religion in general. We know a little here, a little there, but whatever we know of early religion, we always see that it presupposes vast periods of an earlier development.

Some people imagine that fetishism, at all events, presupposes nothing: they would probably not hesitate to ascribe to some of the higher animals the faculty of fetish-worship. But few words are so devoid of scientific precision as *fetishism*, a term first rendered popular by the writings of De Brosses. Let us suppose that it means a kind of temporary worship of any material object which the fancy may happen to select, as a tree, a stone, a post, an animal:—can that be called a primitive form, nay the very beginning, of religion? First of all, religion is one thing, worship another, and the two are by no means necessarily connected. But, even if they were, what is the meaning of worship paid to a stone, but the outward sign of a pre-existent belief that this stone

is more than a stone, something supernatural, it may be something divine, so that the ideas of the supernatural and the divine, instead of growing out of fetishism, are generally, if not always, presupposed by it? The same applies to ancestor-worship, which not only presupposes the conceptions of immortality and of the ideal unity of a family, but implies in many cases a belief that the spirits of the departed are worthy to share the honours paid to divine beings.

To maintain that all religion begins with fetishism, all mythology with ancestor-worship, is simply untrue, as far as our present knowledge goes. There is fetishism, there is ancestor-worship, there is nature-worship, whether of trees or serpents, of mountains or rivers, of clouds and meteors, of sun and moon and stars, and the vault of heaven; there is all this, and there is much more than all this, wherever we can watch the early growth of religious ideas: but, what we have to learn is, first of all, to distinguish, to study each religion, each mythology, each form of worship by itself, to watch them during successive periods of their growth and decay, to follow them through different strata of society, and before all, to have each of them, as much as possible, studied in their own language.

If language is the realisation of thought and feeling, the importance of a knowledge of the language for a correct appreciation of what it was meant to convey in the expression of religious thought and feeling, requires no proof. I have often insisted on this, and I have tried to show—whether successfully or not, let others judge—that much of what seems at

first irrational and inexplicable in mythology, and in religion also, can be explained by the influence which language exercises on thought. I have never said that the whole of mythology can be explained in that way, that all that seems irrational is due to a misunderstanding, or that all mythology is a disease of language. Some parts of mythology I have proved to be soluble by means of linguistic tests, but mythology as a whole I have always represented as a complete period of thought, inevitable, I believe, in the development of human thought, and comprehending all and everything that at a given time can fall within the horizon of the human mind. The Nemesis of disproportion seems to haunt all new discoveries. Parts of mythology are religious, parts of mythology are historical, parts of mythology are metaphysical, parts of mythology are poetical; but mythology as a whole is neither religion, nor history, nor philosophy, nor poetry. It comprehends all these together under that peculiar form of expression which is natural and intelligible at a certain stage, or at certain recurring stages in the development of thought and speech, but which, after becoming traditional, becomes frequently unnatural and unintelligible. In the same manner nature-worship, tree-worship, serpent-worship, ancestor-worship, god-worship, hero-worship, fetishism, all are parts of religion, but none of these by itself can explain the origin or growth of religion, which comprehends all these and many more elements in the various phases of its growth.

If anything can help to impress upon students of religion and mythology the necessity of caution, the

advantage of special research, and, above all, the necessity of a scholarlike treatment, it is a book like that of Mr. Gill—an account of a religion and mythology which were still living in the island of Mangaia, when Mr. Gill went there as a missionary twenty-two years ago, and which, as they died away before his eyes, he carefully described to us from what he saw himself, from what the last depositaries of the old faith told him, and from what was recorded of it in sacred songs, which he gives us in the original, with literal translations.

It is true that the religion and mythology of the Polynesian race have often been described before by different observers, nay one of their greatest charms consists in the very fact that we possess them in so many forms. Each island has, so to say, its own religious and mythological dialect, and though there is much that is common to all, and must therefore be old, there is at the same time much local and individual variety. Again, the great advantage of Mr. Gill's collection is that Mangaia has kept itself freer from foreign influences than almost any other of the Polynesian islands. 'The isolation of the Hervey Islanders,' he says, 'was in favour of the purity of their traditions, and the extreme jealousy with which they were guarded was rather an advantage than otherwise.' When we find strange coincidences between the legends of Mangaia and Jewish, Christian, or classical stories, we need not suspect that former European travellers had dropped the seeds of them, or that missionaries had given, unconsciously, their own colouring to their reports. Mr. Gill has been specially on the guard against this source of error. 'Whilst

collecting my myths,' he says, 'I put away from me all classical mythology, being afraid that unconsciously I might mould these Polynesian stories into similarity with those of Greece and Rome.'

For instance, on my making inquiries whether the Polynesian tradition about Eve (Ivi), which I had discussed in my *Introduction to the Science of Religion* (p. 304), was to be found in Mangaia, Mr. Gill informed me that it was not, and that he strongly suspected its European origin. The elements of the story may have previously existed, and we see some traces of it in the account of the creation current in Mangaia, but Mr. Gill suspects that some of the mutineers of the *Bounty* may have told the natives the Bible story, and that it became incorporated with their own notions.

The jawbone, too, with which we are told that Maui, the great solar hero of the Polynesians, destroyed his enemies, is absent in Mangaia. When I inquired about it, Mr. Gill informed me that he never heard of it in the Hervey Group in connection with Maui.

Such things are extremely important for a proper treatment of mythology. I hold no longer to the rule that when two mythologies agree in what is irrational or foolish, they must have had the same origin, or must have come into contact with each other at some period of their history. If there was a reason for the jawbone to be used as a weapon by Samson, the same reason may have existed in the case of Maui. But, even if there was no reason, a fact that happened or was imagined to have happened in one place may surely have happened or have been imagined to have happened in another also. At first, no doubt, we feel

startled by such coincidences; and that they often offer a prima facie presumption in favour of a common origin cannot be denied. But as we read on from one mythology to another, our sensitiveness with regard to these coincidences becomes less and less, and we feel hardened at last against all appeals which are founded exclusively on such evidence.

At first sight, what can be more startling than to see the interior of the world, the invisible or nether world, the Hades of the Mangaians, called *Avaiki*, Avîki being the name of one of the lower regions, both among Brâhmans and Buddhists? But we have only to look around, and we find that in Tahitian the name for Hades is *Hawai'i*, in New Zealand *Hawaiki*. and more originally, I suppose, *Sawaiki*; so that the similarity between the Sanskrit and Polynesian words vanishes very quickly.

That the name of the Sun-god in Mangaia is *Ra* has been pointed out as a strange coincidence with Egypt; but more really important is the story of Ra being made captive, as reminding us of similar solar legends in Greece, Germany, Peru, and elsewhere.[1]

Who can read the Mangaian story of Ina (the moon) and her mortal lover, who, as he grew old and infirm, had to be sent back to the earth to end his days there, without thinking of Selene and Endymion, of Eos and Tithonos?

Who again, if acquainted with the Vedic myth of the Maruts,[2] the strikers, the Storm-gods, and their

[1] *Chips*, vol. iv. p. 122.

[2] *Rig-veda Sanhita, The Sacred Hymns of the Brâhmans.* Translated by F. Max Müller. Vol. i. *Hymns to the Maruts, or the Storm-Gods.* London, Trübner & Co. 1869.

gradual change into the Italian god of war, Mars, can fail to see the same transition of thought in several of the gods of the storms, of war and destruction among the Polynesians, though here again the similarity in the name of *Maru* is purely accidental.

In some of the Polynesian islands the Deluge is said to have lasted exactly forty days. This, no doubt, is startling. It may be the result of missionary influence. But, even if it were not, the coincidence between the Polynesian and the Jewish accounts on that one point may be either purely accidental, or may be founded on rude meteorological calculations which we have not yet detected. I do not like to quote coincidences from American traditions, because we know that we are never safe there against Spanish by-notes; otherwise the account of the Toltec deluge, and the statement that the mountains were covered to the depth of 'fifteen cubits,' might be quoted as another undesigned coincidence.[1] According to the Chimalpopoca MS., the Creator produced His work in successive epochs, man being made on the seventh day from dust and ashes. Why, we may ask, on the seventh day? But others, without even insisting on the peculiar character of the seventh number, may simply ask, And why not? There is much similarity between the Hindu account of the Deluge and the Jewish; but no one who has read the numerous accounts of a deluge in other parts of the world, would feel much surprised at this. At all events, if we admitted a common origin of the two, or an actual borrowing, then to

[1] Bancroft, *Native Races*, vol. v. p. 20.

explain the differences between them would be equally difficult. The only startling coincidence is, that in India the flood is said to begin on the seventh day after it had been announced to Manu. Considering, however, that the seventh day is mentioned in the Bhâgavata Purâna only, I feel inclined to look upon it as merely accidental. It might, no doubt, have been borrowed from Jewish or even Mohammedan sources; but how can we imagine any reason why so unmeaning a fact should have been taken over, while on so many other points, where there was every temptation to borrow, nothing was done to assimilate the two accounts, or to remove features of which, at that time, the Hindus might well be supposed to have been ashamed? I mention all this for the sole purpose of preaching patience and caution; and I preach it against myself quite as much as against others, as a warning against exclusive theories.

On every page of these Mangaian legends there is evidence that many of them owe their origin to language, whether we adopt the theory that the Mangaians played on the words, or that their words played on them. Mr. Gill himself fully admits this, but to say that the whole of the Mangaian mythology and theology owed its origin to the oxydising process to which language is exposed in every country, would be to mistake the rust for the iron.

With all these uncertainties before us, with the ground shaking under our feet, who would venture to erect at present complete systematic theories of mythology or religion? Let any one who thinks that all religion begins with fetishism, all worship

with ancestor-worship, or that the whole of mythology everywhere can be explained as a disease of language, try his hand on this short account of the beliefs and traditions of Mangaia; and if he finds that he fails to bring even so small a segment of the world's religion and mythology into the narrow circle of his own system, let him pause before he ventures to lay down rules as to how man, on ascending from a lower or descending from a higher state, must have spoken, must have believed, must have worshipped. If Mr. Gill's book were to produce no other effect but this, it would have proved one of the most useful works at the present moment. But it contains much that in itself will deeply interest all those who have learned to sympathise with the childhood of the world, and have not forgotten that the child is the father of the man; much that will startle those who think that metaphysical conceptions are incompatible with downright savagery; much also that will comfort those who hold that God has not left Himself without a witness, even among the lowest outcasts of the human race.

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